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R. M. Parmelee

Peace

Evening in the Vale of Kashmir

INDIAN PAGES AND PICTURES

RAJPUTANA, SIKKIM, THE PUNJAB, AND KASHMIR

323

BY

MICHAEL MYERS SHOEMAKER

Author of "Islands of the Southern Seas," "Islam Lands," "Winged Wheels in France," etc.

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WITH 63 ILLUSTRATIONS

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To

MY BROTHER-IN-LAW

ROBERT M. PARMELEE

PREFACE

"WHO wants more books on India?" A plain question surely and to those who do not know that fascinating land of the East, not an unreasonable one. However, even with the many which have been written about it, there is yet much which has never been told, much that never will be, and as all passers-by view the gorgeous panorama spread abroad with different eyes, mental and physical, so each may have something of interest to relate, and out of the whole, those who travel by books alone may form some idea of the land and its peoples. Therefore, I venture to send abroad these notes of our year's sojourn in the land of "John Company." In the following pages I have endeavoured to confine myself to those sections of India with which the public, American at least, is but little acquainted. The native states, for instance, are in the usual tour, with the exception of Jeypur, passed unnoticed—yet in them alone one finds that the romance and story of the East still abides. I have brought in Benares for a purpose which I trust the reader will discover, and Darjiling because

if Jerusalem was His "holy city" then Kunchinjunga is the throne of God. It is generally the custom to penetrate the North-West only to Delhi, and yet the historical interest of India centres in that section, as it was by that route, and not by the seas, that the old conquerors entered. Lahore is full of the charm and interest of the Great Moghuls. To the northward are the ruins of those cities great when the sunlight glistened on the helmets of the coming hosts of Alexander. There Buddha was born, and there, but a few years ago, were found his relics. Beyond Peshawur with her roses and her rugs, lies the grim Khyber Pass which England guards so carefully through which came Tamerlane and Babar, and where Russian bears are strictly proscribed. Leaving there the grimness of war you may follow the footsteps of Lalla Rookh, to the fair Vale of Kashmir and, as the old Moghuls were wont to do, drift dreamingly amidst her encircling snows and upon her lakes and rivers in a "Bed of Roses," until the world calls you away again. To us the recollections of this year will be a joy for ever but perhaps the world will care nothing for a book on India which holds no description of the Taj Mahal, nor any mention of the Mutiny. Be that as it may, here are my "Pages and Pictures": do with them as you will.

M. M. S.

Union Club, N. Y.,
July, 1912.

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INDIAN PAGES AND PICTURES

Indian Pages and Pictures

CHAPTER I

THE OUTWARD VOYAGE

Departure from Marseilles. Life on a P. & O. Liner. The A'ghá Khán. The English and the Indians. The Old Man of the Mountains.

IT is midwinter and the brilliant sunlight of Southern France floods the old city of Marseilles with a golden glory. As we drive through her streets, which are French, they are thronged with a people who are not French, certainly not the French as we know them elsewhere in the Republic, but of every mixture of the orient, a mixture which alone could render possible that army of furies which marched on Paris in 1793 chanting the "Marseillaise." To-day they pay no attention to those who ride in carriages; in those days they would have conducted us to the guillotine because thereof, and also because of our luggage piled high on the hotel stage. In the latter case

I would not blame them, for no one has any right to travel with such an amount of impedimenta. There is so much and it is piled so high that my wife's hat-box is smashed to splinters as we pass under the portals of the P. & O. dock, where the *Mantua* is belching out volumes of smoke in impatience at the cables which hold her back.

It appears impossible for the vast mass of things and people on the pier ever to find places on one ship, no matter what her size. But do not worry, just remember that that ship is the "East" and do not be a fool and try to "hustle" her. Enjoy rather this first page and picture of the long journey before you.

What a picturesque scene it is! The white city rising on its yellow rocks to the blue sky, the dancing waters of the storied sea, the occidental, oriental, European, Asian crowds which swarm before us, the great ship with her wide portals showing the electric fans in full force—electric fans, yes, for punkas have almost vanished from the East, vanished certainly from all such ships. But there is plenty of the orient still hereabouts, from those dancing gypsies on the quay to the turbaned lascars and kitmutghars of the steamer.

Seated on a trunk, I mount guard over our pile of luggage, which, as I have been sized up as an American who will not forget the tips, is fast vanishing up the gangway. It is all plainly labelled, for things get lost on eastern ships. Count your pieces always, do not try to remember any-

thing save the number, then if any is lost you will know at once. I had a servant in Central Asia who would calmly appropriate a bundle from the next lot if his heap numbered one short—it made no difference to him what he got so he had his number straight. I was not always content with his selection and his act often resulted in fights, but what of that? There is no trouble to-day and not only our pile but that of every one else has disappeared into the black hull above and a warning whistle and clangour of gongs intimates that the *Mantua* is ready for her long sail to New Zealand and we had best get on board or be left behind.

She glides so easily out on to the level sea that one feels no motion and Europe appears to be leaving us, just drifting off like a cloud farther and farther until the heavens have received her out of our sight and the sea is all about us.

The heterogeneous ship's company has shaken itself into place with little or no confusion, and we in our long deck chairs have already drifted into oriental habits and desires, viz., to do just nothing, save it be to dream, to live life as it comes to us hour by hour.

Evidently rough seas are not expected—nothing is lashed and on the decks, very wide and unobstructed, groups of long, cane chairs stand here and there and everywhere, and yonder is an open piano with loose sheets of music scattered on its top. Prim-looking English matrons are doing

fancy work or puzzles, when they are not scrutinising us newcomers in order to determine whether or not we will contribute our quota to the amusement of each and all on the long voyage, to New Zealand for some of them. There are many on board who will debark at Port Said for Egypt. This is the most pleasant route for reaching the land of the Pharos and scandal.

In the moonlight we pass between Sardinia and Corsica. In the moonlight Stromboli looms up grandly and later the lights of Messina and Reggio glitter along the fated coast. Then the land fades away and for days the sea holds its own undisputed dominion, save for a faint, far-off glimpse of Candia.

Finally the coast of Egypt rises above the water. First a line of green quivers on the horizon, then a stretch of yellow beneath, the whole becoming in time palm trees and desert. If night has descended a light will guide us, if by day we see De Lesseps in stone standing at the entrance of the Canal and waving us into his great work, entering which we anchor—at Port Said—to await the coming of the mail from Brindisi. Here we learn that we have been favoured by the storm king. A tempest has followed us all the way and the poor little ship from Italy has been battered and tossed until it is a mass of salt incrustations. Built for speed, these post boats drive straight onward regardless of waves or wind and the result upon officers, crew, and passengers is evident.

Worn out and bedraggled they scarcely have strength left to leave the craft. Avoid the Brindisi route for all reasons save those of life or death.

A few hours in Port Said are sufficient. We hold no regret when our ship moves slowly southward, leaving behind that most corrupt town on earth, Thursday Island and Singapore not excepted. Still Port Said is proof that there is some good, some beauty in every place. As we move away the city seems to lift and lift, carrying its towers and minarets and palm trees higher and higher into cloudland and towards heaven, until all vanish from sight. The full moon rises out of the desert of Arabia and the searchlights of our slowly moving ship piercing far off into Asia on the east and Africa on the west seem to one's fancy to summon from out their depths all the ghostly hosts which have passed this way. One wonders just where does the great ship cross the path of the lonely man and donkey which bore the fate of Christendom away from the power of Herod. Somewhere off there to the east the Wise Men met and followed the Star, and not so far to the westward Moses dreamed the years away at Heliopolis, waiting for the call to start.

How full the desert is of dancing shadows to-night! Long after I have gotten into my bunk as I watch it glide by the open port my thoughts are busy with the past.

This is not the first canal cut through this Isthmus but the fourth. In the reign of Rameses

II., thirteen hundred years before Christ, a canal was cut from the Nile delta, at a point north-east of Cairo, to the Bitter Lakes, and was continued through to Suez. It was allowed to silt up, but was cut again seven hundred years later, completed by Darius, improved by the Ptolemies, and maintained during the rule of Rome. Cleopatra's ships attempted to escape through it to the Red Sea. Eventually it silted up again, but we find it in use by the Arabs in A.D. 649, after their conquest of Egypt, though they barred it eighteen years later to prevent the rebellious population from importing grain. It was still more or less open during the Viking epoch (A.D. 789–1000).

The great project of De Lesseps was anticipated by an Arab General, who proposed to cut a canal from Suez to a point near the ancient city of Pelusium, not far from the site of the modern Port Said. No one was ready to take up the task, however, and the project slumbered until Napoleon came upon the traces of the old Egyptian canal near Suez. He at once ordered his engineers to prepare plans for a canal, but was dissuaded from going further by his expert advisers. All that brings to mind the theory or tradition that the archives of Spain, in Seville, hold the records of a canal which at some period existed through the Isthmus of Panama just to the north of our present work and in the almost unknown land which lies there. In fact, when in Florida a few

years ago I was shown some MSS. which dealt with the subject and which it was claimed proved it. They were the result of research in Seville. Those papers certainly did not do that. If the party who owned them possessed such they were not produced. Doubtless our Panama Commission had decided that there was no foundation for the statement. Building a canal through a mountain chain is a very different matter from cutting one through the soft sands and dead level of a desert. The old Spaniards had no means to accomplish such work nor, in their wild rush for gold, the time to spare. History proves that all the treasure sent to Philip II. from Peru came via Panama and the Chagres River.

As the time approaches for the opening of our canal the rules and regulations for its use are being discussed by all nations. The bill which has just passed through Congress and been signed by President Taft has drawn upon our nation a world of adverse criticism. Time will show which side of the question is correct. It is certainly not a matter which can be submitted to the Hague Tribunal. From the very nature of the case and the formation of that body an impartial verdict would be an impossibility. Let us see how matters stand with the eastern waterway. The following is from the Boston *Herald:*

"To all intents and purposes the Suez Canal is as British in control as the Panama Canal is or will be American. The Suez Canal was built by

the French, but the ownership of a dominant interest in its shares was secured in 1875 by British subjects and is held at the pleasure of the British Government. British administrators, backed by a British army, rule Egypt, through which the canal runs, and Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, and Aden, British military strongholds, with the overwhelming British fleet, bar Suez in war to any enemy of the United Kingdom.

"Theoretically the Suez Canal is a neutral international highway. Actually it is a British short-cut to India and Australia, and the whole world knows it. The convention of Constantinople, signed on October 28, 1888, for the free navigation of the Suez Canal, reads:

"'The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these rules on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation, or its citizens or subjects, in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic, or otherwise. Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable.'

"Great Britain accepted this agreement. So did the Powers of Europe generally. The principal steamship line using the canal is the Peninsular and Oriental. To this line a postal subsidy of about $1,500,000 is annually paid; its Suez Canal tolls are about $1,700,000. The principal German line plying through the canal is the North German Lloyd, which has an annual subsidy of $1,385,000,

sufficient, says our Commissioner of Navigation, 'to pay all the tolls and leave a handsome margin.'

"Japan pays to the Nippon Yusen Kaisha a subsidy of $1,336,000 for its steamers through Suez; France to the Messageries Maritimes, $2,145,000. These are all postal, naval, or commercial subventions in form, not given expressly as rebates for canal tolls, though all, of course, accomplishing that purpose. But the Russian Government grants a subsidy of 650,000 rubles specifically to pay 'the dues exacted of Russian vessels passing through the Suez Canal to and from Russian ports.' Austria in her subsidy of 4,700,000 crowns to the Austrian Lloyd directs that this shall be exclusive of the Suez tolls on East India ships, which shall be repaid from the imperial treasury. Sweden gives to her Oriental steamship service a subvention of 1,850,000 crowns, 'to represent the amount of tolls paid by the ships of the company for passing through the Suez Canal.'

"Great Britain, so far as is known, has never made one word of protest against the Russian practice or the Austrian practice or the Swedish practice of express remission of these Suez tolls. How could she, when her own principal ships were subsidised, not perhaps for the same express purpose, but to virtually the same result? Now, however, when Congress, in response to the desire of the American people, proposes to remit the Panama tolls at least to coastwise ships, the

British Government rises up in objection either to the remission of these tolls or to their repayment from the treasury of the United States.

"It should be borne in mind that the clause of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty on which the British Government rests its case is literally, the same clause quoted above, borrowed word for word from the Constantinople agreement. If the repayment of tolls is prohibited at Panama it is prohibited at Suez also. And yet these tolls have been expressly or actually, in whole or in part, repaid year after year to the principal steamship companies of all European flags, the British included. Moreover, European governments, the British again included, have already increased, or are preparing to increase, other subsidies to their transatlantic steamships by amounts sufficient to cover the anticipated tolls at Panama."

But to resume our journey. Passing Suez in the early morning, our ship speeds southward, dropping Asia and Africa off and away on either hand, until both have vanished. All the stewards are in white and blue to-day, all the ports and windows wide open, all the fans going. A Bishop of the Church of England is holding communion in the small salon. On the deck below my chair a Hindu is preparing his own food, though I note that he comes to our table and eats everything he desires, serving both his God and Mammon. In the Grand Salon a German is singing something about the Kaiser.

Amongst the passengers are a few with whom I had several interesting conversations. One of them is an attorney of Bombay, a Parsi, travelling home with his wife, a sweet-faced woman, whose graceful costume of soft silk puts to shame the awkward dress of European women.

I asked her husband to tell me the real reason of the unrest in India, and his reply confirmed a remark I made to an officer in Bombay twenty years ago, "If you continue to treat these people as you are now doing, you will have trouble; such acts in America would mean a free fight."

This treatment did not and does not come from the government or from gentlemen, but from the middle class, of whom England has sent out so many thousands.

I saw an illustration of what I mean in Kandy later on. A group of planters were in the Queen's Hotel, drinking tea. The waiter had forgotten something, and, when first summoned, did not hear, whereupon one of the party called in an angry tone to another waiter, "Here, kick that boy, kick him good."

Amongst a certain class of Anglo-Indians the brutes are not all dead, as I witnessed in Agra. We were driving home about 6 P.M., and the streets of the native quarter were crowded with the populace. Around a corner came a sort of dog-cart driven by a square, heavy-set man in a green suit and grey tope. His sensual, scowling face

was bloated and red; on the whole he looked like a butcher. The people did not get out of his way quite quickly enough to please him and I saw him raise his whip and bring it down across the bare back of a native with a resounding whack, an act which should have resulted in his arrest and would have done so in England. He looked to me very much like a man I saw on the platform at Ajmere and who was described as one in the brick-making business. It was also added that he was lucky in possessing two wives, "his own and some other man's." I am quite sure the men were the same and I should like to see him arrested. It is brutes like these which discredit England's work in India. To be sure, the natives are partly responsible through their obsequiousness and servility to the whites, or rather to any one in power, a result of the centuries of oppression by their own rulers. Absolute power in the hands of any man is dangerous to that man, and in a low nature produces a case like the above. Not much else can be expected from people who were nothing at home, who never received consideration while there, and who are out here "beggars on horseback."

However, it is such who have done immense harm to the English cause in India, and of course when trouble comes all suffer alike. It is said that the natives are asserting themselves in India proper, and therefore the condition of affairs is not so bad as formerly, but it is still sufficiently so.

The fools do not appreciate the harm they are doing their own cause.

While there is much to be said on this side, there is also a vast amount on the side of the English. They are and have been displaying a great patience with these people, and they have accomplished marvels. If you talk with the merchants you will discover that they have no faith in the people. "They are untruthful, deceitful, and altogether unreliable. Rest assured the truth is a thing a native rarely gives to a stranger."

Another person of importance on the ship and of great importance in all the Moslem world is H. H. A'ghá Khán, a young man of thirty-two, whom I took at first to be a Spaniard. He is the head of the great Mohammedan sect of Bohrahs and is a lineal decendant of the 6th Imam and also a descendant of the "Old Man of the Mountains," the head of the "Assassins." He spends four months in India and eight in Europe, speaks English perfectly, and seems to have travelled over the whole world. A most interesting man. He gives as the great political reason, the failure of England under a late viceroy to carry out her promises, which were to, in time, allow representation in the Indian Parliament. Lord —— promptly forgot all this and is considered to have worked much harm in the land. However, the succeeding viceroy has done something to remedy this. Already one councillor is a native and as time goes on they hope for more, when India

may look perhaps for such a government as Canada and the other provinces. "What, with her mixture of races and peoples—?" "Yes, even so." I asked what would be the result of England's withdrawal, and prompt and strong came the reply "anarchy worse confounded." The English are the band which holds the races in peace and quiet. Remove them and confusion would result, for never while time lasts will Hindu and Mohammedan dwell together in peace unless the power of an outside hand controls them. England has been at this work and learned through trouble and sadness and the loss of many lives how to do it. Russia could not. Japan has not the slightest intention of trying, knowing her impotency.

One becomes greatly irritated by the many and constant opinions printed, by those who have never been in India, concerning the English dominion. They can never be other than ignorant of the true state of the case until they have studied it there on the spot and even then it is presumptuous to advise or criticise a nation which has been hard at work on the knotty problem for two hundred years. Do you think you would be a success in managing a city—Bombay—where fifty different dialects are spoken and where the manners and customs of each and every tribe is absolutely different from all the others? Don't you think you would retire in disgust? If such is the state of affairs now what must it not have been when England began her work two centuries ago?

H. H. A'ghá Khán

Whatever her reasons, selfish or otherwise, she did not throw up the task, the result being that to-day these millions are living in peace and quiet. You hear of the unrest of a few, but no mention is made of the profound repose of the many millions. Go there, look upon the surpassingly gorgeous panorama awhile, and you will cease your criticism of the nation which makes it possible for you to be there at all.

Your republican ideas would never work in India. Whether the souls of men are equal in eternity or not, the East does not believe in equality on earth, and after some months in India you will agree with the East. The vast majority there know nothing about politics and care less. One of them when asked what the Jubilee of 1887 meant, replied because the Queen Empress had been delivered of a son. They are like the peasants of Russia, who did not know that Japan existed when called upon to die in the war. To give such people self-government would be to turn the land over to anarchy, murder, and outrage. You will appreciate the truth of this when you get there. It is the hand which can rule them firmly yet justly which they must have and which will protect them from sharks of all sorts and from the "beggars on horseback" which abuse their power. Remove all government and restraint from this heterogeneous population and then watch those now shrieking for freedom from British rule run to cover and protection between the legs of those same British as they depart hence. When you hear that there is unrest in India you at once imagine that it extends over the entire country, whereas the reverse is always the case. Except in parts of Bangalia the rest of the land is at peace, knowing and caring nothing. This was the

case in the great mutiny of '57, the vast majority of the people of India took no part in and cared not at all about it. The unrest of to-day has about as much effect on the whole as the raid of a band of red men down in New Mexico would have upon the rest of your United States.

During this year of the great Durbar, 1911, when the first British Sovereign is visiting India, interest about all this is revived, not only because of the grand ceremonials at Delhi, but because some maintain that there is a bubbling and seething of political life which may prove of vast importance not only to the British Empire but to all mankind.

Many in the outside world believe that English dominion is passing, but those who know the land hold no such opinions.

There is no gulf between England and India which cannot be bridged by a little understanding, a little truthfulness, a little forgiveness, on both sides.

(Very true, doubtless, but such brutes as that man at Agra should be promptly jailed.) Both men spoke in the highest terms of the present Government and the A'ghá Khán also referred to the treatment of the natives by some of the English. Still he thinks the situation has improved in this respect and will continue to do so.

"The other great reason for friction was economic." But as he was about to enter upon this some one interrupted and I had no opportunity to renew the subject, as he left our ship at Aden. I shall hope to see him in India later. Anticipating a bit, I may state that our routes lay so widely

asunder that the opportunity never arrived; in fact, I saw him but once and that for an instant, as our carriages passed in Calcutta.

His winter was spent in hard work for the new Mohammedan University. He should be an interesting personality and probably is while in India. In Europe it is altogether another matter. Again anticipating—I met him several times, mostly at Aix-les-Bains, where there was every evidence that the "Peter's Pence" do not flow more generously into the vatican than the pence of the faithful of India into the coffers of the A'ghá Khán, "Lord and Chief." I have never seen more gorgeous jewels outside the regalias of Europe than those which flashed back the lights of the "Villa des Fleures" at Aix. India was a long way off and any introduction of the topics, so absorbing while there, seemed totally out of place in the French gambling-rooms.

His fortune is, I am told, entirely dependent upon the contributions of his sect of Mohammedans. His is the Persian sect of the faithful. His father was exiled from Teheran in 1838, and in 1840 fled to Sindh from Kermán, and was finally assassinated in India.

An Englishman stated the other day that the exile was a very good thing for the fortunes of the family, which materially improved in India.

This young man is venerated by his people—to them he is lord, almost God. The other day an

American lady asked me "what other title he had besides 'God'."

Some years ago as I journeyed from Kasbin to Teheran I was shown a road wandering off to the northward until it was lost to sight in the mountains, and was told that it led to the ancient stronghold of the Chief of the Assassins, the "Old Man of the Mountains." The sect was originally called "Hashishim" meaning hemp or hashish eaters, and was changed by Europeans into Assassins and transplanted into the West to signify forever murder in its worst form if there can be any degree of comparison for that crime. For 160 years the "Old Man of the Mountains" or Prince of the Assassins—a miscreant Mohammedan—was served by a band of young men who rendered him blind obedience and whom he caused to be thrown into a state of ecstasy or intoxication by the influence of hashish wherever he desired their services in the commission of some crime.

There was a secret garden into which the youths were introduced, drugged, and fitted with all which goes to make a Mohammedan Paradise. On awakening they were taught that they had passed through death. They held the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and considered their chief as the vicar of God.

The secret privilege of the initiated seems to have been an exemption from the positive precepts of religion. It was the extending of this privilege to the people, by Hassan II. in 1163, which led to

his assassination and the final downfall of the sect, through Holayon Khan a grandson of Jenghiz Khan a sect whose name spread terror in Persia as that of the Inquisition and Vehm Grecht did in Europe.

The last "Old Man of the Mountains" was Roku-eddin, who appears to have reigned in the early years of the 13th century. Certainly the fortress was taken and the order dispersed by the Mongolian Prince Hulagu in 1256.

The sect is reported to exist, in Persia, even at the present day, but, like the Thugs of India, I imagine their ancient creed of murder has passed away.

Yonder black-eyed, heavy-browed young man is called the last descendant of the "Old Man," but with his European education and rearing, assassination is far from his thoughts. Still, place him in absolute power in the East, and human life would doubtless be as nothing if it barred his pathway to any desire, even of the smallest character. He has never been in Persia and hence has not seen the old stronghold hidden away in her northern mountains.

I should greatly like to have visited it, but even in those peaceful days, to do so would have required a strong guard, while in the troublous times in that old land to-day, it would be well-nigh impossible.

When this coming journey was accomplished and we were back in Europe at Aix-les-Bains, I

received a letter from our native servant expressing the hope that I "will be so fortunate as to meet his 'God' the A'ghā Khán." We are at luncheon in the hotel court as I read it and at the sound of a "Good-morning," I raise my eyes to find the 'God' bowing before us. Truly dress plays a great part on the stage of the world—"God" dressed in a blue serge suit, tan shoes, and straw hat appears far from divine, though this one is doubtless a much more enjoyable companion than if clothed in majesty.

That was long months after this day on the Red Sea when he certainly is an agreeable companion and of such there are not many on the ship though it is crowded. Still the life is varied, communion was held in the salon yesterday and a fancy-dress ball is on for to-night. The English work to amuse themselves. Our countrymen would not take such trouble and that dance was much more of a success than many I have attended in great houses at Newport where immense sums of money had been expended. In the care and management of their vast empire, many of the English must keep moving from point to point and are never long in any one spot, hence they realise that to-day is their day, to be lived out to its fullest capacity. It certainly strikes me that they, as a people, live, while we get ready to live. An Englishman will decide that, when he has made a certain amount, he will,—and generally does,—retire from business, and get the best he can out

of what is left of life. We are always after the dollar which is just ahead of our noses. We rush and roar along in its pursuit until when we would take life easy we find that we cannot. Constitution ruined, nerves all undone, there is nothing left for us but to die in harness. We are opium eaters, so to speak, and cannot break ourselves of the habit.

I remember years ago, one of our railway presidents asked me for an itinerary for India. When I gave it to him, I remarked, "There it is, I should like to know that you will use it, but—you never will. You will keep in harness until you have no capacity for anything else." He laughed at me, but time proved me correct. To-day he is down and out, a physical wreck, seeking vain relief at the Spas of Europe. He had the remedy in his hands and would not use it. Such is life in the great republic, and I cannot but muse upon it as I watch the mask ball on the good ship *Mantua* as she ploughs her way through the moon-lit waters of the Red Sea, half way towards the "Gate of Tears."

This morning on coming on deck I found an Englishman calmly shoving our chairs out of their places and arranging his own therein. There was a mild repetition of the "Boston Tea Party" at once. I did not throw his chairs overboard but I did sit down upon my own—whereupon he informed me that he "did not care at all about me." My roars of laughter failed to clear the atmosphere,

which so far as we were concerned remained murky all the way to Colombo. I certainly had no hard feeling on the subject, but—those chairs should remain where I had placed them if I had to make the matter a subject of diplomatic communication between the governments. However, those things are all in a day, so to speak, and life is too dream-like on these Eastern seas to allow of many clashes.

Day after day the ocean spreads around us calm and beautiful, a vast glassy mirror, out of which the sun rises a yellow ball, above which it sails all day, a yellow ball, and into which it sinks a yellow ball, with none of the fantastic clouds of the north. Each night the moon shines with increased brilliancy across a floor of silver whose glittering surface is broken now and then by the fin of some prowling shark.

This is the heart of the sea and beyond lies our goal, that great land, the cradle of the human faith and thought, where the battles of ages have been fought out, where so many have passed and so few are remembered. From my chair, far forward on the deck, I watch the waters flashing in the moonlight until the warm, spice-laden breezes have drifted me off into dreamland, as our ship sails southward over the Indian Ocean.

CHAPTER II

OUDEYPOUR

Dawn at an Indian Railway Station. Arrival at Oudeypour. The Legless Lady. The Lakes. Pavilion of Shah Jahan. A Congregation of Wild Boar and Peacocks. The Growl of a Tiger. The Palaces—Sacred Bulls on the Staircases. The Hindu Temple. Royal Cenotaphs. The Suttee and William Carey's Work against it. Dry Suttee. The Widow of To-day.

"WARA, wara, wara, Moorie!"—Dawn at an Indian railway station. The cool night, inducing deep sleep, is over, and the long, mournful cry of a vender of fruits, a cry which seems to hold all the mysticism and sorrow of the East in its quivering cadence, penetrates one's senses, even lulling into deeper slumber, until the train stops, and its repetition by a native black boy who thrusts his face into the car window causes full consciousness, and the shout, "Here you black imp get out," drives the boy off into the shadows as Ahmed brings in the tea.

The little train has bumped us along all night from Ajmere one hundred and eighty miles north-

east, and daylight finds us approaching Chitor Junction.

At a bend in the line we rub our eyes at the prospect, for apparently over the vast plain comes surging towards us a mighty battleship. Is this the twentieth century, or are we back in the Brobdingnagian days? Is that a real ship? Is this water or earth all around us? Perhaps we are indeed in the days of enchantment for anything may happen in India. As our little train draws nearer it turns off to the west, and then we realise that that is the famous rock of Chitor, holding the ruins of what once was the capital of all this land. The two tall towers still standing and the bulging side of the rock add to the "man-of-war" appearance, and apparently it ploughs its way off towards the sunrise as our little train turns westward towards Chitor's successor, Oudeypour, the present capital. We shall make a closer inspection of Chitor on our return.

In Oudeypour the traveller finds a native state untarnished by the march of progress. The city is as it has always been. Jeypur, while interesting, has been swept and garnished for the tourists; true, its ruler has had the good taste and sound judgment not to change and modernise the city, but one feels that an effort has been made. But Oudeypour is a genuine native state, and fifteen years ago, was scarcely known to travellers. It is only in very recent times that a railway has run nearer than Chitor Junction, seventy-five

miles east. Once there, the traveller might do as he desired; go back, which would please Oudeypour, for she did not ask or desire his presence; in fact, regarded it as an intrusion;—or come on as best he could—but how. Save slowly plodding bullocks and their uncomfortable carts, there was no mode of communication with the city, except, perhaps, an ancient elephant, which we found there and used, but not for the journey to Oudeypour; in fact, though of a most sociable nature, I doubt if she would have gone seventy-five miles to please any one. In those days most persons would have given up Oudeypour and returned to Ajmere, consoling themselves with the delusion that "most Indian cities are alike as two peas." In which they are misinformed.

Oudeypour is no great distance in a straight line east from Aboo Roads, but to reach it one would be obliged to traverse an absolute desert with the possibility of meeting tigers and leopards at most any point. So we follow the safer route of rail to Ajmere and thence by rail again to Oudeypour.

Naturally the railroads have simplified travel here. In earlier times when caravans had to be resorted to troubles of all sorts existed which the locomotive has ended. Then, the Sahib was forced to define positively the respective position of every member of his caravan because of the jealousies of the different castes. Not to have given each member of each caste the position to

which he considered himself entitled would have caused confusion worse confounded, if it did not result in an attack upon the Sahib and possibly his murder. One meets with none of that at the present day.

As I look out over the morning-lighted plain, the train begins to mount and the grade rises until we pass through a gap in a wall extending from hill to hill and completely shutting off the valley beyond from all the outer world. The mountains circle away before us and uniting in the distance, form a perfect bowl with a lake in the centre. By its side rises a white city all towers and turrets, with many balconies of frilled marble overhanging the sparkling waters, while groves of mango trees give the touch of coolness so grateful in these hot lands.

Arriving at Oudeypour we found accommodations of the most primitive sort, not more than a dozen rooms all told, in what was last week a Dak bungalow, but is to-day called a hotel. But why the change I know not.

Here we saw a singular sight, a European woman of means and station, a big woman who must have weighed at one time two hundred pounds, but her legs had been amputated at the hips. Aside from that she was whole and sound and evidently in good health and spirits and agreeable to talk to. Of course she was lifted and placed around like a mantle ornament. Her only attendant being a delicate-looking maid who had become engaged to

Johnson & Hoffmann

Oudeypour

some Anglo-Indian, driven doubtless thereto in order to escape this life, than which I can imagine nothing worse. She lifted that huge bulk in an astonishing manner and I never saw her drop it once. I should certainly have done so, especially if she made me walk miles in a torrid sun and dust, because too stingy to pay for an extra pony. I saw them again at Agra and the poor companion seemed, were it possible, more tired out than before. I trust she is well married and out of that frying-pan even though she jumped into a hot fire.

Having obtained our permits from the palace and ordered our boats we are out in good season, and thought we were the first to start but, when well down towards the point where the boats are to meet us, encounter the lady with no legs. She is in a rickshaw and rides along like a statue of Buddha, while her poor companion toils on foot behind her. India is a land where one does but little walking, and the poor girl in the dust looked well-nigh worn out. If she ever reads these notes I wish she would let me know how soon she escaped that slavery.

But mistress and maid have disappeared in a cloud of dust and we have reached the borders of an upper lake where we watch the picturesque panorama of the women washing. There were dozens of them standing in the water beating out brilliant-coloured stuffs; masses of gold bracelets, necklaces, and earrings, barbaric in design, glisten on their shiny copper-coloured skins, but are

rivalled in brilliance by the sparkling black eyes of their owners.

What do they think of us, I wonder. After a year in India I have almost come to the conclusion that it is merely a mild curiosity and not a "deep dark expression of terrible import," which meets one in the eyes of these orientals. To my thinking the Hindus do not bear such a degree of hatred towards the Christians as is borne by the Mohammedans. Certainly they appear much more indifferent towards us.

Our boats await us and we shortly move away. They are called "polite attentions from the maharajah" for which we are expected to pay. The sun has passed the meridian by now, and the lake is a placid mirror of palest green, while in the blue sky, pink clouds are floating. The masses of the palace seem almost to cascade downward in billows of purest white. The screech of peacocks and the roar of a lion in its courts add to the Eastern effect. This is pure India, and one rubs one's eyes in very wonder that it is not a dream.

As our boat glides onward over the lake, fairy-like islands come into view, each bearing a miniature palace of white marble embowered in foliage and reflected perfectly in the still waters. We pause at several of them, finding pavilions, courts, and gardens of oriental splendour. One was the refuge of Shah Jahan, when hiding from his father Jahângir. Discovery would probably have meant a tomb in the water of the lake and the world

R. M. Parmelee

Island Prison of Shahjahan, Oudeypour

would have possessed no Taj Mahal. How much depends often upon a little in this life. There could be no more charming refuge than this fairy-like pavilion. Those old moghuls were men of taste surely. One would like to stop right here—and we do spend the hot hours—but the grave-looking custodian follows and watches all the time until we are again embarked and moving off towards the far side of the lake. In the cool of the afternoon, mounting the low hill near the landing stage one comes to a sort of pavilion or rest house, and from its parapet witnesses one of the strangest and most interesting sights of this quaint corner. The forest rolls from the mountain until it breaks in green waves against the base of the wall upon which we stand, while in an open space below us grunt and push and fight hundreds of wild pigs or boars, and amidst them flocks of wild peafowls and thousands of doves, all a-scrambling for the grain thrown in bucketfuls by the keeper near us. The beasts watch until the keen-sighted birds have located a find of grain and then, rushing to the spot and driving off the birds, who fly away screeching, gobble up the grain, fighting, fighting all the time, and ever and anon turning to rush the birds again. These are savage boars and a fall amongst them would mean certain and swift destruction with little left to tell the tale.

From the glades of the neighbouring jungle comes a growling cough which tells of the nearness of a tiger, and the hoarse screech of many water-

fowls jar the silence, while across the disk of the moon rising so grandly over the gleaming oriental city drift a flock of herons.

The maharajah has here a private boar pit with a throne above it from which he can have his fill of the sport in safety.

As I lean over and look downward, an old fighter with tusks and shaggy crest rushes from his den and stops grunting out a defiance just below me. His wicked little eyes bode no good to anything which would fall within his reach, and I take good care not to do so. He is still below grunting and snorting as we turn off and down the hill to where our boat floats on the lake.

Day has departed and the moon reigns supreme as we enter the gardens of the palace where the tongas await at the head of a broad flight of marble steps, and some dozens of stately white peafowls regard us with interest and question; we are so different from all the world of men they have been accustomed to.

Hotelward through the gardens with a stoppage of a moment where some tigers pace majestically to and fro, behind bars, be it said. One is a most magnificent beast. There is also a black leopard which should be named "Death" after that in the *Wandering Jew*. A huge lion roars, and a near-by monkey gnashes his teeth in rage that he cannot get at us; while tied to a string for its safety is a black Angora pussy, who seems overjoyed to see us; and fully expects that we will

know he is no wild beast. Poor pussy, he watches us with regret as we move away. Indian days are always very full and the traveller is weary after one like this. Once in bed sleep comes soon, deep sleeping, from which I am awakened by a wild barking under our window; jackals snarling at the moon whose fading light and the coming of dawn awaken countless peacocks into screeching clamour.

In the East one is awakened by peacocks, not by roosters, who here hide their defenceless heads, knowing their end is not far distant. Chickens are called "Sudden Death" in India, because as the traveller nears a bungalow the poor fowls are seized and before one's face is washed they are on the table ready to eat.

There are two palaces at Oudeypour, the old and the new. The latter can be dismissed with few words. It is fresh and charming, oriental as to its architecture, European as to its furniture—let it pass.

But the old palace is the embodiment of the orient. At its gate you are confronted by some huge elephants clanking their chains. You ascend its stately staircase in company with sacred bulls and cows while others gaze at you from a neighbouring loggia. Gaily dressed men on superb horses, laden with gorgeous trapping, prance in the open square. Dark faces topped by brilliant turbans peer at you in a questioning fashion from shadowy corners. Doubtless their owners are

quite ready to use their scimetar on your necks if needs be.

The jaloused windows and frilled balconies project from the palace towers far above us in the blue sky, and flocks of pigeons, doves, and crows fly hither and thither, filling the air with their music and clangour. As we mount the steps other courts high up come into view, some with elephants, others with horses and bulls, and on the staircases and in the highest courts one meets again the sacred bulls. This maharajah is a Rajput and one of the greatest in the land, and his palace is always a place of state and ceremony. Old manners and customs abound unchanged; hence when we met a bullock gravely descending the stairs place is given to the sacred beast.

We wander through corridors of cool marble, and, in the thickness of the walls, mount countless staircases, until the summit cannot be far off; and then enter—evidently high up in the building—a court-yard of fountains and flowers above which stately trees spread their branches and around which the palace still lifts towers and walls; probably the private garden of the maharajah, for, of course, we do not penetrate the zenana.

There must be secret passages and dungeons in this vast pile and doubtless its history would not be conducive to peaceful dreams. It is all peace to-day, however, and as I lean from a balcony far up towards the top, a lot of doves flutter down and rest all round me. Now I see

Johnson & Hoffmann

Approach to Palace, Oudeypour

the many court-yards on the different stories, hear the elephants clanking their bells as they shift from foot to foot, and watch the sacred bulls and their harems dreaming their lives away. The palace guard in their strange, grotesque uniforms hold the gates far down, and one rubs one's eyes questioningly,—"Is this a dream of the *Arabian Nights?*" Can we leave when we will, or having penetrated this sacred precinct are we doomed to life imprisonment in some dark part of the vast structure? If such should occur one would be more completely forgotten than in any of the *oubliettes* of Loches. Turning to descend, we are conducted through such a maze of courts and corridors that our brains reel and we are hopelessly lost. Passages in the walls lead to exquisitely carved boudoirs and balconies from which the view over city and lake is surpassingly beautiful. Again, we are in the midst of another green-embowered court-yard, with its murmuring brooks and tinkling fountains, its profusion of orange and jasmine, and over all there reigns that silence to be found only in an oriental palace. We meet no one, hear no sounds of whispering voices, or of following footsteps. Sometimes the trumpet of an elephant below or the call of a wild bird far above in the blue sky breaks the stillness, but nothing else is heard. We leave the place feeling that we have been in the halls of enchantment; in one of those spots of which there are few left us even in India.

Passing down the streets of the town one has constantly a view or glimpse of temples and cenotaphs.

These people are always brilliant in their clothing and seem more contented and of a better order than most we have so far encountered. There are no scowling faces and cleanliness is to be observed in a more marked degree then elsewhere.

The maharajah is off on a boar hunt, so we do not meet him.

Hindu architecture is not elevating to the senses, —the deep peace and repose which envelop the souls of mortals while in an English Cathedral is absent in these Eastern shrines. They are of the earth, earthy. Very curious and interesting for a time the panorama of the whole, but the carvings upon closer inspection are repulsive, for most are of the vilest character. Those stately gopuras (gateways) of Madura and the grand temple of Tandjore had best be viewed as a whole with no attempt at detailed examination. This is true also with this smaller temple in Oudeypour. Built early in 1700, by Juggat Singh, upon the main street of the city, it stands perfect to-day, a mass of carving in bas-relief and alto-relievo, all white-washed and very clean. One passes between stone elephants in mounting its steps and gently drives away a sacred bullock which, completely blocking the portals, regards one with friendly, black eyes. There is a brazen image of Ganesh in the shrine and all sorts of jolly-looking

gods in nooks and corners. If they could secure your attention for a moment they would doubtless regale you with indecent jokes.

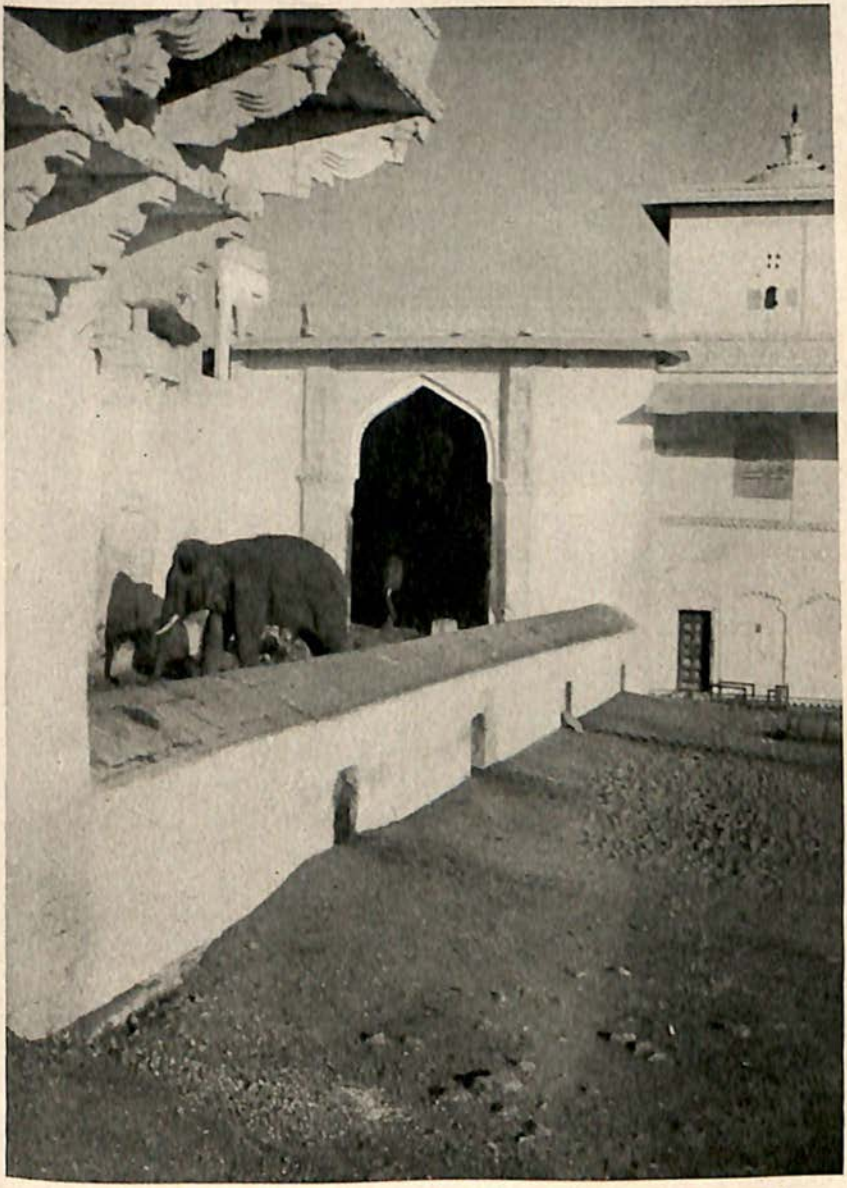
There are holy spots in this temple which we may not enter, but all the rest is open to inspection. Nor do the people seem to pay much attention to us as we wander around. The followers of the prophet and the Hindus hate each other much more intensely than either of those sects hates the Christians. We can enter any mosque in India, but at Delhi the porters at the Juma Masjid made our servant prove that he was not a Hindu before he could come in. Here in Oudeypour there is no evidence save of kindly feeling or indifference.

The general run of tourists in India to-day do not come to Chitor and Oudeypour, and of those who do so how few enter the great enclosure near the city, which they will pass and re-pass as they return to the little hotel (whose small proportions—a dozen rooms—show how few in number are the travellers). Only a graveyard, they will be told—and all India is that—while many travellers are like the man who absolutely refused to look at another tomb, even the Taj Mahal, and carried out his decision.

This square at Oudeypour holds the cemetery of the "Maha Sati" which being translated means "the great sacrifice of the suttee." Except in some great holocaust like those in Chitor, I imagine more royal widows and favourites have been burned to death within this enclosure than upon

any other spot in India. This field of the dead is a vast parallelogram, and as you advance towards the centre the impression conveyed is that of beauty. Avenue after avenue of most elegant pagodas or cenotaphs of all dimensions from the small "*Chatri*" with four columns, to the superb Mahal ranged in regular rows stretch away on either side. The style of architecture is much alike in all, but they vary greatly in arrangement and detail. In each a flight of steps mounts to a square platform which supports the temple or shrine surmounted by one of those graceful Eastern domes which, bubble-like, seem ever to be about to rise and float away in the still air. The whole is of beautiful white marble, mellowed to the softest cream by Time, the great painter, and, unlike most Indian structures, these are not overloaded with ornamentation and are all the more beautiful therefor.

The grandest of all the tombs is that of Sangram Sing. Rising from a large marble platform its combination of pillars and dome and sculptured pilasters is most striking. It is said to have cost two million dollars. Embowered in tropical foliage and ablaze with the scarlet and purple of many blossoms, the effect of all this exquisite marble is lasting, but one never forgets the scenes of horror which preceded the erection of each of these shrines of beauty. History states that the custom of suttee, orginated in the sacrifice of Sati, the wife of Siva, who burned herself alive to avenge an



Mrs. Shoemaker

Fighting Elephants, Palace of Oudeypour

insult offered to her husband by her father Daksha. Adopted by the Rajputs, it was, with the practice of the thugs, one, if not the most difficult, problem England had to deal with in India.

Twenty-five women were burned alive here with the body of the Rana Sangram Sing on the spot where now stands his beautiful cenotaph. The funeral pile was immense and decked with flowers. The body being laid in the centre, the victims, gorgeously dressed and jewelled and mad with terror or fanaticism, grouped themselves around it, the favourite wife holding the head of the dead man. All the space about was gay with the Eastern multitudes, and martial music and the clash of cymbals and chanting of priests drowned the cries of the poor wretches as the flames glowed fiercely and more terrible. It is stated that in some cases it was the custom to throw some sort of blazing stuff in the face which produced unconsciousness, and also that often the poor creatures were drugged or bound down by bamboo poles.

A widow in this terrible religion had absolutely no here or hereafter. That she may have been but a child, often not more than six or seven years of age, made no difference. With the death of the old man to whom she had been, all unknowingly bound, all her chance for home or happiness vanished. Shunned by her playmates, made to realise that she was accursed and of ill omen to all around her, all the joy and happiness—the right of a child surely—absolutely denied her, and

for no fault of her own, there was nothing left save to enter the zenana of some Brahmin as a slave or become a woman of the town. Surely it is horrible at home when a poor girl is driven to such a course through some man's acts; but she has had her childhood; he could not take that from her, could not blot out the memory of her home, and mother, be it ever so humble; but here, the very edicts of her gods crowded her down deep into the mire.

To-day if a widow has sons her lot is not so hard, she being the mother of superior beings; but if her children are all girls or she is childless then her lot is pitiable, as her husband having died sonless has no right to enter heaven or immortality. There is no place for such in the realms of bliss; hence the wife who has caused it is doubly accursed. The suttee may have passed away, but it is a question as to whether the lifelong torture called "Cold Suttee" is not worse. When we read that there are twenty-three millions of widows, most of whom are mere children, we can in some degree appreciate what the reign of horror amounts to.

A woman's head must be shaved, and her hair burned with her husband, else it binds his soul in hell. As a widow is only so accursed because of her lack of religion in a former state, she must devote herself and time and wealth to pilgrimages and religious acts. As all the money goes to the priesthood it can be understood how they will

fight against any change which will deplete their treasure boxes.

Since Lord Canning legalised the remarriage of Hindu widows there have been and are still some second marriages, but the number is few indeed. Caste allows her to be as immoral as she pleases and winks at it, but remarriage damns her in this world and the next. She may commit crime and not lose her social standing, but remarry—which is now perfectly lawful in the eyes of the state—and caste hounds her out of society. Caste is more potent and terrible in its secret persecutions than was ever the Inquisition of Spain.

The suttee had maintained for more than two thousand years. It was optional, but great pressure was brought to bear to induce the widows and women to take the vow which once taken was irrevocable—no retreat was allowed. If a poor creature escaped she was outcast forever, and having escaped she was, if caught, tied hand and foot and tossed back again. Many immolated themselves with the greatest heroism and fortitude, for were they not promised that after the few moments of torture they should dwell with their husbands in Paradise for three hundred and fifty million years. That prospect would cause many a fashionable wife of to-day to renounce her vow instanter.

There is not a single text of the Vedahs which authorises suttee. It was introduced by the priest-

hood through a wilful mistranslation, partly a forgery. It was not until 1829 that a move was made by the Government to abolish it. Lord Wm. Bentinck in that year enacted his famous law threatening all connected with it with most severe penalties. The law did not take effect until 1844 and the last known suttee occurred at Cawnpore, and if I am not in error, in 1857. Doubtless in the remote districts there are suttees even in our day.

It is inconceivable, but true, that a petition was sent to the Privy Council asking that the custom be allowed to continue, which was signed by eighteen thousand, many of them from Calcutta's best families.

It is not the viceroys who have generally begun these great reforms in India. They may be the Apollo who waters, but in this case who "planted?"

Schwartz was dead and gone when there appeared a man who became the founder of modern missions. Far in Southern India was the poor shop of a modest cobbler, over the door of which one might have read the sign, "Second-hand shoes bought and mended." The shop was probably a mud hut like thousands of others all round it.

Inside you would have found an humble-looking man stitching away at his trade, while all around him were spread the belongings of a common shoemaker. Through the open door he could see the world of idolatry move about its business in the intense sunshine. Perhaps a sacred bullock stopped now and then to gaze inward hoping for

fodder, which the man doubtless gave it. Off in the distance could be heard the tom-toms of the temple or the murmur of a multitude as they moved on to some awful suttee. The man's eyes rested upon a map of his own making, which was fastened upon the wall, and as he studied that and listened to the sounds from without whose meaning he so well understood, the lines of his face deepened and the whole countenance took on a graver, grimmer expression. How to elevate these people; how to save those poor women from death in its most cruel form; how to protect the little maiden who went dancing past his door all unconscious of the dark days to come. Those were the questions rolling forever through the mind of the man on the bench, one William Carey by name. You may study Indian history from cover to cover today and you will probably find no record of him. Great names crowd its pages,—emperors, generals, viceroys, rajahs, and maharajahs throng the earthly record; but save by some missionary there will be no mention of William Carey, yet when the book of life is opened his name like "Abon Ben Adhem's" will "lead all the rest."

Early in his life here he had witnessed a suttee and the horror of it so impressed him that he vowed he would devote his life to the abolition of the awful rite, and his influence more than any other one man's at last prevailed to put out forever the flames of the murderous pyre.

He had not only the Hindu religion to combat,

but the East Indian Company, which was openly hostile to all his efforts, claiming that he would create a rebellion which would destroy trade. He was forced to take refuge under the Danish flag at Serampore, north of Calcutta. He opposed that company, and finally succeeded in having removed all restrictions as to mission work. He also caused the abolition of the custom of throwing children alive into the Ganges, and when Lord Bentinck's prohibition against suttee was issued Carey translated it into Bengali on a Sunday afternoon and immediately published it far and wide.

There are monuments to every viceroy of India, but is there even a tablet to this man greater than any viceroy?

CHAPTER II

CHITOR

Chitor. The Approach to the Rock. Kipling's Elephant *versus* Tongas. Ascent of the Rock. The "Parasol of the World."—Its History and Wars. Its Final Sack by Akbar. The "Cow's Mouth" and Towers of Victory and Fame. The Ruined City. Sacrifice of the Women. Return to the Dak Bungalow. The Departure of the Elephant. The Pariah Dog. Departure.

OUDEYPOUR was full of charm and we leave it with great regret. The little train drops off down the valley until a turn in the road hides the city from our eyes, and ends one of the most interesting experiences of long years of travel.

Some few miles away the hills block the entrance to her valley and the train, passing the "gates of Doubarra" (cliffs), enters the plains of Mewar, and the rock of Chitor, a rugged hill some three miles long and rising from three to five hundred feet above the plain, comes into view. Its summit, as we discover later, is like the deck of a vessel and only one fourth to one half mile wide, but the deck of no man-of-war has ever

beheld such sights, heard such sounds, or been so deluged in blood as that rock of Chitor.

As we leave the train at Chitor Junction an official salaams and presents a telegram sent by one of us and which reads, "Have an elephant and three tongas ready on our arrival." Yonder the ponies are jangling the bars of the tongas, and as we move towards them, around the little station which she tops with her vast height comes one of the largest elephants I have ever seen, a social, benignant old lady desirous of gossip. Bearing aloft a crimson howdah, she waves her trunk the while as though in salutation.

The tonga bars jangle and the ponies kick up all sorts of dust as they rush away, but her elephantship, after side-stepping to the locomotive, quietly awaits our approach, an old maid surely, and one who would not like mice.

One has elephants in the backyard in India much as one has old horses at home, the difference being that if punishment is necessary you whack on the feet, whereupon they will hold them up and howl like a baby. We did not have to whack our elephant as the mahout did not leave her, and I doubt if we should have dared whack her if he had. She was a most sociable, kindly old brute, and we loved her and are going back to see her, also to take it out on a dog to which I shall refer later, which drank all our whiskey and never turned a hair, or tail, for that matter, until she became convinced the liquor was gone,

Mrs. Shoemaker

So We Mounted the Rock of Chitor

whereupon she went outside and made remarks about us.

But to return to our elephant. She was fifty-one when she carried a certain great writer up to Chitor in 1895, and hence is sixty-seven now, a mere baby of an elephant though and doubtless still a maiden lady.

When three of us had mounted, my lady plainly intimated that she would carry no more, and had another ascended, would assuredly have taken him down gently but firmly. For so huge a bulk she sinks gracefully, certainly stately, to the ground, and yet a high ladder is necessary to enable us to mount to the howdahs. Then she quivers and quakes and we are lifted until we look down upon most things, certainly upon our late companions rolling off in those jangling tongas. Not that I would have you imagine that a tonga is an uncomfortable vehicle, far from it. Its two seats back to back are easy and the rounding top a welcome protection from India's ever too ardent sun. It is drawn by two merry ponies and moves forward apace, that is after the ponies have had their fill of kicking and biting, without which they rarely start. You may be tempted to get out but don't yield to the impulse or you will get left and the driver won't miss you until he has gone a mile or so, his entire attention being bestowed on his team. All goes well to-day. The tongas must move rapidly to arrive on Chitor hill ahead of this steadily pacing elephant. They are obliged

to keep to the road while the elephant disregards everything, except—as I have stated—locomotives, at which, being nervous, she sidesteps, producing consternation amongst the inhabitants of the howdah high upon her back. Passing through yards and over grain fields, through rivers where one is in dread of quicksands, and through the native village, where she appears on good terms with the people and her passengers are certainly on close terms with the roofs of the houses, she approaches the rock of Chitor. Up its sides winds a wide causeway, broad and easy, nearly a mile in length, and with a slope of about one foot in fifteen feet. There are two angles and seven gates, but of the first of the latter the foundations alone remain. Yet in those few fragments begins for the traveller the history of Chitor, giving its keynote of battle and destruction. Here our lordly beast pauses as though to pay tribute to the spot where the last Sultan was slain by Akbar in his triumphant ascent to the ancient capital above. The side of the road next the valley is protected by a stone wall kept in good repair by the maharana of Oudeypour. Since the foundation of the city down this slope has poured the blood of her best and bravest. The lower section is about a thousand feet long and the wall on our left appears to be loopholed as though for musketry. One wonders why, for it is three hundred years since the last siege of Chitor and arms of that description were hardly known.

The repair of the wall can only be a matter of sentiment; it defends nothing and is of use only to keep skittish ponies and elephants from taking short-cuts down-hill, though I doubt its power to stop this mountain upon which we are enthroned and which could surely demolish yonder wall if it tried.

As we ascend, evidences of the ancient sieges are still to be seen scattered over the hill to our right in the shape of broken columns and capitals, while here are the stones which mark where Jaymall of Bednor and his clansman, Kalla, fell in Akbar's sack, in 1568.

Chitor, the "Parasol of the World," was called by some the palladium of Hinduism, and for many years after the Ranas of Oudeypour had abandoned the ancient city no one was allowed to enter the fortress without a royal firman, but now, as I have stated, we telegraph from Oudeypour, order our elephants, etc., and the deed is done.

Chitor was the ancient capital of Mewar and the last bulwark for cycles against the invading sons of the Crescent. The plateau formed for those days an immensely strong fortress, with, of course, its weak point, in this case a small plateau on the south side. Tradition attributes the formation of this plateau to Sultan Ala-Oudin, as it was from it in 1303 he made the assault which reduced Chitor after a siege of twelve years. Nearly all the subsequent attacks upon the fortress were from this point.

There would appear to be but one road to the rock—that by which we are now mounting and whose seven gates are all open to the world of man or beast to-day. Each gate formed a monument of imposing architecture and contained guard-rooms and sizable apartments; we note also several cenotaphs and tombs between them, marking the death spots of the more noble dead, but to the memory of the multitudes who perished here one finds no stone.

In the last gateway was the great hall of the Rajput princes, and here the terrible genius of Chitor, the Kangta Ranee (Queen of Battlements), predicted to the Rana Ursi the degradation of his race.

As we pass beneath and beyond its archway, what was once a great city spreads away before us, now a mass, or rather heaps, of ruins almost obscured by the thick jungle, above which rise alone two stately towers, that of Fame and that of Victory, both of whose goddesses have long since taken wings from this desolate city.

Who really founded Chitor is unknown, but Bappa Rawul, whose loin cloth was five hundred feet long, whose spear was too heavy for mortal to lift, took the fortress from "Man Singh," the Mori prince, eleven hundred years ago, and that is our first record and shows that the rock was worth fighting for when Charlemagne ruled in Europe.

Amongst the nine princes who succeeded Bappa was Alluji, who built the Jain tower.

It would be possible to give the whole history, but it would be but a recital of siege after siege. Hence I may be pardoned if I mention only the more important of those days of battle, murder, and sudden death.

Chitor was for ever at war with the nations of the north, sometimes with one, more often with all together, and that she held out so long was indeed marvellous. Great was the grief of the Hindus when the stronghold fell, never to rise again. It was the central point of importance throughout all India and the last hope of the Rajputs. The recollection of the fortress and its sorrows is still dear to these people whose most sacred oath is one which recalls its destruction. It was sacked seven times in all. Akbar's third siege ended its history and Oudeypour was founded;—but to go back.

Delhi having fallen to the Great Moghuls, Rana Lakumsi in 1275—about—enclosed all that was most sacred to the Hindus within these supposedly impregnable walls on this rock. Chitor was his capital and had never been molested. About the end of the 13th century, the first trouble came, and as has ever been the case, through a woman. Of her beauty, talent, etc., there could be no question,—there never is. Can you recall an instance where an ugly woman has ever worked or been the cause of the destruction of a city? This one is still talked about in India. She was the wife of the Rajah Bhim-si and was

called "Pudmanee" and was desired by Moghul "Allah-ud-din."

History seems to show that honour was more highly esteemed by the Rajputs than by the Mussulmans. This bit of it is a case in point. The Moghul prayed to be allowed one glimpse of the Princess and was given safe-conduct into the city. He returned safely to his own camp, and not to be outdone in showing confidence, the Rajput Bhim-si accompanied him, only to be seized and made prisoner. The Princess, announcing that she would give herself in exchange for Bhim-si, arrived at the Mussulman camp with seven hundred of her women, who turned out to be warriors in disguise, and who inflicted such punishment upon the foe that the siege was raised and he departed. Whether he carried off the Princess does not appear.

Of all the sieges of Chitor, the most famous and terrible was that in 1290 by "Allah-ud-din." Some authorities place the siege in 1303.

The Rajputs appear to have realised that their ruin was inevitable, as the Mussulmans had decreed that this last refuge of the idolaters should be destroyed.

Rana Lakshman desired to save at least one of his twelve sons to perpetuate his dynasty, but the tutelary spirit of Chitor, the bloodthirsty "Kangra Ranee," appeared and declared, "I must have royal victims; twelve crowned princes must shed their blood, then their descendants

will rule." Lakshman told his council of the vision and its demands, but they implored him to regard it but as a fearful dream, whereupon the Kangra Ranee appeared to all crying, "I must have royal blood; let every day a prince be crowned and reign for three days and then go forth to death in battle. Only on these conditions will I remain with you." This was carried out until the last son was reached, whom the old father persuaded to escape secretly to the mountains; then the father announced that he would perish in his stead, and the awful sacrifice of Johar was decided upon. The caverns at the Cow's Mouth were filled with inflammables and on this vast pyre all the women, jewels, and diamonds, all that could excite the cupidity of the enemy, were placed. The women amounted to several thousand, led by their queen "Pudmanee," who so escaped insult. Then the torch was applied and at that moment the Rana threw open the outer gates and with the last warriors rushed upon the enemy and perished to a man, but only after taking terrible vengeance.

When the Sultan entered Chitor he found complete ruin. The dead lay everywhere and a horrid, fetid odour rose from the "Cow's Mouth." All life and all of value had disappeared, and in his rage the Mussulman destroyed fortress and city, sparing only the palace of the peerless Pudmanee who had caused this ruin but had perished herself so horribly.

In a later siege a like sacrifice was decided upon, but this time the women, headed by their queen, placed themselves to the number of several thousands on a rock which was blown to fragments. Then the men, knowing their honour had been preserved, rushed to battle and death. Horrified at the sight, the Sultan Bajezet (1537) fled away, leaving Chitor to desolation and death, to the birds of the air and beasts of the desert which soon assembled to their horrid feasting.

Still believing in the promise of the goddess Kangra Ranee never to desert so long as a descendant of Bappa devoted himself to her, Chitor arose again from the grave, only to find some twenty years later the great Akbar at the gate. Though driven off the first time, he soon returned backed by the whole force of the Moghul Empire. Great was the bravery of the Rajputs, but of no avail, though their names are still held in veneration by all the Mussulmans. At length the signal was again given for the Johar, when nine queens, five princesses, and a thousand women perished in the flames of a vast pile, and their defenders died in a final sortie.

Akbar, showing no pity, ordered every living thing to be put to death. In this last struggle, no royal prince having offered as a victim, the goddess fled away, deserting for ever the people, and Chitor, which for a thousand years had ruled the Hindu world, became what we see it to-night, a wilderness of ruins and brambles over which

the snake glides and tiger roams at will. Do you wonder that the moon seems to look sadly down upon such a sight? Once the Holy Town, it is now accursed and the spirit of evil is ever about here. The Ranas (rulers) are solemnly forbidden to enter its gates, and when they have attempted so to do have been repelled by invisible hands.

A writer centuries ago described Chitor as "an ancient great kingdom with its chief city on a mighty hill flat on the top and walled about for ten English miles. There appear to this day above a hundred ruined churches [temples] and divers fair palaces. Its chief inhabitants are birds and wild beasts, but the stately ruins thereof give a shadow of its beauty while it flourished in its pride."

It is three hundred years since that was written and Chitor is to-day what he saw it, only more utterly ruined and deeply buried under the tangle of the forests. Birds there evidently are, as witness those gorgeous peacocks strutting majestically off under that scarlet creeper; wild beasts there doubtless are when night comes down.

The elephant pauses before she enters the jungle and extends her trunk forward and from side to side, as though she would call our attention to the fate of this city as typical of that of all mankind,—"A little while, and then no more," After that, ruin of all we have worked for, obliteration of ourselves, and then oblivion, with the weary old world rolling on and on. "Men may

come and go and these are gone, all gone," and as my eyes rest on the devastation before us, my thoughts travel off and away over the plains of Asia to Persepolis and Babylon, Nineveh and Bactra, Merve and Palmyra, all desolate now, yet all once so certain of their continued existence. Does any American believe that Washington may some day be as Chitor now is? Vanity! Ah, truly, Vanity.

The huge beast beneath us endorses the sentiment by pointing her trunk at another tomb of some long dead king, which the dense vegetation is fast pushing under ground. Pausing at last she plainly indicates, by sinking beneath us, that we are to get down. If we refused, she would merely reach round and take us down. If she were in a gentle humour it would not hurt us, but otherwise we should be thrown into yonder tank or that jumble of brambles. We do not wait for a settlement of location but descend at once and stand in wonderment before the stately Tower of Victory, the most celebrated monument of the ancient capital. It was erected by the Rana Kumbha to commemorate his victories over the armies of the Sultans of Malwa and Goojerat, in 1439. The tower rises over one hundred feet and is divided into nine stories and is most profusely ornamented with balconies, projecting cornices, and mouldings greatly adding to its beauty. Inside and out one finds statues of every god of the Hindus. It is topped by a lantern-like dome

Photo by Johnson & Hoffmann, Calcutta

Tower of Victory, Chitor

and for symmetry and grace has few equals. On a tablet inside one reads, "May the glory of King Kumbha last as long as the sun's rays illumine the earth; as long as the ice fields of the north continue and the ocean forms a collar round the neck of the earth, so long shall the glory of Kumbha be perpetuated; may the memory of his reign and the splendour of the age in which he lived be transmitted to all eternity."

Then one turns one's eyes outward over the ruins of his city, ruins so complete that there is no glory in them, and one wonders, "Wherefore are we born, for evil or for jest?"

The same inscription stated that Chitor itself was too beautiful to be compared to anything and "regarded with derision the paradise of Méron." I know not what Méron may be like, but Chitor is a ruin. But, however time may have destroyed the works of man, those of God spread out beneath us are surpassingly beautiful.

Almost unending plains stretch away to the eastward, golden in the light of evening, while chains of yellow mountains range afar to the west where we left the white city of Oudeypour.

But to return to our tower. It is built of a yellow stone, evidently of enduring qualities as the ledges are sharp and distinct. The whole cost nine hundred thousand pounds sterling, which in those days meant much more than now, though $4,500,000 is not an insignificant sum to-day.

Yonder jungle near its base was once the royal

cemetery, and holds what remains of the mausoleums of the kings from Rappa, the founder, in 728, to Udâi-Singh, the last prince, in 1597, and this little temple invaded by a fig tree was erected to the father of the Kumbha. Akbar did his work well and to-night as we pause on the crest of the hill nothing save ruins and jungle meets our gaze. Miles and miles of ruined palaces and houses, ruined absolutely, completely, all save two majestic towers! How desolate and yet how exquisite it all is! As the sun sets behind the Tower of Victory and the moon rises behind that of Fame, the elephant pauses between them and slowly waves her trunk as though in salutation to both, and then moves onward until again she stays her majesty at the brink of the sacred pool, before referred to, where it is said that there is now a sacred crocodile, though you may mistake it for a mud bank floating towards you, until it slowly opens its slits of green eyes, when it is well for you if you are not near enough to justify the opening of its ponderous jaws. This is the tank mentioned by Kipling in his "Nahalaka," as Chitor and Oudeypour are the cities of that tale.

Will I go down? No, certainly not. It 's dark down there, those steps are slippery with a slimy ooze, and that sloping rock would slide me straight into the maws of that sacred crocodile down in those green waters.

They say he was here when Akbar came, but listen. From here you can distinguish the slug-

gish waters of the pool gurgling like liquid mud down there in the darkness, in that "heart of Chitor," but surely a thumping heart indicates life, while yonder stinking pool is typical of death. The place is still sacred.

It is singular that the temples and holy places of a religion which uses flowers so freely in its worship should smell and be so vile. I shall always associate the odour of stale incense and yellow and white flowers with this repulsive Hindu religion. This spot is the resort of pilgrims and stinketh accordingly.

This "Cow's Mouth" is a set of springs whose water flows through some mutilated carvings like a cow's mouth. It falls first into an old pillared hall and then into the reservoir which supplies the pool.

Beyond it, shaded by venerable trees, one finds the entrances into the subterranean galleries called Rani Bindar or "Chamber of the Queens." It was there that the great sacrifice of the women took place, at the first sack of Chitor. Since then the entrance has been walled up.

The very air seems tainted even after all these years and I turn away towards life and the elephant, who looks at me as much as to say, "Well, you would come, so I brought you, but don't blame me."

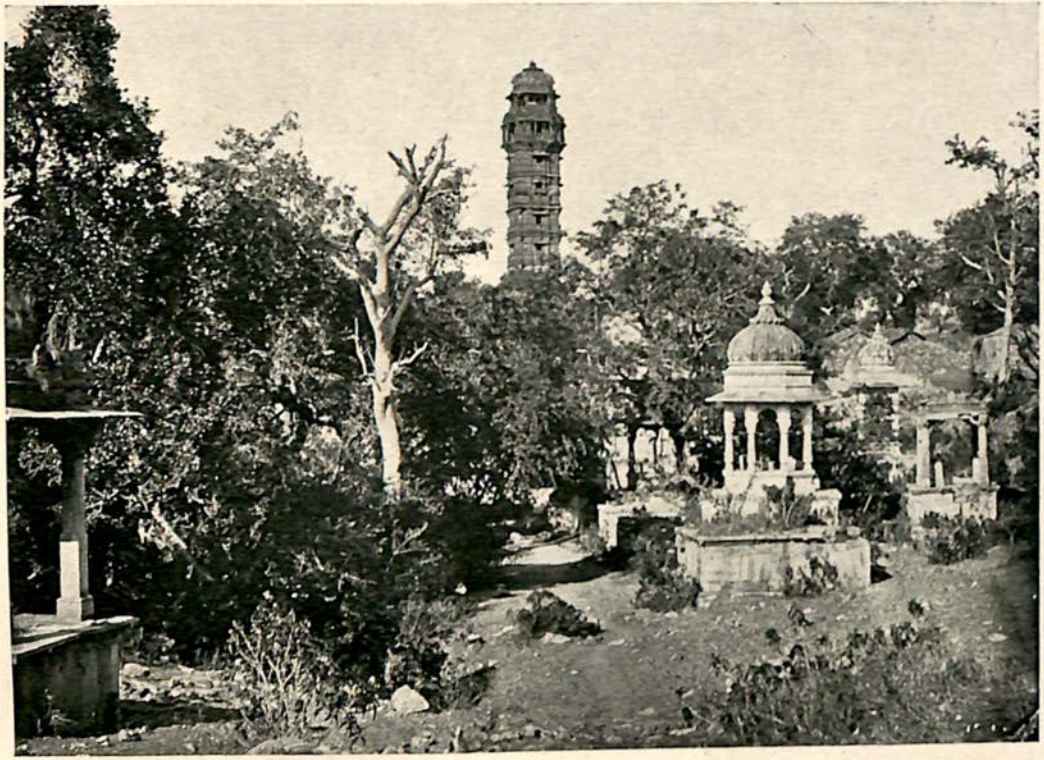
The ruined city crowds close upon the walls of the sacred tank and farther on at the southern extremity of the plateau a heap of shattered columns

and carvings buried almost out of sight by trailing vines and many trees marks the site of the palace of the Puár King Chitram Mori, the founder of Chitor, and hence the most ancient edifice on the rock.

Earlier travellers describe in detail the ruined buildings of this city, but to-day there is little indeed which one could mention as other than a heap of ruins. To my thinking, nothing, save two towers—one of which I have noted. A writer in 1875 tells of "massive structures." One does not see them to-day. Time and vegetation have reduced them to formless heaps, with here and there a bit of carving or a doorstep.

The "Tower of Fame" rises before us as we turn to depart. It is considered one of the most interesting monuments of the first or great age of Jaina architecture, which descended about to the year 1300. An inscription once existed at its base which gave its date as A.D. 896. Rising some eighty feet above the ground, it is a mass of sculpture and mouldings its entire height. Dedicated to Adnáth, the first of the Jaina Tirthankars, one finds his figure repeated numberless times all over the structure. Some travellers describe this tower as a column "solid throughout," leading one to fear that they never visited Chitor, as there is a staircase from bottom to top, and the portal certainly must have been plainly to be seen long before the supposed visit of the men referred to.

As the shadows fall our elephant turns home-



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*Royal Cenotaphs and Tower of Fame, Chitor

ward. Surely Chitor is desolate just now. Dusk is abroad, shrouding all the vast plains below into a silent sea whence no sound comes save the maniacal laugh of some jackals or the cough of a distant tiger. In the wondrous dark arch of the heavens the stars sparkle as we never see them in northern climes. The desolation and fascination of India are here and silence is the tribute one must pay them.

So we move off and away, the great bulk of our beast brushing the banana and mango trees aside in her passage. Passing the five stately gates and descending the causeway, she moves down through the native village, where the people are at rest after the day's toil. Turbaned men are gravely smoking long pipes, white-robed women flit shadowy-like hither and thither, mongrel dogs snap at us, forlorn cats raise their backs and bristle their tails over our intrusion,—the West is not wanted here. The white mist from the river, and the hot dust from the highways hover over all, while the air is pungent with the burning dung in the fireplaces. These people, who regard us so gravely to-night, may be the descendants of those old Rajputs dead by the thousand above there, but if so they are of a quiet nature.

Reaching its corral the elephant wants to stop, but, after due deliberation and a confab with the mahout, decides that such would not be polite or a fair conclusion of her contract, so moves on through the town, and over the river and railroad,

majestically, with now no fear of a switch engine as it is late and that invention of "common Europeans" has gone to rest. Finally we descend at the dak bungalow, and the mahout being paid off walks up the elephant's trunk, and being raised on high promenades onto and seats himself upon her head. Then at a signal the great beast, standing majestically before us, raises her trunk again high in salute to the sahibs and mem-sahibs and turning stalks off into the misty moonlight.

Supper at a dak bungalow is a singular function. There is always furniture, plenty of it, while there is often nothing or at least little to eat or drink. It is so to-night. I have no recollection of much to eat. I do remember there were a few drinks which, together with some stale bread, were bestowed upon a pariah dog of most woeful condition, in the vain endeavour to get her drunk. Useless attempt; she ate all the whiskey soaked stuff we could give her and slunk away, perfectly sober. We ate what was given us, and asked no questions, and then sought the train and our bunks and were jolted along all night on the road to Ajmere, dreaming wild dreams of battle and murder, combats of sultans and burnings of queens, ruined palaces and tangled forests, elephants, tigers, cobras, and a green-eyed crocodile in the Cow's Mouth,—all a wild jumble which with me lasted until "Master,—tea" awoke me to life in the station of Ajmere, where I make friends with the station policeman, and,

as we are delayed for hours—as one always is in India, and it would not be India were it otherwise,—I spend the time listening to tales of the people as the great motley panorama passes up and down before me. After all, it is this living, tumultuous tide of the people which is the great feature of Indian life, never lacking in interest, and absolutely indescribable no matter how hard one may try or how nearly the "pen of a ready writer" one may possess.

CHAPTER IV

JEYPUR AND GULTA

Gulta—the Monkey City. Feeding our Brothers. High Life in Monkeydom. Jeypur. Life in her Streets. My Lord the Elephant and the Orange. Tigers. Their Dread of White. Capturing Wild Tigers. England in India. The Thug, his Crimes and Suppression. The Oriental and the Railway.

RAJPUTANA is royal India. Here one sees for the first time many castles, and fortressed cities, and Jeypur certainly is royal, though it is barbaric royalty.

Of all cities in India it revels most in colour. It is hot noon and her streets fairly blaze. On either side rise the pink houses with their balconies of stone and lace-like windows. The streets are very wide and the brilliant crowds surge through them all day long with such changing kaleidoscopic hues that the eye is blinded. This is especially so to-day, as the people are dyeing their stuffs, and as they stand, all down the way, waving them in the sun to dry, brilliant bands of purple, deep scarlet, and orange, bright blues, greens, and

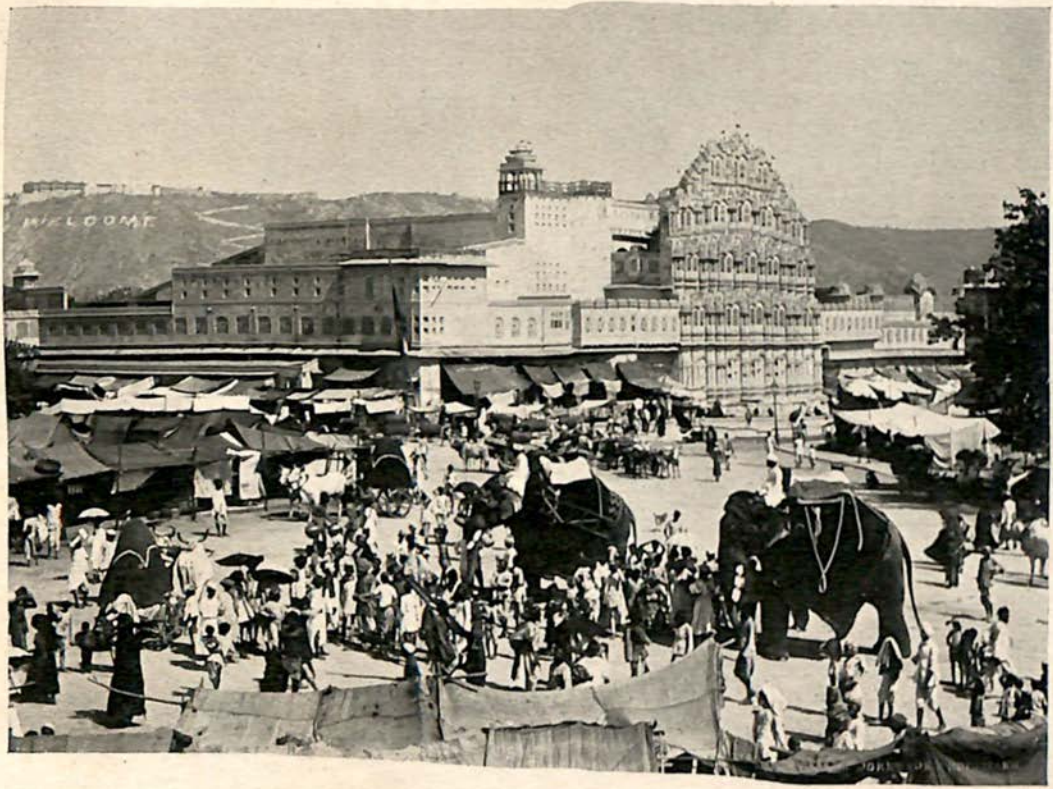
yellows, flash and glitter. One might fancy a huge cotillion in full sway.

An old woman, half hidden by the curtains of her litter, cracks every joint of every finger at us as we pass and gives utterance to a cackling laugh. Evidently Kim's friend, the Princess. Yonder a group of peacocks spread their gorgeousness against the pink houses, and sacred bullocks wander hither and thither, feeding where they will at any stall. Wise-looking monkeys gaze down from the house-tops, and round the corner, with his forehead painted like a Cashmere shawl, comes a great elephant, giving the finishing touch to the picture of Eastern splendour. It is morning; the air is cool and delightful. As we roll out of a gate and towards the hills what seemed grey sage bushes resolves into dancing monkeys until we are attended by dozens of them, white-haired, black-faced, grave-looking beasts that apparently own the land. They come hurtling down the hills in droves. We follow a broad, stone causeway, leading up and over the hills and then down into a deep valley where an ancient city fills the valley. It is Gulta, a place most holy to the heathen and of greatest interest to foreigners. Sacred tanks, rising one above the other, fill the foreground, and the fantastic city blocks the gorge from side to side. Evidently densely populated, it is as yet difficult to determine from here whether the place is the abode of man or monkey. While there are, as we discover later, a goodly number of people, the

simians outnumber them fourfold. The streets are crowded with the latter and one moves amongst monkeys and monkeys grasp one by the hands as children do at home. They do not appear at all savage save some brown ones which we are told to keep clear of. Your hand is seized now and then and gently opened while the grain it holds is deftly extracted, then the queer faces look beseechingly up for more. Mother monkeys with little ones but a few days old squat before you; old gentleman monkeys wrap their tails around your legs; but all are friendly, yet they are wild monkeys from the adjacent hills which it is well to let alone. There are such crowds of grave black faces with long white hair around us that we feel enchanted and wonder whether we are not being changed to other than our accustomed form. Peacocks flash their gorgeous colours through the still air. Jackals bark and screech on the near hills, and it is said that in darkness the royal tiger often comes to yonder tanks to drink and sometimes carries off a native.

Queer sights and sounds they say occur down here "when the twilight fails and the monkeys walk together, holding each other's tails,"—nights, when the moon is misty, and full of enchantment, and when you had best keep away or perhaps be changed into a monkey yourself.

There is one majestic old gentleman with the blackest of tails and longest of manes and beards, who would speak to me, and a tale unfold, if he



Street Scene in Jeypur

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dared, and at some moments it seems almost as though he will indeed break the embargo of eternal silence, laid upon his kind in the forgotten past.

As my wife sits on a step changing the film of her Kodak, monkeys of all sizes crowd around her, some almost touching her, yet no lot of people ever behaved better. There is no attempt at stealing. They gravely watch or go about their own affairs. An old man here says that they are very affectionate. I asked what would happen if I stole yonder baby monkey. "Every monkey of the hills would come to the cry of the mother and you would not live long." So I let the funny human-looking little thing alone to grow up and live as proper Indian monkeys know how to live.

The whole scene is one of the strangest I have ever seen. The simians would evidently be religious as the neighbouring temple where the pilgrims are at worship is barred against them. Otherwise they would attend en masse. Out here unless one offers to feed them they don't obtrude, but carry on monkey life in all its phases, the savage brown ones retiring to an adjacent roof. It is from that breed that the organ grinder recruits his assistant, as they are the more intelligent.

Gulta is a place not often visited by travellers and yet it is far and away the most interesting around Jeypur. Your servant takes good care not to mention it to you, and ours, when he heard we were going, did his best to dissuade us, and

even tried to turn us back when en route. To my thinking, there is one and only one reason for this, viz., the determination to cut you off from everything which may curtail *your* shopping and *his* percentage. In the case of Gulta he will insist that the way is long and hot and over a steep mountain, but do not be dissuaded. Insist upon going, and be rewarded by one of the most unique sights and experiences in India. Follow the stone causeway up the hill and quite a mile down on the other side until you come to the tanks and the town plainly visible from the summit. There is a Hindu temple at the top of the hill but of no interest and a hard climb. Our man tried to get us up there in hopes that we should be tired out and so return to the town and *shops;* but he did not succeed and I warned him not to attempt that sort of thing again. He was sullen the rest of the day in consequence. Later in the midst of all the turmoil of the streets of Jeypur clanging bells warn me of the approach of my lord, the painted elephant. I get out and politely block his way, at the same time offering an orange. He could walk over me and never know I was there, but he pauses and gravely waves his trunk in contemplation of my offer.

A crimson sky forms a background for his huge bulk and the pink city rises on either hand, while the multitude stands and looks silently on. Eastern throngs are always strangely silent. It is towards evening and the people rest from their labour.

The atmosphere is heavy with smoke from their little fire-places, and fragrant with the scent of the burning wood. Sacred cattle wander about. White-robed, oil-polished Brahmins move hither and thither amongst the dense throngs, while myriads of big, black crows strut over everything, and on the high walls of an ancient palace huge monkeys are mouthing and shrieking as they scamper about. A snake charmer has uncovered his baskets, and as a half dozen or more cobras rear their heads aloft I cannot but think that the expression of their eyes is greatly like that in the eyes of their master. But to return to greater things, the elephant moves towards me and extends its trunk, turning the end completely over, and into the cup so formed I drop the orange. It quickly vanishes and he waves his great ears in satisfaction and waits for me to go back to the carriage. There is something very human about an elephant. I met him later on, and I know that he knew me.

I have often heard it stated that wild beasts were afraid of white and would never attack any one dressed in that absence of all colour. I had an illustration to-day, as we stood before some superb specimens of the tiger here in the Royal Gardens. There were two which had been captives but two months and their rage was awful to see. As one of them sprang at the bars I suddenly opened my white umbrella full in his face. With a shriek the great beast fled into the farthest

corner of his cage and cowered in abject terror. He did not venture forth while I stood there. I tried it on another beast with the same result and again on the first one; but evidently tigers become sophisticated in captivity, for when I moved upon a majestic specimen slowly pacing up and down his cage, he paused for an instant and then walked right at me, with an expression which plainly gave me to understand that were there not bars and strong ones between us, he would give me a lesson after which there would be no further trouble for me in this world. Then with contempt written all over his face, he resumed his ceaseless pacing to and fro. So I would advise you, if you feel inclined to go shooting in India with a white umbrella, to arrange that the tigers to be encountered are from the wilderness and not *au fait* on society and its dress. Once you have gazed down the throat of one of those monarchs of the lowlands your desire to investigate further in that direction will not be intense.

Times have changed for yonder royal brute since that morning when, famished for his breakfast, he went trudging along through the brilliant sunshine, lured onward by the smell of fresh blood to the mimosa trees, which evidently held his quarry. A leap, a crash downward into darkness, and all was ended. The mind of man had triumphed again over brute force, and the huge beast with all his strength found himself a prisoner at the bottom of a deep pit dug to snare him and

Mrs. Shoemaker

Our Kinsfolk at Gulta

in which a slaughtered goat had been thrown. Then he was driven into and trundled away in yonder rough wooden cage, whose doors opened only into this iron house, in which all the rest of his life will be passed. Evidently he has reached his full growth. Its strength and splendour is shown in his glossy coat, superb frame, and splendid teeth. How he would like to be out and at me. One grip and I would be tossed across his shoulder and borne away into the jungle. They say that he would eat every atom of me save the palms of the hands and soles of the feet. Why not make a clean job of it, I wonder, and I wonder also if he realises that he is in there for all time.

There were few evidences of change or modern innovation in Jeypur, yet as one reads the accounts, especially those by native writers, of the India of the past, one is led to believe that it was far different, far more magnificently beautiful than it is now, also that one could not then have found on all sides the squalor and poverty and wretchedness that one does to-day. I do not believe such to have been the case; in fact, I think in the days of the moghuls the contrasts between rich and poor were far greater than at present. The East is and always will be a paradox, a land beautifully ugly and enchantingly disgusting. On state occasions then, as now, there were great displays of jewels, elephants and horses and princes covered with gorgeousness. But these things

were and are kept for state occasions. That there were vilenesses of all sorts in the streets and stenches which almost caused one to faint, that filth and wretchedness crowded the precincts of the palaces to a greater extent then than now, was certainly the case, as is proven by the cities of Persia and Central Asia where no change has occurred. The rulers of this land to-day do all they can to do away with all that, whereas those old moghuls and maharajahs considered them a state of things unchangeable,—misery and dirt had always existed therefore why bother about what you could not help?

It is certainly a creed of the Moslem never to keep anything in repair, hence old India was much more rickety than modern, for the English insist that the monuments of the land be preserved and it is a well-known fact that but for them the Taj Mahal would long since have been a ruin as a tree had commenced to grow in a crack in its dome. Lord Curzon did an immense work in preserving the monuments and palaces. I notice a great improvement since my visit in 1890. To-day, sanitary measures, water and drainage, are introduced all over the land; splendid hospitals are in every town; schools are everywhere. Compare that to the so-called splendour of the past and bewail "all India has lost through England" if you can. Bosh! Bosh! If she is ever ousted from here, let us hope it will be when India is so educated that she can do without her. If

that happened now, fifty years would find anarchy and confusion holding dominion over all the land. Do you realise that to-day you may travel with safety throughout this vast country from Ceylon to Afghanistan, where fifty years ago the Thugs held high carnival of murder?

The word Thug, meaning a deceiver, is from the Hindu verb *thugua*, to deceive, and is pronounced T-u-g. The origin of the sect is lost in fable and obscurity. Some think it commenced with the vagrant tribes of Mohammedans which prowled the country after the great invasion of Moghuls and Tartars. The Hindu gives it a divine origin and makes its patron goddess Bhowanee, one in whose power both Mohammedans and Hindus believe. Hindu ceremonies being observed in her worship tend to prove that the practice of Thuggee was of Hindu origin.

So secret were the movements of this sect that Indian records hold no mention of it until the reign of Akbar, when some executions took place. Countless murders with but few executions occurred down to 1810, when the British government appears to have first become aware of its existence. If the Thugs had confined their operations to natives, years might have passed for them in safety, but when white men, officers and soldiers, began to vanish like mist, the authorities awoke to a realisation that there was something malign lurking about under their very noses. Gradually it was discovered what it was.

Thugs were found in many towns and villages and it was learned that large sums annually were paid by them to the Sindia's government, for its protection. It was found that a thousand were in its villages alone. The dispersion of that band spread the horror all over India and it was years before it was finally eradicated. Its ceremonies and practices in Southern India are described in 1816 by Dr. Sherwood of Madras, and were considered too monstrous for belief, and hence passed unnoticed. The sect kept up its work until 1830, no blow being aimed at the system until that time. Then the government moved and by promises of life for revelations obtained all the proof necessary for most stringent measures. One informer calmly stated that but for his twelve years in prison his list would have shown one thousand instead of seven hundred and fifty murders. Another, when his statement was discredited, proved its truth by the exhumation of thirteen bodies in the very grove where the inquiry was taking place. Then he pointed out numberless spots in other groves, each one of which yielded one or more dead.

Colonel Sleeman states that in 1824 a band of professional assassins was discovered to exist not four hundred yards from his court-room, and in the neighbourhood at Mundesur was one of the greatest places of murder in all India where over one hundred bodies were discovered. Parents were murdered that their children might

be carried off and sold as slaves and for immoral purposes.

Poisoned wine was sometimes used but the usual method of strangulation was generally followed. The men travelled in gangs and joining the caravan of the victims did their work with unfailing hands, a work which they considered an honourable profession. The sash or scarf was quite sufficient for the work, that or a strong cord, and the deed was done—no noise, just a faint gurgle.

One cannot fully appreciate the vastness and horror of the system until one has read Colonel Taylor's *Confessions of a Thug*, from which these data are obtained.

What with hanging, transportation, and imprisonment the authorities disposed of over three thousand from 1831 to 1837, and the lives saved almost pass computation. Add to this the countless women saved by the abolition of the Suttee alone, and you have some idea of the work England has done in India.

Probably the construction and use of the thirty thousand miles of railway have done more than all else to abolish the Thugs, as the people no longer travel in caravans.

The railway is a delight to an Oriental. Russia, fearing that the Sarts would oppose railways, avoided the large towns by ten miles or so, but so delighted were the people, such children in their delight, that she has been forced to build spurs to the towns and every train is crammed with chattering,

laughing crowds. Murder save in isolated cases is not possible in these trains. It happens sometimes in a first-class carriage, but never in the third, I think. The cord or scarf may still be used in the jungles here, but not often.

CHAPTER V

AKBAR'S TOWN OF VICTORY

To Fattehpore-Sikri in a Motor. Life on the Grand Trunk Road. An English Cantonment. A Hindu Funeral. Horrors of the Towers of Silence Compared to a Christian Cemetery. Approach to the "Town of Victory." The Fantastic City. The Arch of Victory. Akbar's Inscription. The Holy Man, the Moghul, and the Baby. The Palace Buildings. Akbar's Hall of Council. Pachisi with Living Pawns. English at Akbar's Court. Desertion of the City and its Cause. Personality of Akbar. Magnificent Secundrabad. Akbar's Death and Burial there.

INDIA is not an ideal country for motoring. The country is too monotonous and the distances too great, while the heat in the middle of the day is too intense, even in the coolest months, to render that sport a pleasure. Punctures and blow-outs must occur frequently and there have so far been no arrangements made for gasoline or other necessary supplies.

The roads are, as a rule, very good in fair weather, but be wise and use the railroads, making your long rides at night, when, with the aid of your rugs, you can be most comfortable and save much time and worry; but the motor comes in

now and then, and most acceptably. Our first ride, in fact our only ride, is from Agra to the famous deserted city of Fattehpore-Sikri, situated some twenty-four miles to the south-west of the former city, a distance in pre-motor days covered by means of carriages, and a long, hot ride it must have been, many avoiding the place on that account. We engage a comfortable car and at nine A.M. roll away over the hard surface of the wide streets in the English cantonment of Agra. The morning air is always life-giving and delightful, but I think more especially so in India than elsewhere. Even the tired, dusty natives look fresh and almost happy in the glittering light. As we pass the white walls of the compounds are topped by masses of purple Bougainvillea and cascades of orange-hued honeysuckle fall over graceful palm trees.

Afar down one wide highway we catch a momentary glimpse of the glittering dome of the Taj, and as we near the river Jumna the majestic Fort rises before us, a mass of red granite, its great walls topped by countless pagodas of red and white marble, with the pearl mosque sparkling white and beautiful in the increasing light.

No other city in India, Delhi not excepted, can show such marvellous buildings as Agra. When your steps turn this way, be sure and visit Delhi first, or you will be disappointed in that city. That it possesses intense interest, historically and architecturally, there is no doubt, and its great

mosque loses nothing by comparison to any building on this earth, but comparisons are odious, and I will say no more, only, go to Delhi first. I did so years ago, and was in no degree disappointed, and after all Delhi is Delhi, and therein all is said. I refer to the present city only. But to return. The road is lined with people going to work, a concourse showing such a blaze of coloured raiment as can only be found in India with her many races. Yonder wall is topped by a lot of frisking monkeys, but we see few dogs and scarcely any cats, and those we do find are mangy and unhappy looking. The festive puppy and sleek, well-fed tabby of our land are absent. Now and then a smartly appointed dog-cart rolls by, driven by an Englishman. The man in his plain clothing and simple tope and carrying a light cane produced a far deeper impression upon the native public than any of their princes in gorgeous robes and jewels, because they know that behind that simplicity is the real *power*.

India's millions are strewn all over the land and one is rarely in any section hereabouts when a group is not in sight, life in all its phases being carried on in full view. Yonder, borne on the shoulders of four men, passes a shrouded figure which, done with life, is on its way to the burning ghats by the river. There appear to be no mourners, yet who can say? Those stolid faces may cover hearts bowed down by sorrow. Doubtless yes, for these people have strong family affection.

That group will cross the river, and by its yellow flood erect a funeral pyre whereon that silent form will be laid and then more wood will cover it. After which the priests will pour on water and oil and light the whole, and shortly nothing will remain save a heap of ashes, to be blown hither and thither by the passing winds. As it will be done on the open bank of the Jumna and away from the city, there is nothing repulsive about it as in Benares, not even as much so as our form of cremation. Surely it is not and never can be such a horror as that of the Towers of Silence, places surely misnamed, for wherein lies the silence with those hellish birds for ever fighting and clamouring over the dead?

The prosperous city of Bombay fronts a beautiful harbour on one side and on the other the placid waters of the Indian Ocean, and in one of its parks, rich with trees and flowering shrubs, rise the famous Towers of Silence. The traveller upon entering the gates is greeted by a white-robed Parsi, with a strange helmet-like hat, who conducts him as far as he may go, and there are few who would care to go farther. The "eternal" fire burns in a sanctuary near the entrance and is shown to none save those of the faith; but some hundreds of feet off, amidst the trees, stand five low, whitewashed circular structures, each having a portal halfway up its side to which rises a broad causeway. The interior holds a circular grating not far from its top, and divided into three parts,

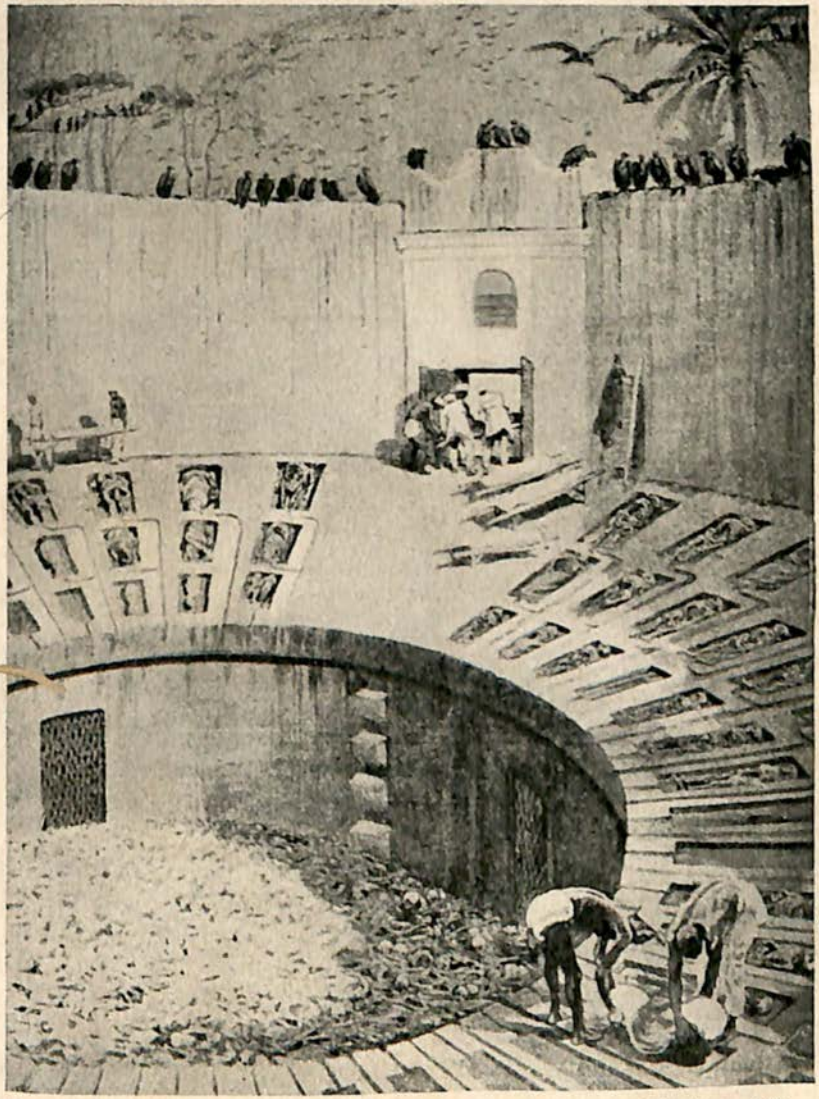
the inner for the children, the centre for women, and the outer for men. The hub of this "wheel," so to speak, is a well. To the causeway outside are brought the dead and there delivered to the bearers,—outcasts, like the mummifiers of Egypt. Once delivered to them, the corpse is borne within that low door and never comes forth, even, so it is stated, when life is discovered to be still existent, but that does not often happen. Once within the dead are stripped naked and in two hours' time not a vestige remains of what was once the mother, wife, or sister so dear to you. Could you stand the idea for an instant? Surely not, if you had ever seen those awful vultures. That those foul things should tear and devour that which had been dear to you,—would it not drive you insane? The battle over the dead often goes on in mid-air and fragments are dropped over all the surrounding country—the Parsis deny this, but others state it as a fact. You mother who have borne in sorrow and suffering your little one only to have it close its eyes in death, could you open your arms and surrender it to *that*, to that battle in the air, which might deposit its outraged body under the hoofs of passing cattle?

As I looked up, upon one of the towers there were possibly a hundred of these vile, blood-gorged birds sleeping in the intense heat, while on a tree above us were four or five more craning their horrid necks citywards, evidently scouts watching

for an approaching funeral. As we left they had probably sighted their coming feast, for there was a clatter and clangour amongst them, which roused the sleepers on all the towers and trees, six hundred, I believe, into discordant answer.

It is said that before the plague descended upon Bombay these birds flocked thither by the thousands from all over India, even from the other side of the mighty Himalayas and far-off Afghanistan, warned by some strange message of the air of the coming feast, and so they came on, blackening the sky, and the feast was ready and a plenty.

It is stated that the more enlightened Parsi of to-day looks with shame and mortification upon this horror, but the old sect will not hear to its abolishment. Certainly after one has once visited these gardens it is impossible to look upon those people otherwise than with distaste, to say the least. On the ship coming out here we met some of them, most intelligent, cultivated people, to whom my wife took quite a fancy. On parting, we promised to look them up in Bombay, where sundry interesting things were to be done for us. I said nothing but I well knew that when we had visited these towers there would be no further move to renew the acquaintance, and so it transpired. Even the flowers seemed polluted, and when we left the gardens my wife looked a moment at a beautiful blossom, and then tossed it shudderingly away, saying, "Really I cannot keep it, it is connected with too much horror and vileness"



From a Russian print

Interior of a Tower of Silence

—exactly what was said by my sister on a visit there twenty years ago.

It is certainly not true that proper burial is subjected to any such objections. I have been informed by the superintendent of one of the great cemeteries of the earth that in all his long experience, extending over many, many years, he had never encountered anything disagreeable where proper burial had taken place. A body securely encoffined is not subject to worms and corruption. It is slowly incinerated until nothing save dust remains,—dust to dust, ashes to ashes. In a place of beauty we lay them away, as we knew them and loved them, and we know that no violence is done to that carriage of the soul.

The Parsis, worshipping the elements, claim that they would be defiled by any other disposal of the dead, but with their utmost precautions they cannot prevent it. Even the cistern of quicklime and chemicals into which the bones are swept will not do so, and when the deluge of the monsoon descends the dead are certainly washed away by one sacred element down and abroad over another. Better a lonely pyre than that, though between these towers and the ghats of Benares there is little choice as to horror.

A recent writer would lead you to infer that he had been to the top of one of these towers and seen what occurs there. I know that none save the bearers ever enter, and from no point are the interiors visible. Certainly the dead are not placed on a

"raised platform," but laid out on the gratings, and there they lie until the vultures, the sun, and rain have reduced them to a heap of white bones which are swept into the well in the centre. No unbeliever is admitted into the park while a funeral is in progress.

These towers are surrounded by the best residential section of Bombay, that is, the best Christian section. I have sometimes wondered whether the Parsis occupied many of the places. Certainly those houses pointed out to us as belonging to the multi-millionaires of that people were in the city and far from Malabar Hill. They may have their reasons for living afar off, for, as I remarked to an Englishman, it would not be pleasant to have a finger of one's best friend dropped on the veranda. "Certainly it would not indeed,—it would quite spoil the morning."

But there are no such horrors here to-day. Our car is gliding on over a level road and under the branches of two magnificent rows of trees, which line either side of the great road to Akbar's capital. One would judge from the multitudes upon it that he still holds court there. Droves of donkeys and herds of bullocks pass, and all manner of vehicles from our own twentieth century car to the carts of the people,—the Ekka, exactly such as have been travelling the highways of India since wheels came into use, quaint two-wheeled structures with the driver sitting well forward on the tongue between the bullocks.

That one yonder bears a pagoda like structure, and from between its brown curtains smile out at us three women, robed in brilliant colours and aglitter with gold ornaments wherever a woman can wear them.

Now we have left the plodding bullocks and overtaken the craziest looking vehicle I have ever seen, a camel cart. Drawn by two mangy "ships of the desert," it creaks onward on four wheels and greatly resembles an animal's cage, stolen perhaps from a passing menagerie. The top has a covering or hood of straw arched high to afford room for passengers. Inside and out the whole is stuck full of people. "Stuck" is the only word which truly describes the condition of affairs. Now the camels have stopped,—camels are great at stopping,—and are placidly regarding just nothing at all, with an expression which plainly says, "Really we don't think it worth while to go any farther,—what 's the use?" Truly, what *is* the use, one place is as good as another for these people in India, and for the camels all places are splendid to lie down in. However, these move on, though how they were induced to do so I could not determine. There was no whip used, merely a silent colloquy between beasts and driver. They won't reach Sikri for a week and do not care if it takes two.

What a contrast comes here, and yet the whole is as quaint in appearance as that gone before. Numerous carts drawn by sleek bullocks and

bearing palanquins move slowly along with the curtains closely drawn that our eyes may not pollute the fair ones within. There are many attendants robed in white and wearing gorgeous turbans, half a dozen splendid Arab horses prance in the sunlight, and then comes the lord of all lolling back in a luxurious cart drawn by one fine horse. The animal is gaily caparisoned and the cart luxurious in all its appointments. Its occupant, sheltered by soft white curtains, falling from a gilded canopy, might be the Prince Djalma of the *Wandering Jew*, en route to his fate in Paris. Evidently this is one of the "young bloods" who may trace his line back two thousand years and hence is not—one should think by the expression of his eyes—aware of our existence in the remotest degree. He is very handsome and knows it, judging by that green and gold turban and those exquisite robes he wears, all most becoming to his olive complexion; but his dreamy, black eyes look off and away beyond all as his cart rolls on towards Agra.

Let us move on to Fattehpore-Sikri, which in Akbar's day was called the "Town of Victory." Upon its red hill rising nearly two hundred feet above the plains it fills the prospect ahead of us. Its mosque and palaces being built of red stone appear to have grown out of the hill, but as we approach slowly evolve themselves into objects built by man. This granite varies in colour—purple, crimson, rose, and brown are so commingled and

mellowed by time that the effect of the whole is marvellous.

We pass under a stately entrance arch of red stone and promptly forget everything else, not, I confess it, in interest for the famous city rising all around us, but for something to eat. Though having done nothing wrong, we find ourselves in the police court almost upon entering, at least, the bungalow where we stop for luncheon was once the Kutcherry or Court of the Magistrate. His sentence to-day is that we break not stone, but bread, within his ancient walls and we are not in contempt of court.

Akbar founded his city in 1571. Charles IX. was on the throne of France and things were brewing for the massacre of St. Bartholomew which occurred the following year, an event which our world looks back to with horror, but which would not have attracted much comment or attention in India of that day, Akbar furnished so many to which that was child's play. This great Moghul was the "Grand Monarque" of India and like Louis of France must have his Versailles. The building of the "Town of Victory" did not, however, precipitate a revolution as did the construction of the palace of the French King. The Indian palace long antedated Versailles, as Akbar reigned when Elizabeth was on the English throne and died just two years after that Queen, —1605. Louis did not begin Versailles until the seventeenth century was two thirds over, but

the recollection of his palace is ever present to the mind as one wanders over the hill of Sikri.

As one enters the gates of the city the scene is most fantastic. Long avenues stretch away, guarded by groups of stately palaces, perfect, many of them, as the day they were built; their rose-coloured walls are topped by gilded domes and pinnacles, and the frilled marble lace-work in their windows is all unbroken. Ruins of the dwellings of the humbler folk crowd close upon the seats of the mighty, while high over all towers the most majestic triumphal arch in the world. How different from Chitor! That was desolate; there is no desolation here.

Nature has thrown a mantle of wildest luxuriousness over the city and its immense gardens are a mass of orange and pomegranate and jasmine blossoms. Their heavy fragrance seems to reach out as though to draw one under the spell of enchantment which enfolds the city, a spell rendered all the more intense by the absolute solitude which reigns supreme. Are they all dead here, or only in deepest slumber? Will yonder stately white-robed old man compel us to join the silent company? Is the Emperor yet here in his hall of council? Is the Englishman at work on the Koh-i-nur? Does Selim still lead his wild bands of joy seekers through the moonlit gardens?

Let us make the circuit of the walls of the city and enter by the Gate of Victory. There are few more magnificent sights in the world than this

Johnson & Hoffmann

Akbar's Gate of Victory, Fattehpore-Sikri

before us now. A splendid flight of steps, one hundred and fifty in number, partly built, partly carved out of the mountain, ascend to a platform, above which towers one hundred and thirty feet a most superb portal.

In general, triumphal arches are disappointing. The one in Paris is a notable exception and dwarfs all others in Europe, as does this arch of the Great Moghul in India, and the situation here is even finer than the Paris arch as the hill is much higher. Truly, as you stand at the base and gaze upwards at the towering mass with graceful outlines, you will be amazed at its majesty.

Some writers compare this arch to a propylon of Karnak, but to my thinking it is far grander and is, in addition, exquisitely beautiful, and there lies the difference. No comparison can or should be made between Karnak as a whole and Fatteh-pore-Sikri. Nothing on earth is grander than Karnak, but it is not beautiful. This is both grand and beautiful. The Indians, Hindu or Mohammedan, were graceful in all they built. The Egyptians certainly were not so in their older temples, though the later, such as those at Philæ, Edfoo, and Kom Omboo show an approach to it.

Akbar's arch is, in common with all his city, of rose-coloured stone inlaid with white marble in most beautiful arabesques and traceries. The inscriptions tell you that it was built by "the King of Kings, Shadow of God, Jalálu 'd din, Muhammed Akbâr" (in 1601 A.D.) on his return

from the conquest of the south; and to this is added:

"Said Jesus, on whom be peace: The world is a bridge, pass over it, but build no house there.

"Who hopes for an hour, hopes for Eternity. Spend the hour in devotion.

"The rest is unknown."

Erected to commemorate those awful slaughters at Chitor, Akbar did not pause "to spend the hour in devotion" until this lordly work was fully accomplished. How easy it is to be religious on a full stomach, whether that satiety be of ambition or food! But to return.

Just here beneath this arch was the Emperor's favourite place, and in the twilight his shade, it is said, paces slowly to and fro in company with that of his friend and minister. But there are neither shades nor shadows here to-day, all is brilliant sunshine.

The mind must be dull indeed if it is not impressed as, gazing inward through this arch, the eye wanders over a surface of dazzling white to where the mosque, rising from it, five hundred feet distant, bears aloft three exquisite domes of white marble. Stately arcades, surmounted by a thousand cupolas, form the sides of the great court and connect the arch with the mosque. In the centre of the court stands the tomb of the saint, as exquisite in its carving as any ivory casket ever executed by a Chinese.

These Indian mosques are not like those of

Turkey and the north, enclosed and domed buildings, but rather vast courtyards of glistening white marble, around three sides of which run arcades whose carved arches are supported by columns of exquisite workmanship in the same stone. On the fourth side, towards Mecca, is a double arcade holding the Holy Niche under whose great domes the worshippers bow and prostrate themselves in prayer. This, like the others, is open on the court side, and on days of pilgrimage all the vast space is like unto a field of corn bowing before the wind.

Fattehpore is an example of the truth that religion is above all kings. To the presence here of the saint Selim, one owes this beautiful mosque. Its architect has long since gone the way of all flesh and is forgotten, none know even his name; but at yonder tomb of the saint some of the faithful are always present. It is the most exquisite building in the city. As we cross the vast enclosure and enter it we have the feeling that we are in a jewel box. Its walls are curtains of white marble carved in open fretwork, and so delicate is the work that one touches them to be certain that they are not lace to be lifted aside at will.

The tomb is shadowy and dim and in its centre sleeps the saint, far down under a sarcophagus inlaid with mother of pearl and turquoise and covered with cloth of gold and rich embroidered stuffs, while ostrich eggs from Mecca hang all around,

but the air laden with incense and perfumes drives one into the court again.

The tomb was some years ago in the charge of the descendants of the saint, the latter was said to have a mysterious influence over wild beasts who shared his abode.

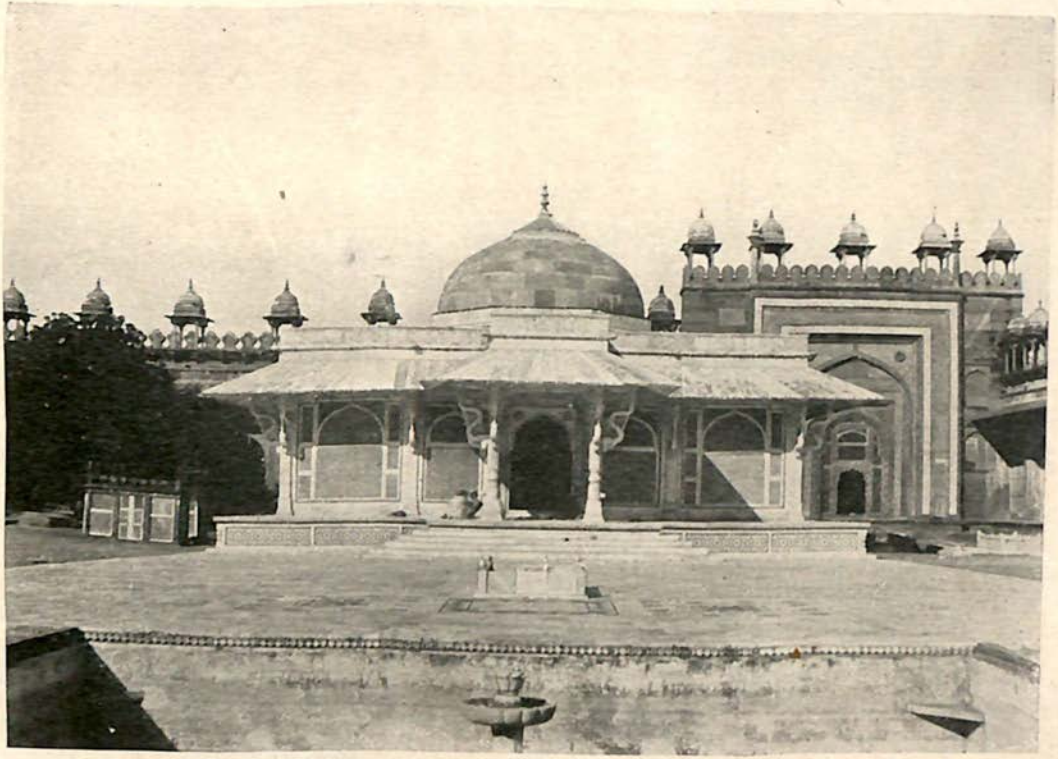
Visited by the Emperor, the saint so impressed Akbar that he was made most brilliant offers to come to court, but refused, hence the "Mohammed" came to the mountain, and the "Town of Victory" was built.

Later on Akbar, bewailing his lack of an heir, was told by "Selim" that none was to be expected, when suddenly the baby son of the anchorite sat up in his cradle and reproved his father for "taking away all hope" from the "supporter of the universe."

"Oh, my son, it is written that the Emperor never will have a son unless some other man will sacrifice for him the life of his own heir, and who is capable of such an act?"

"I will die," said the child, "that the Emperor may be consoled," and, so the legend runs, he did die then and there and that very day a child was conceived which in due time being born was called by Akbar "Selim," after the saint. History does not give the name of the child who died, and being but a few months old he probably had none. Here in a side courtyard is his tomb, and amidst all the splendour of Fattehpore one lingers longest where it stands.

Another version of the tale reads that it was



Johnson & Hoffmann

Shrine of Selim Shisti, Fattehpore-Sikri

prophesied that Akbar would have three sons, but unless the oldest was sacrificed to the gods none would survive. But the love of the Emperor would not permit the sacrifice of his eldest born and that of a priest was substituted. The royal child lived and ascended the throne as Jahângir; not that he ever amounted to much, save that he married the "light of the world," having slain her husband, and became the father of Shahjahan, who built the Taj.

In this mosque Akbar listened to long sermons and discussions by and between Brahmins, Jews, Jesuits, and Mussulmans; here, in 1579, he finally took the matter into his own hands and forced the proclamation that he was head of his church, stating that "Kings were answerable to God for their subjects and any division of authority in dealing with them was inexpedient" (*India Through the Ages*, p. 182, Flora Anna Steele).

Mounting yonder pulpit he read the Kutb prayer in his own name and in words written for the occasion by the poet Faizi:

"Lo! from Almighty God I take my kingship,
Before His throne I bow and take my judgeship
Take strength from strength, and wisdom from His wiseness,
Right from the Right, and Justice from His Justice,
Praising the King, I praise God near and far,
Great is His Power! Allâh-hu-Akbâr!"

That was his constitution uttered by himself. Universal tolerance, absolute unity, no distinction

of race and creed, the judicial system re-organised, and the question of religion having no place there. Yet the student cannot but feel that he had some leanings towards the faith of the prophet. He certainly accepted the literal reading of the second commandment followed by that sect, "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven images." In all his palaces one finds texts and inscriptions and beautiful arabesques, but no images of any description.

Attracted hither by the holy man "Selim Shisti," Akbar completed the ramparts with great rapidity, and being pleased with the spot built himself a palace, and finally made the city his capital. The prosperity of what soon became a populous place was maintained only during the life of the saint "Selim" and upon his death it departed, the Emperor discovering that after all the land was "a desert where no water was," whereas but twenty-four miles away lay Agra and its river. So, in 1584, only thirteen years after its foundation, he abandoned his "Town of Victory" in all its splendour, and moved, going himself at first to Lahore, but the people went to Agra. The "Town of Victory," notwithstanding the abandonment by the court still held the ashes of the saint, and hence was and is a point for countless pilgrims, and from the establishment by them of two small towns here, Fattehpore and Sikri, comes its present name.

When Akbar first came here there was nothing save the saint in his cave. Hence all these build-

ings, and they appear countless, are the work of one man, and the whole is a perfect specimen of the best architecture of that period. There are no ruins. Akbar could return and occupy his palace to-morrow if he were permitted; probably he would be sent to England to be educated out of all possible usefulness for his life at home.

Many of the tales of romance, story, and splendour of the eastern courts were of this city. Europe heard of it and, like the gold of the Incas, it attracted thousands of adventurers, but Pizarro would have found Akbar a different proposition to that of the gentle Incas of Peru. Had this Indian been on Montezuma's throne the tale of Mexico might have read far differently.

If he possessed no religion of his own, he tolerated any kind for his wives. One writer calls him a Mussulman. He was not, nor was the religion of the prophet adopted until he had passed away and another reigned in his stead.

Akbar's great minister, Tôdar Mull, was a Hindu holding equal place and power with the other princes. In his later days the Emperor promulgated a state religion which he thought combined the best from all the other faiths, with himself as its prophet or head. It is said that he permitted worship of himself, but it is not recorded that he placed himself *before* God. He certainly was guilty of much arrogance during his reign of fifty years, but stopped short of that of some later rulers.

It is in connection with Akbar's attempt to form a new religion that one finds that he was an author. He compiled a work on the religions of the world, but nothing ever came of his efforts, and his son accepted Islam, and so entered the first wedge towards the destruction of the empire.

Leaving the court of the mosque one enters the city, and while the whole is picturesque, it is the royal abodes alone which attract. Like all oriental structures they consist not of one building but of a collection of pagodas or pavilions. This one covers a greater area than the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg. The apartments of the Emperor are very simple in style and adornment,—only a small court and a few galleries,—but leading from them is a richly ornamented colonnade conducting to the apartments of his favourite wife, the mother of Jahângir. From here a long arcade leads to the Zenana, secluded within a high wall, where each princess had her own palace decorated as she desired and with a garden showing her individual taste. Here was that of Queen Miriam, a Portuguese, and one finds frescoes of Christian subjects on the walls.

There are so many courts and pavilions that a description of all would make these notes a mere guide-book, so I shall mention but a few of them.

En route to the main one, we pass the "Pânch Mahal" ("Five Palaces"), a singular construction reminding me strongly of those I used to build with my blocks—simply a pyramid, in red stone,

of pavilion on pavilion, open on all sides to the elements and topped by a domed cupola. The carvings here are very beautiful, every pillar being different. To what use the structure could have been put does not appear clear to the beholder. To me, as it backs against the walls of the Zenana, it looks like a watch-tower, though certainly one of useless elaboration.

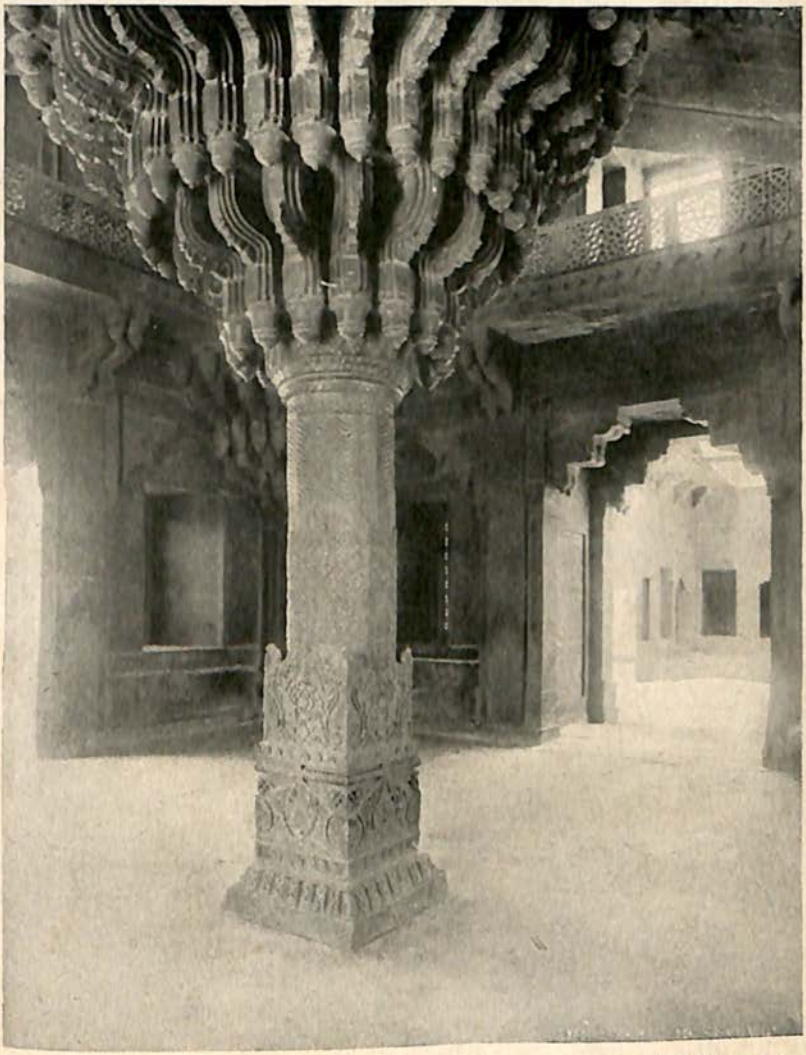
One author claims that it was built as a playhouse for Akbar's long-looked-for heir, and that is the reason why no two parts are alike, *i. e.*, to amuse a child and also form a kind of kindergarten of silent and constant instruction.

In the court adjacent, Akbar indulged in the national game of "Pachisi." There were four players with four pawns each and dice were used to regulate the moves, to get the four pawns into the centre square being the object of the game. No ordinary board would suit. The court itself was the board and is formed of red and white squares of marble and sandstone, with a large stone in the centre, raised some feet above the level of the court. Sixteen slaves from the Zenana wearing the players' colours were the pawns. In a setting magnificent, with all the splendours of that court, the scene must have been gorgeous past description. Amongst the vast throng one might have noticed foreign faces. Three appeared here at this time: one remained and became the court jeweller, the second vanished in Afghanistan and was never heard of, the third, Ralph Fitch,

returned to England and in India received his "safe-conduct" from Akbar, who little realised that by what was to him a mere courtesy, he was sealing the fate of all India for good or ill; and indeed that safe-conduct bore early fruit, as it was in Jahângir's reign that fleets from both England and Holland set out to see what was in this eastern world, and the world knows the result.

The Dutch got here in 1601, four years before Akbar died; and in 1613, Sir Thomas Roe came, with four ships, an ambassador from James I. In his Journal he describes seeing Jahângir dead drunk, while the figures of Christ and the Virgin hung to his Mohammedan rosary, and yet with all Jahângir's bestiality, he seems to have had some strong points. He was always selected by Akbar to suppress rebellion and he generally succeeded.

But to return. I think the most remarkable structure in the palace proper is Akbar's Hall of State or Council Chamber. It is not very large, but certainly unique. Its exterior is simple but its interior attracts the attention at once. Imagine a large, square hall, open through to its roof, two stories up. In its centre rises an elaborately carved pillar, square at the base and octagonal above. As it nears the height of the first story it opens out like a vast lotus bulb and supports a platform. This platform, surrounded by a light balustrade, in stone of course, and of most beautiful tracery, was—so it is said—the throne of Akbar. Four



Johnson & Hoffmann

Council Chamber of Akbar, Fattehpore-Sikri

stone bridges lead from it, each to a corner of the chamber where in the niches sat the Emperor's councillors, placed on high, with the court and ambassadors below. The latter had no opportunity to judge of how their petitions were received by the Emperor above them. It is stated that here he listened to the learned discussions between Hindus, Mohammedans, Christians, and Zoroastrians, each in one of the corner balconies. It is certainly a curious structure. Murray ridicules the tale that Akbar sat in the centre with a minister in each corner,—but how does Murray know? What authority has he for his "Of course the tale is absurd"? Perhaps its unlikeness to all other halls of justice? Certainly yonder "Diwan-i-Am" with its veranda and great court is more like the halls of justice found all over India, but for what, then, was this curious hall of Akbar's intended? The centre column is large enough to hold up a massive structure and those bridges are of great strength. Speculate to your taste; you know as much about it as Murray.

In Fattehpore Akbar reached the height and end of his glory,—and why did he desert it? One cannot believe that it "was because of lack of water." He had had a lake constructed there and the Jumna was but twenty miles away and what were twenty miles to that Emperor had he desired to remain in his city of Victory? Certainly he left behind his personal interest in empire. Miss Steele states in her *India* that it was the

failure of his sons and his own broken-heartedness thereover,—what mattered anything with such heirs to his power and glory,—such degenerates to carry on his life's work? Selim (afterwards called Jahângir) was already, at eighteen, dissolute, cruel, arrogant, and a drunkard, and his two brothers were little better. So life was a failure to the father and he departed to Lahore, giving as the ostensible cause a revolt in Kabul. There is another and, to my thinking, the probable reason for the abandonment of Fattehpore. The saint, Selim Shisti, told Akbar that though he had travelled twenty times to Mecca his peace had never been so disturbed as by the life around him at Fattehpore, and that either he or the Emperor must depart. Akbar replied that if such must be, then he would go, and promptly removed the court to Lahore. Fattehpore soon became the deserted place we find it,—an unburied Pompeii, though far grander than the Italian city,—but the saint lived on in peace. Akbar never returned. He was absent in Lahore fourteen years and the zest of life was gone out of him. True, much success came to him during that period, but great sorrow and disappointment also. His dearest friend "Birbal" was slain and for the rest of his life Akbar waited and watched for his coming, as he had promised he would do after death were it possible.

His fourteen years in the Punjab were marked by the annexation of Kashmir with little bloodshed. He himself went twice into that valley.

While in Lahore, he learned of the death of his best and second son, Murad, of drink, and of the almost open rebellion of his heir Selim,—hence he was forced to return to Agra. His youngest son drank himself to death and there was no one left to the great king save Selim, who continued to outrage and deceive him, only to be forgiven again and again.

Broken-hearted, he died at last in Agra's fort, aged only sixty-three, his sole consolation being his little grandson, afterward Shahjahan, who, some say, was to have his eyes put out because he built the beautiful Taj and who in turn was to find consolation in one only, the daughter whose grave you will see near Delhi and who desired "nothing save grass" to cover her resting place. After all what was the religion of Akbar, the dreamer? He believed in God, let that suffice. As for his personality, he was a strongly built man of over medium height, somewhat inclined to corpulency, which he kept down by active exercise. His manners were charming, and his face considered handsome. His complexion was white like a European's, an open forehead topped black eyes over which his black brows joined, they were bushy, and his eyes sparkled. His great strength was due to his extraordinary breadth of chest and his long sinewy arms and hands. It is stated that a fleshy wart on the left side of his nose "gave his countenance additional grace," and was considered "very auspicious." He protected his

Hindu subjects by the abolition of slavery and the poll-tax and sheltered their priests and temples. He tolerated all religions for his people.

With this let us close this account of Fattehpore-Sikri. We have lived and moved and had our being with saints and emperors, and the rest is nothing.

As we move away, past the silent and deserted buildings of the courtiers, past the walls of the dead city, Akbar's words recur to our minds: "If I leave this place, as I surely shall some day, I shall go down to the ages as one who has failed, who built dream palaces unfit for humanity, and therefore fit home for the bats, the foxes, and hyenas," and the murmured answer, "This I will warrant, Sire! Let who will come to Akbar's Arch of Triumph in the future, it shall remain to them unforgettable, unforgotten, until death kills memory." Truly so, the great arch is the last thing we see towering grandly above the majestic staircase. All red and purple, rose colour and gleaming white in the fading sunlight, it is beautiful and majestic past all power of description. The prophecy of the great Emperor is fulfilled. His city is "deserted to the bats and owls and passing winds." Yet the hand of time has touched lightly this caprice of his and you see it to-day almost as he left it, after its short life of but thirteen years and its sleep of centuries. There are many peacocks spreading their gorgeous dress in the halls of the king to-day; probably they

From an old print

Akbar

are the reincarnation of his court ladies. While it would be enchanting it would not be well to come here alone and unarmed at night, for you might meet a royal tiger, a soft stepping panther, or skulking hyena, perhaps all three; certainly many jackals would bark and snarl at you as they slunk away into the shadows. Come by moonlight if you can, but be wary in this deserted city of the great Moghul. The old custodian conducts us solemnly to the portals and gravely salaams as we depart, leaving him the sole inhabitant of Fattehpore-Sikri.

On our return to Agra, we make a detour and, passing through a little village, pause at the gate of a garden, a stately structure above which rise four minarets in a semi-ruinous or uncompleted state. One becomes so familiar with such buildings that no interest is aroused until our boy approaches and with deep salaams utters one word, "Secundra." The effect is electrical. "Secundra," the tomb of the great Emperor, Akbar's resting place. For a moment we are silent, as one has somewhat the same inclination here as upon a first approach to the Taj, viz., to delay a bit, as the anticipation is too delightful to be lost.

But let us enter. While preserved from destruction, these gardens are not cared for like those of the Taj and appear dusty and unkempt. Across a wide expanse on a white marble platform tower the arches, cupolas, and minarets of the

Emperor's tomb. Unlike all other tombs or mausoleums it has the archways on the front alone, a lofty central arch with five dwarf arches on either hand. But one has little thought or desire for detail as one advances up the wide white way which conducts to the portal, and passing into the semi-darkness within, pauses by the simple tomb of the Emperor. Around his resting-place the walls rise perfectly plain. These Mohammedans, when they enter the actual presence of death, leave the adornments of the world behind them. Akbar's tomb is no exception. It is dusty and neglected now, but one forgets that as one's thoughts dwell upon that greatest of Indian rulers, under whom the land was more united into one kingdom than ever before or since.

Akbar died in an upper chamber in the fort at Agra, which one is not determined, but probably where the wind swept the strongest and the prospect over river and plain was the most extended. That he was broken-hearted, there can be little doubt, for his empire was passing to a drunken sot and he knew it, and knew what that meant to his people. It was possible that he pass Selim over and leave the crown to his son, but Akbar was true to traditions and summoning Selim to his bedside had him clothed in his own robes and turban, and the royal scimitar bound upon him, and then, bowing his head before him as though acknowledging his royalty, returned his own soul to the God who gave it.

The last days of the Emperor were clouded by other sorrows. His mother died, and was soon followed by his son Prince Danial, who came to his end in a fit of delirium tremens. The wife of his heir, Selim, killed herself because of a dispute between her husband and son, and last but worst of all to the Emperor was that rebellion of Selim. As the end approached in the presence of all he received the Chief Mullah, repeated the confession of faith, and "died in all the forms of a good Mussulman" on October 13, 1605, in the sixty-third year of his age and fifty-first of his reign.

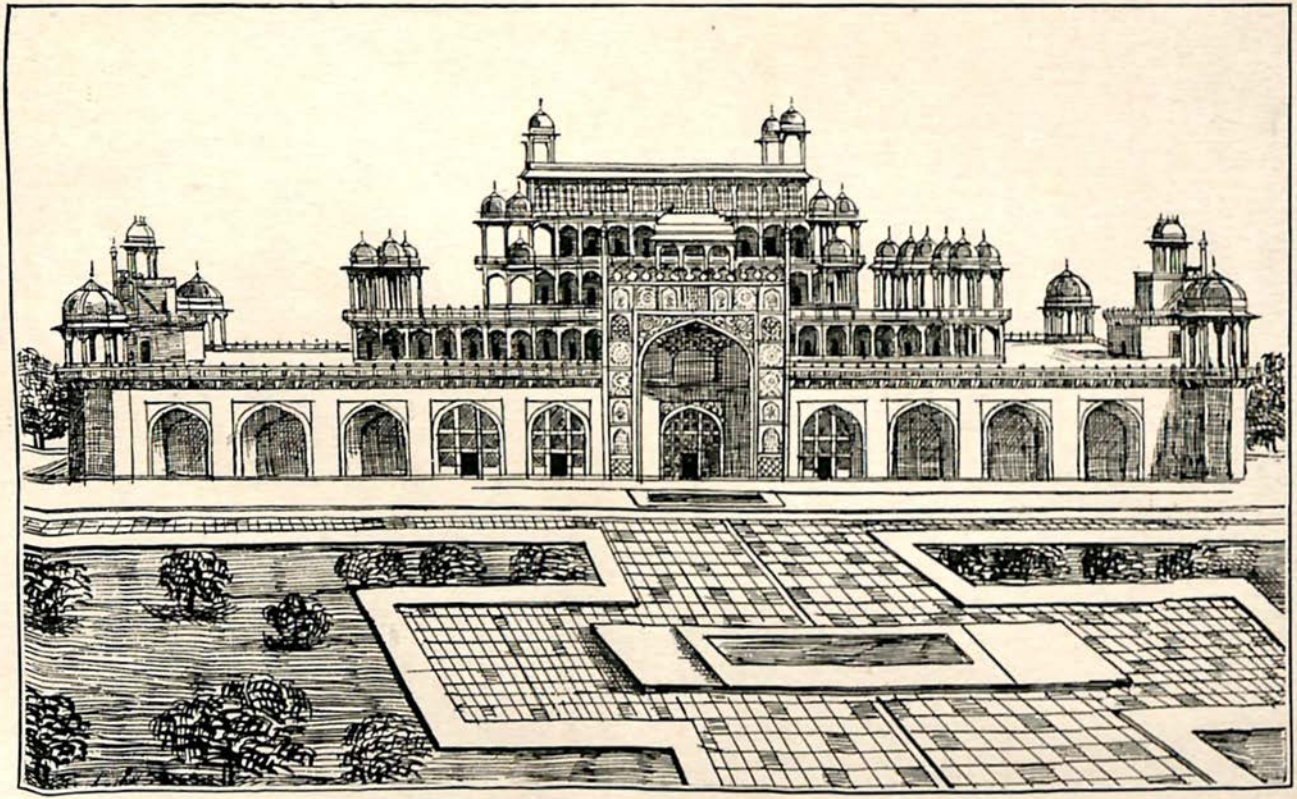
Bathed in scented water, wrapped in finest linen and most gorgeous shawls, his body was borne through the many gates of the citadel out to this tomb at Secundra, where to this day two guardians, one Hindu and the other Mohammedan, keep watch and ward, an hereditary office, it is said. Throughout all his wide empire his people celebrated his funeral, each sect according to their own creeds, and it is said that his favourite Hindu wife, gorgeously arrayed and glittering with jewels, mounted a funeral pyre of sandalwood, where the flames quickly consumed her body and liberated her soul to rejoin that of her beloved Emperor. So passed Akbar, the great Moghul, and his greatest tribute was the mourning of his people.

The bier was carried to Secundra by Selim and his three sons, and seven days were spent in mourning over the grave, provisions and sweet-

meats being distributed every morning to the poor, and twenty readers were appointed to recite the Koran by the grave every night without ceasing.

The reader of history is not favourably impressed by the records just here, as they state that those who had rebelled against Akbar were promptly honoured by his son. "Nar Singh, the murderer of the old king's favourite, Abúd Fazl, being made a grandee of three thousand."

The mortuary chapel could easily be restored. It is in good condition save for neglect. It has never been violated. Let us mount the steep stairs in the thickness of these walls, near the main arch,—once a mass of gold and colour,—to the first platform. Then you see that the mausoleum is unique. It is really a pyramid of four platforms or stories of different heights. This first is three hundred and fifty feet square. As you enter it the other three stories rise before you, masked by rows of elegant kiosks in pink sandstone and most fairy-like in design. Mounting past the different floors one finally enters the highest and finds on a raised platform of white marble the splendid cenotaph of the king, a marble sarcophagus, simple in outline, and covered with a mass of most exquisite carvings and many sacred texts. Here also are all of the ninety-nine names of God inscribed. Near it rises a short, elaborately carved pillar of white marble, once sheathed in gold, and which held the great diamond



From an old print

The Mausoleum of Akbar at Secundra

now the property of the English Queen, the "Koh-i-nur."

Syad Muhammed Latif states that a golden censer was kept on this column, which seems very much more probable than the other tale.

The platform upon which the tomb stands is surrounded by an arcade whose windows are composed of lattice work of marble most delicately articulated, to my thinking forming the most beautiful part of this splendid tomb. Akbar caused the construction of the pavilion of entrance and the basement of his mausoleum, and his son Jahângir built the stories of red sandstone, while Shahjahan crowned the structure with its marble coronet, and the whole stands as we see it to-day, a fitting resting-place of the great Moghul.

Across the park in a garden of its own rises the ruined tomb of Begum Miriam, his Christian wife.

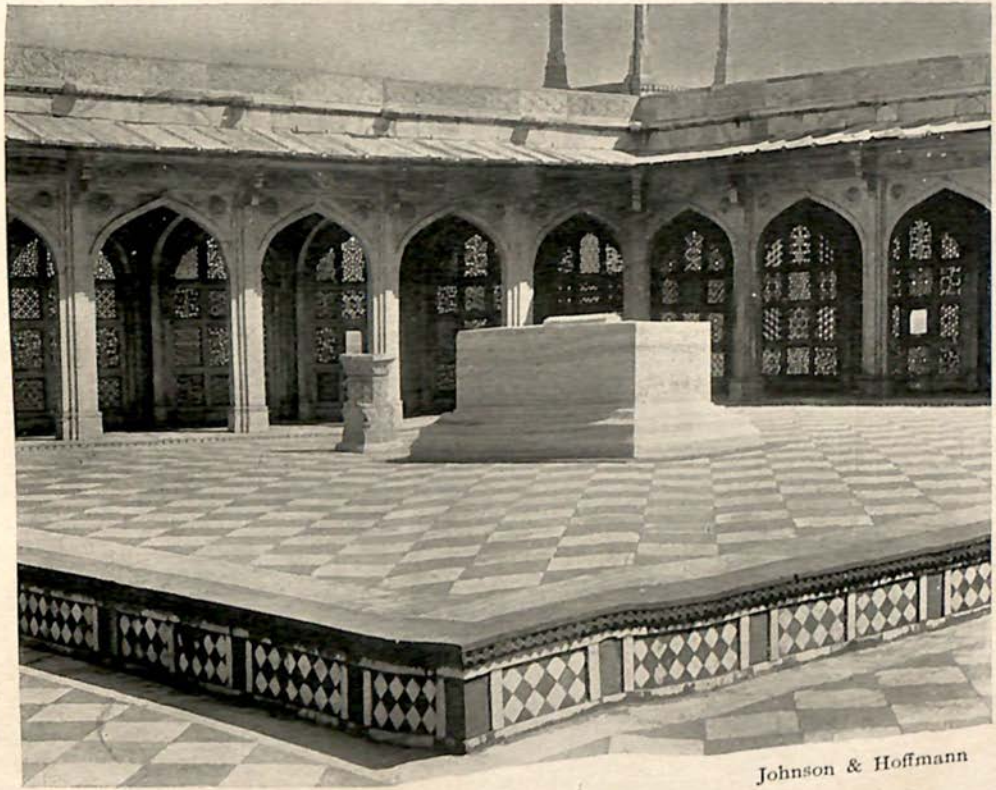
The gateway to the park is splendid, but like that at the Taj with the great object of interest showing beyond it, we had no time nor inclination to pause as we entered; only when we depart do we give it its just due in inspection and find it a very stately structure of red sandstone and white marble with four stately minarets of white marble, one at each corner.

It is a pity that the gardens of the last resting-place of the great king are neglected. They are dusty and desolate, whereas a little care and a little water would soon restore them and add greatly to the beauty of the spot where he, who

did so much to beautify this land, dreams the years away.

Time moved apace in those days, men grew old between the rising and the setting of the sun. The short period of mourning allowed for the greatest of Moghuls being over, Selim Jahângir entered the west gate of the fort in great state, and the courts so lately the abode of philosophers and statesmen became the scene of the wildest debauchery.

Jahângir in his autobiography states that his father levelled the old fort at Agra and built much of the present structure. But I shall not describe it, that has been done by so many.



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Akbar's Cenotaph

CHAPTER VI

THE SEVEN CITIES OF DELHI

Ancient Delhi. The Seven Cities. Firúzábád. Puráná Kiláh. Indraprastha. The Emperor Humâyon. His Tomb. Tombs of the Barber and Bangle-maker. A Vast Necropolis. The Plague. "Old Delhi" and the Kutb Minar. Cities of Siri, Johanapanah, and Tughlukabad. History. Death of a King and Destruction of a Palace. Pyramids of Skulls. Arrival of Timur. His Capture of Delhi and Departure for Samarkand. Mausoleum of Suftur Jung. Friday in the Juma Masjid. Indian Railway. Departure from Delhi. Pilgrims at Gahazabad. The Punjabis.

THE history of ancient Delhi is of far more interest than that of Agra during the same period. The people of the latter have on the whole led a comparatively peaceful existence. Though its foundation is lost in the mists of antiquity, it has played no great rôle on the pages of history until the Mohammedan period began and even then it appears to have been a sort of Mansion of Happiness to which the ruler retired to build beautiful structures for both dead and living.

We do not find that Akbar built anything at

Agra to compensate him for what he left at Fattehpore, as the only structures which can now be accredited to him are the walls of the fort and the magazine near the water gate, once his Audience Hall.

In the following notes of old Delhi, I have, as in all this book, tried to omit all with which the readers at home are so well acquainted, and India is an inexhaustible storehouse of much of which the world at large hears little or nothing.

The traveller in the oasis of Merve may behold the ruins of three cities, but here on the plains of Delhi seven have risen and thriven and passed away, and the whole is ruin. Every here and there something more pretentious, such as the modern city or the Kutb Minar afar off, only mark with greater emphasis that the end is ruin. But let us go out on the great south road. Little remains now to mark the passage of all the teeming millions who have passed this way, yet each, from the highest to the most humble, have performed their part, built their section in the great scheme of the whole, and gone their way. To be forgotten? Let us hope they are not altogether forgotten. There must be a record somewhere of the good men have done while on earth, and though the majority leave no record, the world is better for their having been.

As our carriage leaves the south gate of the modern city, it enters at once upon plains crowded with ruins, and as one's eye rests upon the surface

of its highway, it is seen that the road is composed of, and mended with, broken stones and fragments which at some time past were parts of buildings. We are in very fact rolling over buried cities, and the ground gives forth a hollow, mocking sound.

Our way leads us southward over the wide, white highroad, and under the meeting branches of many acacia and mimosa trees. The air is laden with the musklike odour of the latter or pungent with the smoke of countless dung fires burning in the houses of the people. Around each blaze crouches and huddles a group of dusky figures, shivering, as the morning is frosty. Jewelled rings gleam in the nostrils of the women, golden ones glitter on their arms and legs. Patient donkeys and camels stand around and there is always the great horned bullock and ubiquitous crow. All life crowds close upon the highways in India, while death holds supreme dominion over the limitless plains.

The remains of the fort of Firúzábád attract the eye almost at once upon leaving the city gates. Evidently of great strength at one period, it is still majestic in its ruin. From its summit, a monolith of pink sandstone, now black with age, rises forty feet. It is the oldest record in India, its Pâli inscription dating from the fourth century B.C. A gilt pinnacle which surmounted it at one time doubtless gave it the name of the "golden minaret," though some writers state that it was covered with sheets of pure gold removed by Tamerlane, and that it originally stood in a pagan

temple on the banks of the Jumna and was removed here by the orders of Prince Feroze. Its Pâli inscriptions (translated by the oriental scholar "Prinsep") are very distinct.

These old cities appear to have been built, not all on the same site, but succeeding each other in a southerly direction. The days of this one, Firúzábád, being terminated by Tamerlane, Puráná Kiláh sprang up on its southern side, had its day, and then life passed on, leaving the majestic ruin rising just to the southward. Let us go there. We shall not follow any regular route to-day but wander where we will over the plain wherever the eye leads us, here to a city, there to a necropolis, and afar to some lonely tomb whose solitary occupant may, perchance, be pleased at a call from any one in a world which he knows has forgotten him.

These stately walls show that Puráná was once a populous city, Rulers of to-day pride themselves upon having built one palace. These old kings reared whole cities and abandoned them in the most casual fashion after a few years.

Puráná with its stately, graceful gates and majestic walls reminds me of Bokhara, but in the city of Turkestan there is teeming life, while here life has long since passed away. We pass the great unguarded portal, wander down deserted streets, and, entering the enclosure of a beautiful mosque, pause awhile in its holy of holies, where the name of Allah is never more heard. The

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Fort of Puráná Kiláh, Old Delhi

snarling bark of a jackal comes from the waste beyond while over the glittering surface of the great courtyard drifts the shadow of a passing vulture. The mosque proper is an open arcade extending across one end of the court, a long, narrow structure, with three massive domes and five pointed arches, whose red sandstone walls are beautifully decorated by bands and roses in white marble—a fine specimen of Afghan architecture. All the structures of this section of India are either entirely of white marble or of red sandstone and white marble. The traceries and inscriptions on the Taj are in black marble, and I remember no other.

One must reach Lahore before the influence of the north is felt in the colours used. It is singular that one should ever look from the south to the north for colour. In the mosque in the city of Lahore, the colours are all dark and light blue and brilliant yellow like those of Samarkand.

The mosque at Puráná Kiláh reminds one of the Hall of the Ambassadors in the Alhambra, but is far more majestic and far exceeds that hall in beauty. It is of stone and marble, while the Moorish palace, save its pillars, is all stucco.

One tries hard while in India to be loyal to the Alhambra but it is so trumpery when compared to these shrines and palaces that faith is difficult of maintenance; but the Alhambra has a charm of its own, resulting, I think, from its beautiful forest of trees, its snow mountains and gurgling fountains

and brooks, and last but far from least from its history, romance, and story as told by our immortal Irving. Indian shrines and temples can never rival it in this. While history here has for the student a certain interest, it cannot hold him in the same degree as that of Spain. He cannot, with few exceptions, remember these Indian names, or take deep interest in the lives of their owners. If it were not for these wonderful remains one would know little about them and here in Puráná Kiláh no name stands forth, no romance, no story asserts itself. Dead and gone and forgotten are all who built these walls and trod these courts and streets, and as we pass along the gates, swayed by the winds, give forth a melancholy sound as they clang to behind us, and again there drifts at our feet the shadow of that floating vulture. Desolation, Desolation!

There seems to be great doubt as to the truth of the Hindu claim that their ancient Indraprastha, founded 3300 years ago, stood here. It is stated that this first city of Delhi was abandoned by its people and their king, because the latter discovered a fly in his food. This impudence of an insect was considered as an intimation that the king's glory had departed and the city was at once abandoned by him and his people, all to perish in the mountains. His city, founded 1450 B.C., may have stood here at Puráná Kiláh, but there are now no traces of it. We find Delhi mentioned by its name in the Hindu bards for the first time. It is there

stated that the site had been abandoned for eight hundred years before it was repeopled.

Mounting to the summit of the mosque, an entrancing panorama is spread round us. At our feet lies the deserted city encircled by its walls with their towering gateways; while off southward the green plain stretching until it meets the line of the horizon is thickly studded with ruins. Mausoleums of emperors and kings and courtiers rear their domes amidst the tombs of saints and the lowly born, and in the far distance that peerless tower the Kutb Minar pierces the sky. All the intervening ten miles are crowded with ruins, showing that here was a city thickly populated. Towards the north the modern Delhi, with its fort and palaces, glitters in the sunlight, while in the middle distance, appearing almost to float on the billows of delicate green of the mimosa and acacia trees, rises the beautiful Juma Masjid, seeming with its ballooning domes and stately minarets too beautiful to be of earth. The river Jumna gives the touch of water necessary to make the picture perfect.

But the day advances, and there is a whole world to see, though truly a world of the dead.

We notice near the wall of the mosque, an octagonal building of red stone, some seventy feet high, in ascending the staircase of which the Emperor Humâyon, whose tomb we are en route to visit, fell and, striking his temple, was killed. He had been up to watch the rise of Venus. But

what is the true story as to his death? Another writer states that he fell from a ladder which he had mounted in search of a book. This I doubt, as he would probably have commanded some attendant to get the book, whereas no attendant could witness the rise of Venus for him, and the stairs in all these oriental structures being higher than they are wide are calculated to break necks unless great care is used.

Let us go on to the tomb of this king rising majestically just beyond here. It is one of the most stately buildings in sight and second in beauty only to the Taj, for which it served as a model. Wherever one may be on the plains of Delhi, this dome and those of the Juma Masjid always attract the eye.

I must confess that, beautiful as they are, there is a monotony and lack of originality in these Mohammedan tombs. They are all, except those of Akbar and Jahângir, from the Taj Mahal down, built from the same model. Of course the idea reaches its perfection in the structure at Agra, but second to that comes this tomb of Akbar's father. In the centre of an enclosure almost as large as that of the Taj it rears its walls and white dome aloft in a very stately manner upon a spacious platform of red sandstone. The body of the tomb is built also of red stone and with its many arches and beautifully trellised and recessed windows of white marble, it stands out against a deep blue sky with the delicate green foliage breaking

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Mausoleum of Emperor Humâyon, Old Delhi

all around its base. Beautiful to look upon in life, and if it matters to the Emperor, beautiful to sleep in after death. The light admitted in a softened and subdued degree through the traceried windows falls upon a simple white marble cenotaph resting in the centre of an octagonal chamber, the real tomb being far below in a catacomb and entirely without adornment or inscription. Built in 1555 A.D., this mausoleum cost nearly five hundred thousand dollars, and was sixteen years in constructing.

Evidently it was considered the Westminster Abbey of this race, and here, in the execution of the two princes in 1857, the race ended. Its alcoves hold numbers of tombs, but to give the names of the royal dead—and they are all royal—would be useless. None of these later kings reigned long and many were assisted by their devoted courtiers or near relatives to lay down life because of their crowns. One reign was for but eleven months, another six years; *he* was poisoned—about that there is no doubt—but now it matters not; nor are we concerned as to what "he" was or who his murderer, who in turn reigned three months. After him came a king of five years, who was killed; as that was very lately, A.D. 1759, you may want his name,—Alamgir II., son of Johander Shah, killed by Tashiya Khan and Mauli Kali Khan. Are you any the wiser, now you know?

Louis XI. was not alone in his appreciation of

his personal attendants. Shah Humâyon had his "Olivier le Dain" and built for him an exquisite tomb in the enclosure of his own royal sleeping place. Under its fretted dome the barber and his wife dream the years away, while just outside the park is the tomb of the royal bangle-maker. In its perfect state it must have been an exquisite bit, as the beautiful blue tiling still clinging in patches to its walls testifies. Evidently this maker of jewels was soon forgotten once dead, as no stone marks his resting place, but we know it must have been under the centre of his domed and jewelled mausoleum. Having adorned many in life he proposed to have some adornment for himself after death, and so he has it in this beautiful tomb and also a degree of immortality, for he is remembered thereby when many who would probably not have noticed him at all in life, save to buy his bangles, are forgotten utterly.

On the whole these tombs have been respected; there are many in perfect state, but others have been put to utilitarian purposes and that of the bangle-maker has not escaped. He sleeps in company with some gentle-eyed cows.

At one time the tomb of the barber was used as a rest house for travellers, one of whom found his possession thereof disputed by a hyena. One may meet almost any sort of an animal at any time in this strange land and yet it so rarely happens. In more than a year spent in India I have seen but one wild animal at large, a leopard near Amber,

and no snakes at all. We did see two cobras about the temple of Kandy in Ceylon, but were told that they were "pets of the priests." But to return.

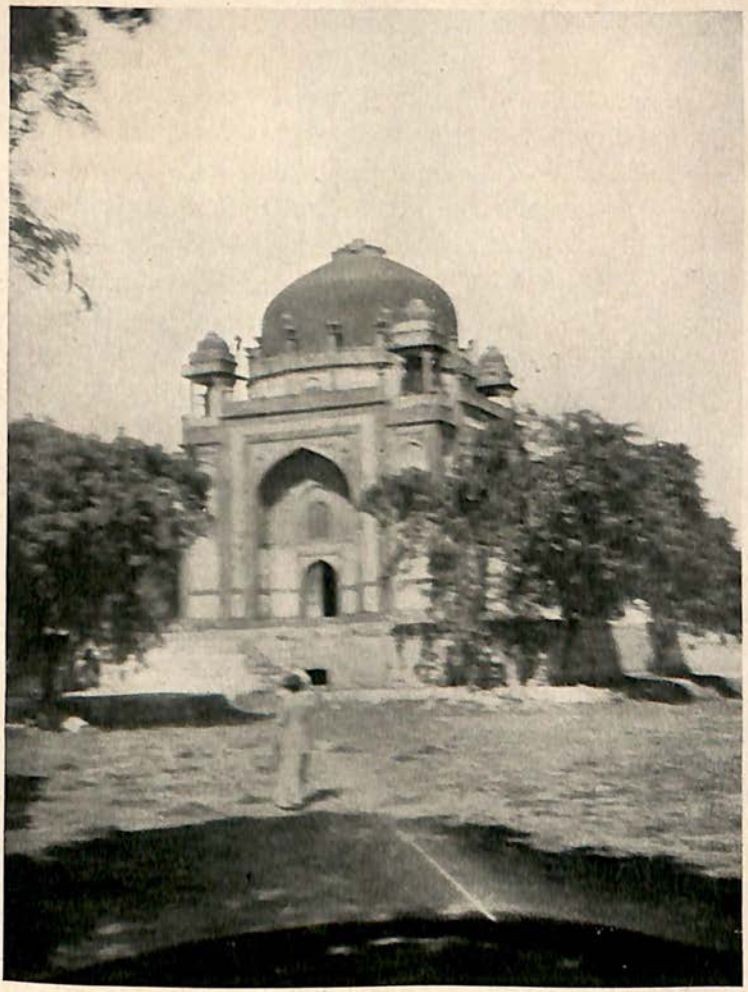
Without the enclosure of the Emperor's mausoleum are grouped those of his ministers and men of state, many almost as regal as that of royalty. As far as the eye can reach rise the mausoleums of those who have crossed the stage of life and gone on before us. Under the mimosa and acacia trees spread the humble tombs of the countless millions of the poor, while here and there rise stately domes over the graves of the great men of the past, in vain protest against the inevitable forgetfulness of time, but to my thinking yonder humble grave-marks are more touching than the grander tombs. It is truly ashes to ashes with these Mohammedans as the Koran commands that all from king to beggar be enclosed in the rudest of coffins and consigned to the earth without other protection, while many are wrapped only in mats. The stone above may be as grand as the purse affords, but it must rise over a handful of dust, which soon becomes but a part of the earth itself. Truly dust to dust.

The Emperors of China are also buried. Over their coffins are built high mounds or hills of earth, soon covered with trees, while the tombs or shrines stand in front of that mound. Of all royal resting places that of the "Ming Tombs" near Peking is, to my thinking, far and away the most beautiful.

In this vast necropolis of Delhi, to describe, or

even mention, all the tombs would be impossible. But one cannot pass unnoticed the beautiful mosque built by Emperor Tughlak in honour of the saint Nizam-ood-dem, an exquisite marble structure around which the rulers and nobility of the Moghul world sleep by the thousands and each and all have mosques or tombs of their own designing. Yet amidst all the magnificence the traveller is, I think, more impressed by an inscription upon one of the simplest than by the towering magnificence of all the others. It reads: "I desire that my grave should have no pompous monument upon it. The simple grass will be a far better covering for the remains of the short-lived Jahanara, the poor in spirit, the daughter of the Emperor Shah-jahan." Doubtless with her father she had witnessed the growth and completion of the gorgeous Taj. Certainly she followed him to his prison, remaining with him until he died. Some authorities state that he was blinded by his son's orders. Others that "aside from being imprisoned he was not misused." One finds the name of Christ on her tombstone, probably because she belonged to that sect of Mussulmans, very numerous now, which gives our Redeemer first rank as a prophet and the title "Spirit of God," or "Holy Presence."

Not content with the harvest which time is sure to furnish it, death is busy here in one of its most terrible forms. As we cross the field to visit a tomb which attracts our attention, an old man comes racing towards us, waving us backwards,



M. M. S.

Tomb of the Barber, Old Delhi

and pointing to a little hamlet of thatched houses which lies in our pathway. Then we learn that the black plague is here. Last week this was a contented little village of two hundred people, to-day it is almost deserted and fifteen have died of the plague. When it appears in a spot like this those not affected are driven away until the scourge passes, that being the only way to balk stalking death. A native rarely recovers when once stricken.

After a parley of some moments' duration, the old man, who is evidently on guard, agrees to carry us around the place, and so we are not disappointed in our inspection of three beautiful mausoleums of a date prior, it is stated, to 1450. Exactly to whom they belonged does not appear, and after all it matters nothing now. One of the charms of ancient Delhi is this wandering hither and thither from tomb to tomb and village to village without question as to who they were built for or who lives here now. Just a joy in living when so many are dead.

As we reach the road leading from Delhi to "Old Delhi," where stands the Kutb, we come upon the mausoleum of Safdar Jang, which we will leave until our return. Moving southward over what are now green fields, but once were cities, "Old Delhi" is reached, eleven miles from the modern town.

Alexander and his hosts make no mention of Delhi. However, he did not reach so far into India, stopping at what is now called Beás.

The Chinese pilgrims, searching for Buddha's shrine, make no mention of Delhi. Evidently it was of little importance.

Certainly the first mention of a real city and by the present name came about A.D. 1000. Old Delhi became a Mohammedan town in 1193. The first of their kings were enthroned here. Immediately began the work of building a great number of temples, but the most important construction was the Kutb Minar, still a marvel to mankind. The growth of the city soon became such that its walls would not hold the people flocking thither from all over the land, and in 1320 Tughlak built Tughlakabad five miles eastward and enclosed it within walls so massive that they are there yet. This city was deserted,—some say because of lack of water and others of a curse laid upon it by a holy man. So passed the third city.

By joining the walls of Old Delhi with those of Siri to the north, Johanapanah, the fourth city, was formed, and in 1354 Firoze-Shah built the fifth, "Firúzábád," five miles north-east of Siri.

The sixth was built by Humâyon,—Puráná Kiláh, in 1534; and Modern Delhi, or Shahjahanabad, came on in 1698 by the will of Shahjahan, who was not, as we have seen, allowed to visit his completed work.

Doubtless the shifting character of Indian rivers, here to-day and miles away next year, caused the building of all these new cities. In these hot lands, water is the strewer of gold, and without it,

nothing abides long. Without it, the remorseless sands of the desert reach in and smother the world of man. Certainly Delhi's river, the Jumna, has shifted its bed continually and is still doing so. "Old Delhi"—that of the Kutb—is so well known to the world through that peerless structure that I shall pass it by here, though in fact we spent hours of delight on the interesting spot. From the platforms of the Kutb, Tughlakabad is distinctly visible five miles eastward, but as our team will do no more than get us back to Delhi to-night, we must forego a closer inspection. Doubtless its sarcastic old king, Tughlak-Shah, still haunts the place and might order us buried alive, as he was wont to do those towards whom he turned his attention.

It was turn about with those ancient monarchs. The son of this one, Junā, thinking that now his turn had come, invited his father to rest in a certain pavilion at Afghanpur, which was so built that if pressure was brought to bear upon certain pillars, the whole would collapse. Samson in this case was an elephant who pushed the column out as it was mounting towards the throne for prostration before the King and his favourite son, both of whom were killed, after which, as usual, Junā "became a benign and merciful ruler," save that now and then he had the heads of some thousands of prisoners of war crushed by his elephants or their skulls built in the walls of his forts or erected in great pyramids outside the gates of his palace.

There is a splendid tomb in yonder town, erected to Tughlak-Shah, and, of course, by his "devoted son" Junā.

Junā was called the "bloody king." He it was who enclosed the suburbs between Siri and Old Delhi with walls, the northern side of the space being bounded by Siri and the southern by Old Delhi. He did not hesitate to order a city to move elsewhere, and in the case of Old Delhi did so on several occasions. The first time they came back, but the second he burned the old towns, so there was nothing to return to, yet they did so once or twice. Being convinced that he was the only king, present or past, with any right to the title, he ordered the names of all the others, including that of his father, struck off the national records.

The Sind seems to have been a land fatal to many of those old kings—it was so for Junā Khan. He died there, "detested by God and feared by man," all of which is brought to mind by the sight of yonder ruined city. The history of one of those kings is about the same as all before and after him. It was certainly so here. Time moves on and the Moghuls are coming by now, 1398. Timur has crossed the Jumna and resting on the site of "Metcalf House," ordered that all his captives should be put to death, as they might embarrass his men in the coming conflict. This was done to the last man.

In the battle, the Indians had twelve thousand

M. M. S.

Tomb of the Bangle-maker, Old Delhi

horse, forty thousand foot, and a line of elephants bearing towers holding archers. These at first dismayed the northern soldiers, but having started the elephants in a stampede, the rest was easy, and nightfall found the hosts of Tamerlane under the walls of this old city, where we now are, and which was abandoned that same night. From the pulpit of the Cathedral Mosque of Firúzábád, the names and titles of the first Great Moghul were proclaimed,—all the while massacre and slaughter held dominion over all the cities. Evidently the conqueror did not remain long, as we are told that on the last day of 1398, having taken possession of twelve rhinoceroses and all the other wild beasts in Firoze-Shah's menagerie, and having been presented with two white parrots, of an age approaching a hundred years each and which had been handed down from king to king, he "returned to Samarkand." One would judge that Samarkand was just around the corner, but with a realisation of the tremendous distance which must be conquered, of the character of the land, and the lack of character of its inhabitants, one wonders whether those rhinoceroses ever reached the beautiful northern city.

Apparently Timur deserted India, as history shows a succession of petty kings and continued slaughter, which lasted for a hundred years, or until the advent of Baber in 1494, though he did not enter Delhi until 1526. With all these marauders, the conquest of Delhi appears to have

been necessary before they could be said to have reached the goal of their ambition.

As we turn back towards the modern city on the Kutb road, we pause a while at the vast mausoleum of Suftur Jung (also called Safdar Jang), whose real name was Abu 'l Mausur Khan. It is very gorgeous and cost three lakhs of rupees ($100,000) and in outlines like to and as stately as that of Humâyon. Its domes are of white marble and that dazzling stone is used in the interior decorations, but being built after 1750, it is too modern for our taste, and also our taste has had enough of tombs and death and would try life a while, so let us leave this last of Delhi's mausoleums to its solitude and grandeur, and move on to the Great Mosque, the Juma Masjid, where to-day all is of life. Yet such is the fascination of this vast plain of the dead, that we come to it time and again, and it is the last we see of Delhi as our train speeds south,—but that is not as yet.

Leaving the plains of the dead behind us and with but a glance at the walls of the great fort, with its palaces and memories, we turn to the left towards the city. Delhi's Juma Masjid is most beautifully placed. One approaches it over a wide green meadow and no other structures detract from its graceful majesty. Behind, as the courtiers should attend the king, marshals the fantastic Indian city,—but the mosque stands well to the front and alone. Its wide and lofty steps rise upward from the green of the grass to the stately

portals. Its walls stretch away on either hand, while two towering minarets guard its white domes, which, balloon shaped, give the whole a lifting, floating appearance. In fact, one would not be greatly amazed to see the structure separate from this earth and float away like Aladdin's palaces.

The Italian dome is of the earth earthy, but those of Russia and India are most ethereal in appearance, probably owing to the contraction of their lines at the base. Certainly the effect is marvellous and seems especially noticeable here to-day.

This being Friday, the faithful are flocking to the mosque by thousands and in company with white-robed and turbaned Mohammedans we mount the great staircase to the main portal. There occurs the wildest kind of an altercation at the gates concerning our servant, whom they evidently believe is a Hindu in disguise, and they are not satisfied until he has washed out his mouth.

Passing inward with the multitude we are waved by a grave-faced old man to the arcades which surround the court, for to-day none but the faithful may approach the sanctuary or profane by their nearer presence the sacred enclosure. So we mount to the top of the walls. What a picture of oriental gorgeousness lies spread out below us! The vast expanse of the court, which will hold some thirty thousand people, is dotted with thousands who crowd around the tank in its centre for the

commanded ablution. Stately white-robed figures with splendid coats and turbans, gorgeous with every known shade and colour, grass green and purple, blue and gold, magenta and yellow, deep reds, lilac and pink, are reflected in the dazzling white marble pavement. Beyond rises the arcade-like mosque with its domes and minarets, while thousands of pigeons, those birds beloved of the prophet and faithful Mohammedans all of them, make their prostrations and fill the air with the melody of their voices.

For some time the court seems one of social gathering as the people move hither and thither chatting and laughing, and then one sees that the crowd is composed of all the tribes of Asia. Yonder is a group of warlike Afghans. Here comes a giant from Beloochistan, all in white with a huge black beard. There are some natives of the town, aristocratic and elegant in figure and dress. The Thibetans and mountain people have their representatives and Persia sends her quota as one may note by the Astrakan turbans and singsong nasal voice.

Children are just children the world over, no matter what the faith of their elders. Here are some dozens, laughing, quarrelling, fighting, with no consideration for the holiness of the spot.

To my amazement a bell calls the faithful to prayer. A bell in a Mohammedan mosque! Times have changed. In other days, nothing meaner than a creation of the Almighty was worthy

to call His children to His worship, hence the muezzin, but Ahmed, our servant, says that "This be very big mosque, and no man can make people hear."

So a bell clangs, and the people—all men, as no women may enter this section—form in long lines extending from side to side of the court, and reaching half-way towards us, bow, and prostrate themselves in prayer. Beyond and above rises the arcade-like mosque with its glistening domes and minarets against the blue enamel of the sky. The whole is a picture of wondrous beauty and richness in colour and movement, and the most impressive I have ever seen in any of the mosques of Islam lands.

The women are relegated to the arcade most remote from the mosque and do not appear to have much more consideration shown them than us "dogs of Christians." I noticed amongst them several groups of comparatively young women who were unveiled and was unable to find any explanation thereof. I have always understood that all reputable women of Islam must go veiled, and that only the women of the town go bare-faced, yet these were not such, and if not, what? I could obtain no answer to-day to that question.

The native princes do not hesitate to spend money. It is reported to-day that the Nizam of Hyderabad has offered a lakh of rupees (one hundred thousand rupees or thirty-three thousand dollars) for the use of the English club here during

the Durbar of next December. The offer was declined but it was intimated that he could have it for two lakhs, or sixty-six thousand dollars. It is also said that he will not be present as he does not consider that he was treated with consideration on the occasion of the last Durbar. Therefore he kept the then Viceroy waiting for half an hour on some occasion. His Excellency retaliated by keeping the Nizam waiting forty minutes. In return, his Indian Majesty kept a dinner party given in his honour waiting for thirty-six hours. What the dinner was like when he ate it is not related.

The time has come for leaving Delhi. We have paid our last visit to its palaces, held our last discussions over the Mutiny, made our last visit to its shops, coming away poorer as one always does. Travellers of to-day will discover that most of the Indian railways have improved but slightly, some not at all in twenty years' time. Indeed matters are on some lines much worse, as travel is far greater and no extra rolling stock on hand. At Delhi, by the dreadful Delhi & Rohilkhand Railway Co., we were calmly told that they did not care twopence whether we travelled by their line or not; there were no more first-class carriages and we could go second or remain behind. All the while one could count the first-class carriages standing all around on the different sidings. It was the custom to send but *one* by this train and no more would be put on it.

So though we had purchased six first-class tickets which should have entitled us to two first-class carriages and though we had ordered the carriages three days previously, we were forced to bundle servants and all into one and ride therein for three hours. This occurred on Sunday, January 29, 1911. Some hours out we secured another carriage for the night's ride, but only by the kindness of the local station-master.

As we leave Delhi I notice that the platforms are more than usually crowded with a surging mass of humanity and on asking am told that to-morrow some five millions of Hindus will bathe in the sacred waters of the Ganges at Allahabad alone. This vast concourse before me is but a smaller contingent seeking the sacred waters at Gahazabad. It happens to be the station where we halt for supper, and as I step from the carriage I think I never saw a wilder sight. The mass struggling and pushing before us is composed of men, wild men from the far north, from Afghanistan and the mountains, huge creatures forming a human torrent which surges irresistibly by us. It is black night and in the glimmering station lights one catches but a gleam now and then of piercing eyes from under white turbans, over which the burnouses are wrapped, for it is cold, bitterly cold. The tide sweeps past us, hundreds and thousands of them, while we stand flatly pressed against the car dreading annihilation. Wild creatures like these on a pilgrimage to their sacred river would

not at all regret trampling in the dust a few of the cursed of Shiva. Yet the interest in the passing pageant overcomes our fears, and we hold on.

Colour would appear in India to be of the sun, and here in the cold and dark all is white and the plain before us is peopled with ghostly moving forms.

One understands the problem of England in India better when one has seen these sturdy, fierce Punjabis and Rajputs. They would do and dare, fight and murder far quicker and more savagely than those of the south. This was proven in the Mutiny: all the trouble occurred in the north. I think there was none farther south than Allahabad. In fact it was confined to but a small section of India, principally Mirat, Delhi, Cawnpore, and Lucknow.

The night's ride is a cold one. The interest of Lucknow centres in the Mutiny, hence I may be pardoned if I move on to Benares.

CHAPTER VII

BENARES

Benares. Religious Work and its Accomplishments. Caste. A Tale of a Hindu. Missionary Work in Persia. The Salvation Army. History of Benares. The City from the River. The Burning Ghats. Mazes of the City. The Golden Temple and Sacred Well. Legends. Indian Universities. Mrs. Besant's Work.

ONE'S first impression of Benares must be from the water, and in the hour of the sunrise. Arriving by noon we spend the afternoon in the English Cantonment, where one encounters the most pronounced evidences so far of the onslaught of the missionaries upon the heathen.

Their lonely church stands in a desolate compound, with certainly nothing about it to attract any one, much less those whose faith rears gorgeous shrines for their worship, albeit of "stocks and stones."

I think that the workers in India to-day believe that the key to the situation is education rather than attempts at direct conversion. Be both Paul and Apollo, but leave the increase to God.

Continue to educate these people bodily, morally, and mentally, and they will in time throw away their old gods. But come out here and attack that religion directly and they will look at you with those inscrutable black eyes and go on in the faith their fathers have known for centuries. They have not the minds to do otherwise. Therefore, give them those minds, and they will surely use them.

The British Government has done an enormous work in this direction, as you who in your ignorance sit at home and censure her had better come out and, seeing, understand.

It is said that the women shut up in their zenanas rule India. Yet her history, with the exception of Nurjahan and the present Begum of Bhopal, shows no instances like those of other lands, where such women as Semiramis, Zenobia, Catherine of Russia, Catherine de' Medici, or Elizabeth of England were the acknowledged rulers of their realms. However, if such be the case, and if—as is reported—the education of these women is making great progress, then this work is of the utmost importance. If, without apparently attacking their religion, the education of these mothers and future mothers can be accomplished, they in turn will see that their children do not grow up in ignorance, so that in time through their greater knowledge they may of themselves cease to bow down to stocks and stones, and so in the centuries to come the races may be reclaimed; but can one

expect these untutored minds, accustomed for generations to their gorgeous ceremonials, splendid temples, and sensuous religions, to give all that up, to renounce family and relations and friends, to be ostracised for life, for any religion, much less one which comes to them in the form of a bare white-washed room as a temple, with nothing save a poor mean table, with a book on it, for an altar? Give them the learning and understanding more to be desired than gold, and they may then come to know what that simple room, that table and book may mean to them. But now they have no minds to comprehend it, are only appealed to through the eyes and senses. The masses of these people live in mud houses—all their gorgeousness is reserved for their temples. They cannot understand when they see us build and decorate beautiful houses for our own use, while for our God and His services we are often, so they think, content with meanness itself. The Church of Rome was wise enough to appreciate this with the ignorant peasants of Europe in the past, hence her flowers and gilded figures, her incense and vestments. She still holds the masses by those symbols and here in India has made greater progress than any other sects because her ceremonials attract the eyes of these people.

That Church is also the most successful in this field—as she has been in all other missionary fields—because her missionaries when they come to India burn their bridges behind them, so to speak.

Their whole life is to be here. They do not expect to return. Home and its ties are of the past and all of life and energy will be devoted to this work, —that was their vow when they entered the priesthood. Is this the case with any other sect? While all have sent many noble men and women here, can they deny that, naturally perhaps, they each and all have their eyes and hearts turned homeward, at least until the sands in their hour-glass of life are near to running out? To the young women who think they "have a call" to come here, I would say, read Kipling's "Nahalaka"—it is all perfectly true and terribly sad. However, to the older men and women engaged in the education of these people all praise should be given. They will not live to realise the end and success of that work, but they know that the end will come and the success under God be complete in the future centuries. That seems a long while to wait, but the task is enormous, past all comprehension of those at home. Therefore, in coming out here throw aside your idea of a great conversion. Come as workers, not talkers. Come as doctors, come as teachers. Instruct these people how better to care for their bodies, cultivate their minds, and till their lands. But come here and attempt to conquer by combating Brahma and Mohammed —there are no Buddhists in India—in any other way, and you will certainly fail. India is but little better than Persia where conversion does not mean loss of caste, but death. It will be by

the colossal and apparently hopeless task of breaking down of caste that the women of India will be freed and allowed to make their mark on their world, and education is the only force which will accomplish that desired end. Caste and ignorance go hand in hand and cannot exist with education and the religion of Jesus as neighbours. The struggle will be long and bitter, but the end is certain, where that religion "is a life which moulds and transforms the character of its believers."

The "Arrow Sect" (Hindu) has banded together to resist everything Christian, but in some others the walls are not so impassable as of old. It is possible, and happens constantly, to be invited to a Hindu house to wedding or festival, where you "sit at meat" with Hindus. Of old if your shadow fell on a Hindu's food it was polluted. If you touched his water jar he lost caste.

A lady went from our hotel in Calcutta lately to a Hindu wedding, where the bride, robed in red velvet, married a Scotchman, where all the guests sat at the feast together, spoons being provided for the Europeans, but the natives used their fingers. The hostess told the guest in question that in her house, while the breakfast and midday meal were still served in the Hindu fashion, the dinner was an English meal in every point. Imagine that in a Hindu house! On the other hand, while in Kashmir we met a Mr. and Mrs. S., most agreeable people who make India their home and have done so for many years. It was a

pleasure to talk to them as they spoke with authority on subjects Indian and especially those which are interesting and rarely gotten at by strangers.

Speaking of caste, Mr. S. told a story of his own experience in contact with that greatest of all barriers between the English and natives. I say natives because caste is not confined entirely to the Hindus but strongly affects the Mohammedans, probably through their contact of years with the Hindus, for certainly their religion does not require any such barrier. For instance, my bearer will take a bundle from my hands and carry it. But he will not come out of the hotel, in the face of the coolies, carrying one. He immediately calls one of them and hands it over. He could not control them if he did.

But to return to Mr. S., I quote his words: "A Hindu of standing, regretting the barriers between his people and the Europeans, was finally asked how he could expect anything else, when the Hindus kept up those barriers; for instance, no Hindu will allow his wife to meet European men, yet European women do not hesitate to speak to Hindus,—this is one sided. Finally it was arranged that the Hindu should give a dinner at which his wife should be present. He asked that some of the English ladies should help him with the arrangements as he did not, nor would his servants, understand the preparation of food for Europeans. This was done and the hour for the feast arrived. All the guests were on hand, also

the Hindu, but no wife. He regretted, but she was not well enough to come to the table, but would be in the salon afterwards, and there she was, but in a towering rage at having to talk to European men. There was not much pleasure in the experiment, and unfortunately much sorrow resulted. The Hindu's friends were so enraged at his violation of caste that they cut him out entirely; not content with that they entered into a cabal or conspiracy, which effected the elopement of the man's daughter with a Hindu of the lowest caste, than which no greater disgrace could be put upon the poor father; but that mattered not to the fanatics of his race."—Perhaps the above true incident will give you some understanding of the strength of those ancient rules in comparison with which stone and iron are as sand.

At first glimpse this whole question of conversion and mission work seems so absolutely hopeless. Especially is this so in Persia. In Teheran the Presbyterian minister holds Church of England service, as otherwise he would have no congregation. I noticed that what he had was composed mainly of those from the English Embassy and our own legation, together with the few English in the Civil Service, banks, etc. Not a handful all told. In summer, which lasts nine months in Teheran, the church follows the foreign settlement to its quarters on the nearby mountains. No natives other than Nestorian Christians attend the services. It would be fatal for a Persian to do

so. Knowing this I could not but wonder whether we were justified in the expense—in time, money, and lives—of the missions there. The minister in charge being an old friend, I put the question to him. I give his answer:

In reply to your letter, permit me to say that we find our work amongst all whom we can reach with the Gospel message. The organised work in Urumiah is chiefly among the Nestorians; in our other stations among the Armenians. *The penalty for apostasy from Islam is Death according to the law*, but the Persians are themselves heretics according to the Sunnees, and the progress of Babism and Bahaïism has to some extent opened the way for religious discussion with Moslems, and we are able to bring to the attention of some of the Mohammedans Christian truth.

As for your next question, whether we consider Persia a "good field" for our work, it depends upon what you mean by "a good field." It certainly is not an easy field, and it is not one that is likely to show much outward success, but if you are yourself a true disciple of the Master you will see that it is included in the great commission which our Lord gave his disciples when he left the world (Matt. xxviii., 19, Mark xvi., 15). It is therefore a good field because commanded, but certainly a difficult field.

So all the money sent to Persia is expended upon those who are already *Christians, i. e.*, the Nestorians and Armenians. Amongst the Persians

conversion is *impossible*. Do those who contribute so largely to the Persian fund know that?

In Kasvin, eighty miles west of Teheran, a school has been conducted for many years by a woman, an American I think. That she could live and work in that awful town should give her passport unfailing to Heaven when her day is done. It is ten years since I visited Persia and she may be at rest. Peace be unto her if it is so. The good which she did will live after her, the seeds which she planted will doubtless bear fruit an hundred fold some day—just as those who educate those in India will have their reward, though they may never know it.

What is the state of affairs in Persia to-day? It is stated that it will be years before it will again be open to foreigners. If so, what has been the fate of those who worked there even if that work was not amongst the Mohammedans? As for conversion, what did the Hindu in Oxford University state? "If the missionaries had talked more of salvation and less of damnation, Christianity would have made real progress among our *educated* people long before now."

Again, in the "Work of the Salvation Army in India" he found the people being turned from their long-inherited evil ways, being taught useful occupations, and being gradually brought to a knowledge of the Christian faith. In that first case it was only the *educated* which he said would be affected. In the latter case they were accom-

plishing this purpose by education, which had set the wheels of the mind in motion, causing them to think for themselves and so see the degradation of idolatry. They will certainly claim a like privilege for their children.

If the Salvation Army is at work in India, it is not in evidence. I have not seen the settlements of the Doms, the Bahtus, and the Haburas referred to in home papers, but certainly in our last stay of seven months we saw no signs of them anywhere and we were in all the great cities and towns. If they were there they did not use the usual methods of drum and trumpet to attract the crowds. Such would certainly not pass unnoticed, especially the drum, as the Oriental dearly loves the tom-tom and a crowd would follow at all times. Perhaps the leaders of that organisation realise how absolutely useless it would be to stand and address an Indian crowd.

To an outsider it would seem that the success of the Protestants has been greater in Burma than in India. Burma is the stronghold of Buddhism, a philosophy, and philosophy does not offer such opposition as bigoted idolatry. Certainly the buildings of the Christians are much more pretentious in Rangoon than in India—so far as I observed.

As for our religion, to most of these people it is that of a blundering God who, having created this world, deserted it, leaving it to the powers of evil; a re-incarnation for a few years resulted in the

same thing, and even now at the best his followers are divided in a dozen different sects, each one claiming that theirs is the true way. That last is the greatest stumbling-block the Christians encounter in the east. One is reminded of the Chinese—who, waited upon by representatives of each sect, calmly listened to all they had to say and then replied: "Gentlemen, you come to me as educated men, and I must believe that you are sincere in what you state. You are all of the same faith, yet each one, and there are a dozen of you, insists that his is the only true pathway in that faith. Which am I to believe? You ask me to desert a religion much older than your own, and which is not divided by any such unhappy schisms—is that reasonable? Which of your branches should I adopt? Consult amongst yourselves, decide upon that point, and then return and I will at least listen to you." He doubtless added, mentally, that "a house divided against itself has never stood, and that such will not attain respect amongst our people." However in India, where the Hindus, Mohammedans, and Parsis are all subdivided into numerous sects, no such reply could be made to the Christians, and their record as it stands today, given by Merrick Whitcomb, is a record certainly to be proud of and full of encouragement. Here it is:

Statistics are now available from the Indian census, showing the results of missionary work in India during

the decade 1901 to 1911. The whole number of Christians in India in 1911 was 3,876,190, or about one per cent of the whole population, which numbers roughly 315,000,000. Of these about 200,000 are Europeans and Americans, and 101,000 Eurasians. The 200,000 Europeans and Americans include 74,481 foreign troops. Of the foreign whites, five eighths are Anglican in faith, one fifth are Catholic, and the remainder (mostly missionaries) belong to the various Protestant groups. Of the Eurasians, one half are Catholic and one fourth Anglican.

This leaves about 3,574,000 native Christians. Of these the Catholics number 1,394,000, as against 1,122,000 in 1901, a net gain of 272,000. The Catholic group is located for the most part in Southern India, and includes, besides Roman Catholics, the Jacobite, Chaldean, Reformed, and Romo-Syrian branches, to the number of three quarters of a million.

There remain about 1,442,000 Protestants, as against 970,000 in 1901, a net increase of 472,000 in ten years. Some of the Protestant denominations have made remarkable gains. The Baptists, who have been operating largely in Burma and Assam, have increased from 217,000 to 331,000. This is the largest Protestant group in India after the Anglicans, who number about one half million. The Presbyterians have risen from 43,000 to 164,000, the Methodists from 68,000 to 162,000, while the Congregationalists have grown from 37,000 to 134,000. This is the more remarkable, because there is an almost complete absence of Lutherans amongst the whites in India, the 1600 non-Indian Lutherans being missionaries and their families. The same is true of the Salvation

Army. Its membership amongst the whites and Eurasians is only 200, while it numbers 52,000 native converts. Outside these six or seven Protestant groups are several smaller denominational missions whose work is not numerically important. They include an aggregate of only about 12,000 native converts. The increase in the whole number of Christians in India, white, Eurasian, and native, during the years 1901 to 1911 is 925,955.

Mrs. Fuller's[1] hope that 1900 would find more than one million Protestant Indian Christians is more than realised in 1910 when there are nearly four million on the roll. This appears a mere atom when the three hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants are considered, but come to India, contemplate the panorama of these millions, and you will feel that any success is marvellous. Then you will appreciate what must have been the courage of those who came first to this land of idolatry. That they dared come at all is astounding. Certainly when I remember in addition that marvellous work of Wm. Carey, the suppression of the suttee, I who "came to blame remain to praise."

That you may appreciate one of their points of attack, come with us on the sacred river and behold that stronghold and heart of idolatry—the great, strange city of Benares.

In the grey light of the dawn we descend to our boat adrift on the Ganges. Before us for miles

[1] *Wrongs of Indian Women*, by Mrs. Marcius B. Fuller.

on either side, indistinct and shadowy, stretches the sacred city. Unconsciously our thoughts wander backwards, wondering who were its founders. Probably the oldest city in India, its birth is lost in the mists of antiquity. This we know, that, revered by five hundred millions of men, Brahminists of India, Buddhists of Ceylon, Indo-China, China, and Thibet, it is sacred to all of them, but above all to the Hindus. Twelve hundred years before Christ, history mentions a king in Benares, an ancient city at that period, called Rajah Kasi; it was the centre of philosophical and theological studies. It held numberless Brahmin convents and schools and temples, whose teachers in the baths preached the doctrine of the soul, but condemned it to weary transmigrations through endless cycles of time and thousands of years of existences. Their great rivals were atheists and materialists who refused to admit the doctrine of immortality.

In 395 B.C., appeared the prince of the Kshutrya race, Siddharta, who on embracing monastic life assumed the name Sakya Mouni. Here he established a religion which bears close resemblance to the Christian, teaching as it did the equality of all men in the sight of God. It maintained that this life was but a trial and probation imposed upon an immortal soul, that redemption came through charity and love of one's neighbours, and a pure and virtuous life; that all were permitted to liberate themselves from the body and gain

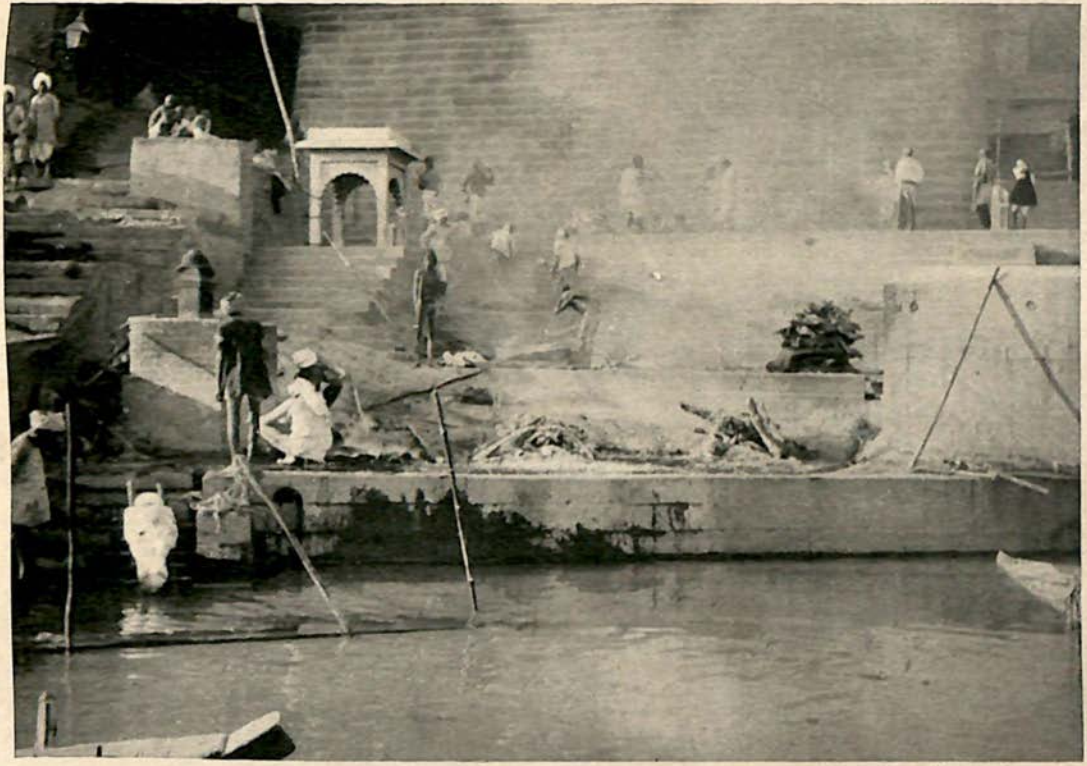
eternal life, free from all restrictions. I do not understand how this can be called Buddhism, as it is, for that religion certainly teaches that Nirvana is the end, Nirvana the relinquishment of all things, the accomplishment of nothing. Be that as it may, this religion governed Benares, and the city was glorious with its temples, convents, and monuments. Then came the great religious revolution of the ninth century. Buddhism (if it was Buddhism) perished and the idolatry of the Hindus reigned supreme.

One is struck in reading the history of this city with the strange fact that, in all its centuries of existence, it has been a religious city only, never a political one in any sense, and it is the only great city of the world of which this can be affirmed. That the Benares of to-day holds no monuments of antiquity is because each conqueror made it his business to obliterate every vestige of the conquered. Hence the city has been destroyed utterly upon each revolution, destroyed and pushed down into the mud and another built upon the ruins. Its wars were religious and therefore more terrible than any of political origin.

As our boat drifts off down the river, through the mist can be faintly distinguished a vast expanse of tottering towers and ruined stairs stretching away on either hand, while the murmur of a multitude as yet invisible is borne to us on the morning air. Then the sun rolls above the horizon and instantly the whole is changed to a glittering

panorama, a wondrously fantastic and beautiful picture of palaces and steps and towers and temples with a vast concourse on the steps and in the river, all turned towards the orb of day, and for a few moments all are absolutely silent and motionless; even a huge ape which has climbed the pinnacle of a lofty temple pauses and with outstretched arm welcomes the sun. Truly a scene from the *Arabian Nights*. Then life goes on again. The multitude continue their ablutions and the ape, as though to emphasise his disapproval of the religion which is conducted beneath him, shakes the pinnacle of the temple until it appears in danger of coming off, and then vanishes with a howl and leap into the boughs of a tree. On the ghat before us masses of cobras released from their baskets by the fakirs are wriggling and squirming, and now and then rearing hooded heads on high. The air is laden with a fetid smoke from the "burning ghats," for if you would go straight to Paradise and animate the body of some future Brahmin, then you must be burned to ashes yonder.

It is truly a glimpse of hell. Through the greasy smoke the forms of the naked workmen can be seen at their gruesome task amongst the dead. As they move about their feet sink deeply in the still warm human dust. Every now and then they pour jars of oil on the flaming piles, of which there are four blazing fiercely. If you should land there, you would stumble on human bones and sink into the human dust which has been gathering for ages.



Mrs. Shoemaker

Burning Ghats, Benares

All around, like vultures, crouch hordes of hideous beggars and cripples who rush to the water's edge and hold out imploring hands as our boat draws near.

In the foreground some bearers have just deposited their burden, which upon being uncovered from its white wrappings discloses the delicate form of a sweet-faced girl of about fifteen. The sight of her sad little face is too much for us and we order the boatman to move off and quickly, and even as he does so the movement of the oars causes the displacement of a little bundle of mortality floating face down—a boy—some one's darling to be eaten by dogs or crocodiles, of which many can be seen on the opposite bank.

Horrible! Horrible! Surely life is not such a joy that our departure from it should be made so gruesome. Verily India furnishes the horrible, and often when the traveller is feasting his eyes upon something of surpassing beauty, he turns and is confronted by a sight like this.

It is said that yonder ghat belongs to that old man squatting above it, evidently with a keen eye to the passing of the inhabitants from substance to smoke. His clothing, which consists of a white cotton loin-cloth, did not cost four annas, and evidently is far from new. Yet it is stated that he is worth seven hundred thousand pounds sterling, all gotten from this gruesome place, where it costs six rupees for an ordinary mortal to be burned, and much more for a rajah or king, as sandal-

wood and richest spices are used for the high-born and the fees to the priests are enormous. The exalted of the earth are burned on that elevated terrace, rising some twenty feet above the lower platform. Six of the rulers may be burned there at one time, though it rarely happens that more than one passes this way the same day.

These ghats are the only portion given over to the dead; all the rest of the river front bubbles and seethes with life. Brahmins squat everywhere selling certificates of purification to the bathers. On yonder steps women alone congregate. They hide in zenanas on shore, but once in the sacred Ganges no veil is needed. True they have old women with them, but all are in plain sight.

In the centre of the city rises the stately mosque of Aurungzebe with its twin minarets, built—to insult the Hindus—on the site of the famous temple of Vishnu, the sanctuary of his people, as it was there he first appeared to man.

Leading up to the mosque is a flight of a hundred steps, probably the oldest bit of the present city, as they are the same which led to the temple of Vishnu and up which his devotees passed on their knees to prostrate themselves in the shrine. His followers crowd these streets but those of the Prophet are few and far between in the Benares of to-day.

If you would penetrate the mazes of the city, you must do so on foot, as Benares has no street

wide enough for a carriage, and you must be prepared for sights and sounds which will sicken and disgust, and, I warrant, drive you out and away thanking God that you are not as these men are, for which sentiment you could not be charged with hypocrisy. In the centre of a little square stands the holy of holies of Benares, the Golden Temple. Its small tower, projecting above the rest of the structure,—and which is about all you will see,—is overlaid with plates of gold, hence the name, and its holiness proceeds from a very sacred lingam, the emblem of the god Siva and of the ancient religion which comes from the wilds of the jungles. It represents the organ of life which one finds in countless numbers all over India. You will find one in a catacomb of Naples, which shows that in superstition the ignorant Indians and Italians are not far apart. The lingam is still an object of worship.

This one is a plain stone post, to worship which but once assures your entrance into Paradise, hence one comprehends the reason for the millions of pilgrims that yearly flock into Benares.

Near it is the sacred well, birthplace of cholera and now closed by the government so that the faithful can no longer have death dispensed to them by a Brahmin through the medium of a silver goblet. This well is the source of wisdom. When the great quarrel broke out amongst the gods about the Amrita, the drink of immortals, Siva carried off the immense bowl and consumed

the contents at a draught, but spilling some of the drops caused this well to break forth on earth.

Here is the sacred bull, a crouching figure in stone, garlanded in flowers, served with the fruits and grains of the earth, and bowed down to by myriads of people. Through that door a live bull and his family hold high court, seemingly regarding the devout throng with high disdain, and small wonder, for look you yonder at that sweet-faced Hindu maiden bathing neck and face in the offal.

Along the cornices of the roof grave-faced monkeys sit in solemn conclave or descend with a rush to steal any and every thing which is not strictly guarded.

It strikes the traveller as singular that his presence near this spot is not resented. He cannot enter the exact Holy of Holies, but he may stand at the door or look down from above, whereas in Persia he may not approach nearer than a hundred feet to any mosque. Yet the Mohammedans and Christians are certainly nearer together in faith as they worship the same God. You may convert one of these Hindus and he will lose caste, but—as I have stated—conversion for a Persian means death.

You are tempted to linger in a mosque; your only desire is to get away from this Golden Temple as quickly as may be, and to rid your nostrils of the taint of its vileness.

A Christian missionary who clings to the idea

of conversion by preaching can come and preach right into the door of this temple, and the people may or may not listen. They certainly will not disturb him. He would probably be regarded as we do a crank,—"Let him talk, what matters it,"—and just there comes the hopelessness of that kind of religious work in India. It is this tolerance which most disheartens such a missionary. "These men have faith enough to listen to all I may say without moving a muscle at my attacks. How can you convert such? My labours are all in vain." Truly, my good man, you may "talk" until your tongue fails you and without result. Stop it and build a schoolhouse and doctor's shop there where you stand at the very entrance of the Golden Temple, the very heart of idolatry. You will have results, you or your successors. At the same time the forces of Mohammed and Brahma are both at work, backed by power and unlimited cash.

As the following from an Indian journal abundantly sets forth, if by education the three new universities now proposed succeed only in restoring the original purity of those religions, they will have accomplished much.

The question of religious education will be to a large extent solved when the three new contemplated Universities come into being. The Mohammedan University, for the success of which the Aga Khan has been incessantly working for the last few months,

will have as its special feature the introduction of Mohammedan Theology. Similarly, the Hindu University, contemplated by the Honourable Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, and for which, according to the latest report, more than eight lakhs have been already subscribed, will find a knowledge of Hindu Religion and Ethics a necessary part of its educational scheme. While the "Indian" University, for which Mrs. Besant has been working for the last four years, will have as its special feature a course of instruction based on the common platform of all religions—which may, in practice, be equivalent to the teachings of Theosophy itself! Whatever, then, the possibility of the realisation of these ideas, it is worth while to say a few words on their respective merits. Considered dispassionately from the standpoint of the brotherhood of religions, Mrs. Besant's scheme is the noblest of the three, as her attempt, in her own words, is "not to divide but to unite"; unfortunately, however, lofty ideals scarcely appeal to persons who stick to particular denominations, and, by their very nature, present a very formidable difficulty both in conception and execution. Thus "the brotherhood of religions" and "the common platform" are splendid expressions but it is very difficult to formulate a system of religious doctrines which would satisfy all religions without allowing them to degenerate into the teachings of a new sect altogether; and even supposing that this could be done, the scheme would not be a workable one, when religious prejudices are running high. Mrs. Besant herself is not unmindful of the fact; for in the April issue of the *Theosophist*, she greatly doubts whether her scheme would succeed in the face of

two other contemplated Universities, which, because they are denominational, would receive the greatest assistance from their respective admirers. Moreover, the "change of high officials at home" might perhaps come in the way of her scheme, and affect it unfavourably! And even supposing that her scheme is approved of, one does not know what the pecuniary condition of her University would be. The Aga Khan has already collected more than twenty lakhs—of which he contributed one lakh—and His Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad would also be expected to contribute a decent quota; the Pandit Malaviya has secured more than eight lakhs, and a provincial tour will soon be undertaken for the collection of funds. Mrs. Besant, to all appearances, has not yet collected any money, though it is reasonable to expect that she will be largely supported by her admirers. Moreover, it must be remembered that even a single Hindu College of Mrs. Besant (viz., the C. H. College at Benares) has been lately notorious for its want of funds! One wonders then how a whole University is likely to be supported! Mrs. Besant would do well to take a lesson from this, and to remember that her admirers are neither fired by the zeal of Islam, nor are they rich enough to support a whole University. Moreover, her Indian University would have very few Mohammedan admirers, and would practically descend to the level of a Hindu University. Would it not therefore be wise for her to make common cause with the Pandit Malaviya, and work with him in the interests of a Hindu University? We know that this would be rather too much to ask of her, but that seems to be the only practicable way. It would be far better for Mrs. Besant to

help the cause of a Hindu University than to abandon the idea of the Indian University altogether. Her ideal of encouraging a feeling of brotherhood among the different religions can, however, be realised by encouraging the admission of Hindu students in the Mohammedan University, and of Mohammedan students in the Hindu University, by the foundation of special scholarships, by the introduction of a special course in the other religions, and by an organisation of sympathetic and tolerant teaching.

Considering all this, the question must arise in the mind, To which of the three religions in India —Christian, Mohammedan, or Hindu—will the harvest be in the unborn centuries? To the student it would appear that the Hindu would pass away first, for as it stands to-day it has no good in it, and it exists only in India. The religion of the Prophet, while it spreads over all North Africa and Western Asia, is also of tremendous strength in India. Listen to its call to prayer:

God is Great!
I testify that there is no God but God!
I testify that Mohammed is the Prophet of God.
Come to prayer!
Come to salvation!
Prayer is better than sleep!
God is most Great!
There is no God but God!

Verily worshipping God it would appear that there is some abiding good in it, and yet what does its

history show? With the exception of a couple of Persian poets you may search for five hundred years back and you will search vainly to find a single great contribution to the advancement of literature, art, science, or industry. In one of its libraries there are thirty thousand volumes every one of which has to do only with the myriad interpretations and commentaries explanatory of the Koran. In all its schools what do you find?—the Koran learned by rote with no understanding thereof, certainly no teaching to instruct as to the great outer world and its growth. "Islam—only Islam," might suffice for the war-cry of a people a thousand years ago, but it will not answer to-day. "A great religion and fervid faith, as given out by Mohammed." Perhaps so (?), but the social system made by him for the wild hordes of Arabia sounded the death-knell of his faith. After all, *is* there any sincerity in that wonderful cry from the minarets? *Was* Mohammed other than "a wretch who takes his lust to heaven and makes a pander of his God"?

CHAPTER VIII

BUDDHA

The Brahmins' Destruction of Buddhist Monuments. Migration the Saviour of that Faith. Sarnath, the Ancient University. Buddha and his Catechism. King Asoka. Buddha's Death, his Coffin, and Cremation. Finding his Relics at Peshawur. Description of the Place. Buddha and the Dog. Legends. Nirvana.

SO careful were the Brahmins to destroy every vestige of Buddhism, to efface all traces, that his very name has vanished from monuments, legends, and traditions, and scarce a man from end to end of the land of his birth and former splendour knows that he ever existed. But for the crossing into China, Thibet, Indo-China, and Ceylon, name and philosophy would have disappeared absolutely after their sixteen centuries, leaving no trace of their passage. In Benares there is nothing. One must go out to Sarnath to find a trace of the great teacher. It is not far distant, therefore let us leave these Hindus and their city and turn to at least a cleaner faith—if it can be considered a "faith" at all.

Leaving the Hindu city, one draws deep breaths of pure air as the carrige rolls off into the country under trees and through green fields. The recollection of the horrors of Benares are not easily overcome, but if anything can do that, the journey to Buddha's ancient seat of learning will accomplish it. One seems to have left the body behind with Hinduism—this is all of the mind.

Sarnath is regarded by the Buddhists as the principal seat of their faith. In the records of the ancient Chinese travellers, one finds such exact measurements, such correct descriptions, that following them one has only to dig to discover traces of the monument or building described. The most reliable and remarkable of these works is that of Hiouen-Thsang who travelled in India in 629 A.D.

Evidently this is a rich section, as the plains over which one passes are clothed with fruit trees and rich with grain. On approaching the site of Sarnath, the first building to attract the eye is the remains of the tower built to commemorate the visit of the Emperor Humâyon. The road beyond leads through a wood whose trees are evidently of great age, and under whose boughs Gautama, so the legend runs, took the form of an antelope and offered himself to the King of Benares in place of one which was to have been sacrificed for the royal table. The king, hearing the truth, forbade the sacrifice, and also all further hunting in his domain.

The village of Sarnath near by is insignificant and of no worth, but beyond it rises the still stately remains of the great tower marking the spot where Buddha for the first time exposed his doctrines—(to four beggars). It is a ruin, of course, but rises over one hundred feet, the lower section of large stones and the upper of brick which was once encased in stucco, and probably gilded, and surmounted by the T or umbrella. It was built long after Buddha's death, as it is not older than the fourth century of our era. Around it stood a great monastery whose foundations are plainly traceable to-day. Ruins cover the earth in all directions; evidently the town was of extent, but this tower is the only building rising above the foundations. The whole was finally destroyed in the tenth century during a public insurrection when the insurgents burnt both monks and monastery and the place was given over to the jackals.

Gautama died on the 13th of October, 483 B.C. —of over-indulgence in food—in the forty-fifth season of his Buddhahood and eighty-ninth year of life—(it is also stated that it occurred "at the full of the May moon")—in Kusi-nagara, a place one hundred and twenty miles from Benares. Certainly his birth, attainment of Buddhahood, and death are all commemorated in the festival of Wesak, in the full of the moon, which comes in the early part of May. His last words were: "Mendicants! I now impress it upon you, the

Museum of Peshawur

The Ascetic Gautama

parts and powers of man must be dissolved; work out your salvation with diligence." One cannot but ask here: why work, if the end is—"nothing"?

The Buddhist catechism tells us that his doctrines were not written in books by himself, but recited to his disciples who memorised word for word. King Bimbisâra caused the chief points to be inscribed on golden leaves. In the season of "Was" following his death, a council of five hundred arahats under the presidency of Mahâ Kâsyapa, one of his greatest disciples, was held to settle the rules and doctrines of the order. The first council was held in a cave near Râjaghiha, all chanted the words of the Teacher. King Asoka of Maghada, the most powerful monarch of his time in Asia, being converted, devoted himself to the spread of this philosophy. After the council at Patna, in the year 226 of the Buddhist era, he sent missionaries to all countries, even to the Greek kings. His edicts have been found within the last fifty years engraved on rocks and stone pillars in India and Afghanistan, edicts which are laden with "love thy neighbour as thyself," but wherein "love God above all" has no place.

The Buddhist catechism also distinctly states that "a personal God is but a gigantic shadow thrown upon the void of space by the imaginations of ignorant men." Also that Buddhism "teaches the highest good without a god, a

continued existence without a soul, a happiness without an objective heaven, a salvation without a vicarious Saviour, a redemption by oneself as the Redeemer"—a religion of noble tolerance, of universal brotherhood, of righteousness and justice. How nearly alike is some of it to the religion of Christianity as promulgated by Jesus of Nazareth—alike until it comes to the crown, Eternal Life, when, instead of that hope, one is confronted by that terrible word "Nirvana"—the relinquishment of all things, the accomplishment of nothing.

As the following from the Thibetan annals shows, Buddha's remains were cremated:

When the Blessed One expired the mighty earth was shaken, thunderbolts did fall, and the gods in the sky did shriek, and when the earth quaked Râjaghiha thought what might be the reason, and he saw that the Blessed One had passed away. Then the Mallas asked that seven days be allowed them to get everything ready for the funeral. On the seventh day, having prepared a golden bier and got together all the perfumes, garlands, and musical instruments, they went out of the town to the Sala Tree Grove and they carried his body, enveloped in five hundred pieces of cloth and laid in a coffin, to the western gate of the city, and, having replaced the cover of the coffin, the fire burst forth from the pile and consumed the body. When the Buddha had been consumed, the Mallas put out the fire with milk and put the remains—(ashes, as it is in the Sanskrit)—in an Indian vase,

and they placed it on the golden bier, and having honoured it with perfumes and the sound of music, they took it to Kusinara.

The coffin of Buddha consisted of two large iron receptacles used for holding oil, and called in Sanskrit, "taila-droni." Thus were the ashes preserved from becoming mixed with the remains of the fire after the cremation. As the usual mode of cremation in all Hindu countries is to place the body on a pile of wood, this incineration of Buddha shows probably the first crematory known to history. That the relics were collected, there does not appear to be much doubt. It would have been strange had such not been done.

In the unique and most interesting museum at Peshawur, there are sculptures which show this cremation. The attendants stand round pouring water on the flames to extinguish them. Some texts affirm, however, that this was done by a miraculous downpour of rain combined with the welling up of springs.

The relics were divided by the Mallas into eight portions, under the supervision of the Brahmin Drona. They were distributed among the eight communities whose claims were respected, and stupas (pagodas) were built to receive them. There is a sculpture at Peshawur which shows this division, and another showing the guarding of the relics previous to this. No one of these eight original deposits has ever been found. The

general belief is that the Emperor Asoka, in the third century B.C., redivided them into a multitude of small divisions and distributed them in stupas throughout his dominions. Doubtless the deposit discovered in 1909 at Peshawur was one of these. There seems to be no doubt amongst scholars that those relics are genuine.

Certainly the little pieces found had passed through the fire—"two small pieces of bone," as I was told—and I shall anticipate just here and give an account of our visit to the spot where they were discovered and where the Emperor Kanishka built a dagoba over the tomb containing them—a vast stupa four hundred feet high. It was considered the grandest in all the West. One India writer claims that those bones belonged to India and should never have been sent away—that even to the Hindus they are a sacred relic and should be replaced and a shrine built over them. Buddha, he states, did not claim to found a new religion, but to restore the Hindu to its ancient purity. The Hindus who accepted this reformation had no occasion to change the name; it was only the nations outside who did so and who learned the doctrines of karma and reincarnation for the first time.

I do not think he is right in demanding that the relics remain in India. Burma knows no religion save that of Buddha—at least it is the most powerful in that land—and the relics are safe in Mandalay. If there should be an insurrection in Peshawur

resulting in the driving out of the English, the followers of Mohammed would certainly destroy these relics and the Hindus would not raise a hand to protect them. They are safer where they are, but let us visit the spot where they were found.

The site of Kanishka's stupa lies some three miles from our hotel. We pass directly through the native city to reach it. Only a few years have passed since the famous find by Professor Spooner of our own land. The ancient Chinese travellers had so minutely described the great pagoda, which was perfect in their day, that Professor Spooner, taking their measurements, was able to locate it exactly, and knowing that all great pagodas were built over a relic, he searched for that point, and in the exact centre found a sealed chamber in which was a copper and brass urn containing an octagon of glass which held the relics of Buddha —two small charred bones and the seal. The glass receptacle was about three inches long by two broad. The sacred find, handed over to the priests from Mandalay by the viceroy, is now in the Aracan Pagoda of that city. We could have seen it had we known of its presence there.

We saw in the museum at Peshawur, which also holds some fine carvings from the ruins of the pagoda, a cast of the outer casket. It is circular in form and about the size of a powder-puff box, with heavy carving around it. On the top is a statue of a seated Buddha with two standing

figures on either side. The accompanying illustration is from the museum.

Excavations still go on on the site of the pagoda, and the entire outer line of its foundations have been discovered, the heavy stone blocks are all there and some are carved. Near by there are the remains of some pillars which probably belonged to a monastery. There is nothing else. The place was destroyed too many times to have much left of it, but the discovery of that casket was of immense importance to the Buddhist world. I endeavoured to photo the spot but there was not much of which to make a picture. Those which I give were taken by the authorities of the museum.

Dogs barked in Buddha's time as a dog will to-day. Certainly they had lost the power of speech, which legends give them, long before the era of the great teacher, but appear to have retained their powers of comprehension.

Once when on a visit to a man named Suka, Buddha was barked at by an old white dog. He reproved the animal telling him that it was because he had been so rich that he had fallen into his present estate. The dog, deeply mortified, crept away to a corner. When his master heard the tale he was wild with rage and remonstrated in no mild fashion, but Buddha told him that the dog was his—Suka's—father come back to life in that form, and as a proof demanded that he ask where the old man had buried his treasures. This was

Museum of Peshawur

The Shrine of the Stupa of Kanishka which Held the Relics of Buddha, Peshawur

done, and promptly the dog crept under the bed and began to dig, and—there the treasure was found. So runs the legend.

One would judge from these sculptures at Peshawur that Buddha was of gigantic size, as he is represented standing by an elephant with his hand on the beast's forehead.

Amongst the many remarkable sculptures in the Peshawur museum is that of the "Ascetic Gautama." The only one like it is in the museum at Lahore. They are both intended to show the six years of fasting and austerities which Buddha underwent as a Hindu ascetic in the period of his life just subsequent to the great renunciation and prior to the attainment of enlightenment.

Born and reared a Hindu, it was not until he had proved their methods to be fruitless that he entered the path which led him to the supreme knowledge,—from the possession of that knowledge came the name Buddha, *i. e.*, "the enlightened one." The bas-reliefs on the base of the statue represent the period of his seven weeks' fasting, his second long period, which followed his attainment of enlightenment As he awakened from that seven weeks' trance, a company of merchants approached the grove where he reclined. There were two bullocks at the head of the caravan, and these suddenly refused to move forward. Unheeding blows and shouts, they lay down. Then it was found that the wheels of the cart were locked and would not turn. The whole caravan

was paralysed. At this juncture, the genius of the grove in the guise of a stranger appeared and told them of the Gautama's presence and his need of food. Offerings were made of honeycomb and wheat which he (Gautama) received in the fourfold bowl he had just accepted from the guardians of the heavenly quarters. The reliefs on the statue in Peshawur tell the story with remarkable accuracy. The student of Buddhism will find the museum of that city of intense interest. Dr. Spooner has done great work in it. His handbook, from which I have quoted freely, is of value and interest.

The astrologers and wise men declared at Buddha's birth that he would be the "saviour of the world." He certainly became a great teacher, but he did not teach salvation. "Nirvana" by the widest stretch of the imagination cannot be called "Salvation."

Museum of Peshawur

The Buddha Casket, Peshawur

CHAPTER IX

THE SNOWS

Song-Birds of India. Calcutta. Departure for the Mountains. The Hill Tribes. Darjiling. Excursion to Tiger Hill. Sunrise on the Himalayas. Mountains and Plains. "The Mystery of the Dihong." Song of the Jackals. Amusing Merchants. Back to Calcutta. Departure for Burma. Change of Plans. Native Servants.

INDIA is not without the music of song-birds. Even in the heart of Calcutta amidst the screech of parrot and peacock one hears the liquid notes of many songsters and also that strange "coppersmith." One would declare that a worker on that metal was not far away, yet the note is musical and kept up most of the day. The bird must be akin to our redheaded woodpecker but has none of the gorgeousness of his American cousin. On the contrary he is dark of plumage and insignificant in appearance, but his note is ringing and musical which is more than can be claimed by our bird.

It is winter, and yet Calcutta is even now commencing to simmer with the heat. The atmos-

phere has been so laden and choked with smoke that one has breathed with difficulty. The shops have lost their attraction and our only desire is to get away somewhere, anywhere only out of the smoke. As it is the capital city and seat of the viceroy, it is, from a social standpoint, more attractive at present than Bombay. Again, its squares and parks are far more extensive. It is a more stately city, yet in its situation with the beautiful bay on the one hand and the Indian Ocean on the other, Bombay possesses that which must make its climate far more endurable. On the other hand, Calcutta claims that her people enjoy colder winters than Bombay, or rather *weather*, for neither city knows what "winter" means. Both cities are hot, very hot. It is pleasant in Bombay now; it is not so in Calcutta, the main reason being that the latter city is allowing dense volumes of smoke to be poured out and up all day and night. Especially is this so from the steamers on the Hoogly, and as the city's principal driveway lies along that river all pleasure in its use is destroyed. Constant rasping of one's throat is not agreeable or healthy. The most smoky cities of our own land produce no such effect.

Calcutta will always be an important business centre, but as a residence its day is over. The removal of the capital to Delhi settles that. This is hard on Calcutta and those who have erected fine houses therein, but for India it is an excellent move. It certainly is not wise, when it can be

avoided, to have the capital subject to the life, good or bad, of a great city. In our own land, there are few great cities which are the capital of their States. If Paris had not been the capital of France, the effect upon the Revolution would have been marked, not that anything could have stopped it. Certainly those demons, the women, would not have walked to Versailles had that palace been a hundred miles away, and as certainly had the stupid king utilised the hydraulics of his famous ancestors and turned a strong hose, if he had one, on that mob, it would have returned to Paris a cleaner and wiser lot, and the 10th of August would have been delayed at least. Of course the locations of the capitals of our older States were chosen as nearly central to all the people as possible for their convenience in reaching them—in pre-railroad days this was no small item—but doubtless the other factor occupied a place in the minds of the men who placed them where they are, working, as men in those days did, for the good of the nation and not for their own aggrandisement, which in the twentieth century means their *pockets*. So I believe the move to Delhi is most excellent for India, but I am sorry for Calcutta. Losing the Court, I fear its people will cease to care, and it will become a very dirty town. It is much more so now than it was twenty years ago. However, let us hope not. Such need not be the case, neither is there any reason why the city should not continue to divide

with Bombay the crown of commercial supremacy —(India is big enough for both). Certainly the absence of the Court has not retarded the growth of the Western city.

Human labour is evidently far cheaper than animal. Yonder come eight men, stalwart creatures with arms crossed and wearing nothing except a white breeches cloth and white turban. Advancing in step, four abreast, they bear on their heads a grand piano and really present a very fine sight—reminding me more of those wonderful caryatids of the Kremlin than anything else I can think of. What power in the muscles of the neck and head they must possess to bear such a weight! But we are off for the Himalayas. Let me compliment the railway, "The East Indian," on its first-class carriages, far and away the best in the land. They are saloon carriages with comfortable arm-chairs; a large cloak-van adjoins where all small luggage is stowed away, yet ever ready to one's demand through the medium of a polite and attentive attendant in charge of that van only. One finds spacious, tiled toilet-rooms with silver plated stands and bowls. The sleeping-carriages are of equal comfort in every respect, and in marked and most agreeable contrast to all the other railways of India, especially that broken-down, rickety Delhi & Rohilkhand road, whereon the traveller appears to have no rights of any sort. On reaching the train in Calcutta for Darjiling, everything was quite the reverse. We

could not have been treated with greater consideration. We did not have to ask to have anything done: all that was necessary to our comfort was suggested to us and done forthwith.

The train leaves Calcutta at 3 P.M., and reaches the Ganges three hours later. Dinner is eaten on the boat, which sails for an hour down the river. Entrained again at nine P.M., early morning finds us at Siliguri, where we take the funny little baby train so well known to the traveller. Puffing and snorting with importance, it pushes its nose through the fern and bamboo forests, while the early sun is just lighting up the many bathing-tanks and the banks are gay with the brilliantly coloured clothing of the people. Parrakeets flash their vivid green from bough to bough, and flocks of white ibis drift through the orange sky. In the near distance the foothills of the mountains rise like a wall from the tropical forest, and far overhead one catches a glimpse of a single great sparkling snow mountain. Then the train begins to ascend, and for six hours twists and turns, backs and mounts. Shortly the tropics are left behind, and the foliage of our temperate zone is all around us and soon gives place to that of higher altitudes. All the sensuousness of India is gone, and gone are her black-eyed, white-robed people. In their place the almond-eyed Thibetans crowd the stations, laughing and chattering like children. Then you remember that you never hear laughter amongst the Indians; you hear nothing else

with the Thibetans. They appear to have a great sense of the ridiculous, and one is forced to laugh in concert. With all their wild appearance they seem friendly, and I think I would trust them far sooner than any of the tribes of the lowlands. The pigtail has not vanished from here as yet, and they use it for tying on their caps.

These hill tribes strike one as very much more intelligent than those of the plains. They certainly speak much more English. We spent some hours in Darjiling's market, which takes place on Sunday afternoon in the open square. It was crowded with hundreds of people from all directions, and one had no difficulty in being understood by any of them. The flat noses, wide-spaced eyes, and straight black hair are purely of the Mongolian race. The women are laden with jewelry of gold and silver, set with turquoise and coral. Quaint silver boxes of all descriptions, heavily embossed and chased, can be bought for a few rupees—any price, in fact, that one may offer. One really has no use for any of their wares, but buys principally because of the fun in the bartering and the insistence of the sellers. It is impossible to tell whether these Thibetan women are beautiful or not, as they are disgustingly dirty, and it is stated that from the lamas down these people never wash. While filthy in the extreme their dress is often picturesque, men and women dressing much alike, in gowns originally of brilliant colors but long since become dingy and ragged. They

all wear bright green and red sashes and can generally produce a basin for tea-making from somewhere in their folds. Our old ideas of their lives, their pure spirits, and lofty contemplation, are not borne out by our observations of their priests and temples. The former are covered with grease and dirt and smell aloud to heaven with an odour of rancid butter. The temples reek with vileness and are the abode of noise. Yonder is one where services are now going on and which reminds one of a boiler foundry by the tremendous noise from within its sacred walls. I do not believe there is any great learning possessed by their lamas—our Western imagination has clothed them therewith, but that is all there is in it. Listen to those horrid noises, look upon these filthy crowds—and believe otherwise if you can. Their religion is largely devil worship, and that racket and roar are to propitiate and drive off wicked spirits. Certainly Gautama Buddha would disown such as these. But I anticipate.

We are fortunate in our day. The vistas of mountain and plain as we rise and rise are enchanting, but when we finally make our goal in Darjiling, the "place of the thunderbolt," the gods which hurl it have lowered their curtain of mist before the sanctuary, and the great mountains are hidden from us, so there is nothing to do but hope and pray for a benignant mood on their part to-morrow.

Still, even in the mist, one is impressed with the

situation. The town stands on hills higher than Mount Washington, and its lights twinkle far, far down into the many valleys. To take any sort of a walk necessitates going up and down a mountain. All above and around us hangs the dense curtain of mist, yet one feels that up there there is something grand, something made by God.

We pass the afternoon in the hotel, where we shiver and shake with cold, all the more penetrating because of our recent days in the lowlands. I wear my fur coat to dinner. Fires are ordered in our rooms, and after a vain attempt to gain pleasure by a walk we go to bed, leaving orders to be called at 3.30 A.M. for the trip to Tiger Hill.

To be summoned from a deep sleep in a warm bed at 3 A.M. is not pleasurable even in balmy summer. To be forced to get up in a room like an ice-box, and in cold which penetrates one's very marrow, requires courage and a determination not to miss what *may* be in store for us on Tiger Hill, two thousand feet above us and ten miles away. So with the aid of hot tea we are shortly up and off, we men on ponies that seem to understand their business, the women in chairs ("dandies"), each borne by four coolies. So we move off into a world of mountains sleeping under a full moon, but her light shows us nothing save a blank where the great range towers. As the horses toil upward, the lights of the village gleam far down through mists, but—a good omen—the heavens are spangled with stars. Parenthetically

—if you lose the route, leave it to your pony—he knows.

Our ponies have trotted on ahead, leaving my wife in her "dandy" some distance behind. Not knowing exactly what the bearers might be, we waited, but they would come soon along, at a steady trot, singing the "Song of the Dandy," a cheery-looking lot of cut-throats holding a musical festival all their own, and trying to explain to Mem-sahib what it means.

For two hours we mount, finally through snow-laden trees and over icy ways which cause the ponies to move gingerly. Tiger Hill being reached, we ascend a lofty platform and behold—what? All the worlds above us, but of our own, nothing. A Götterdämmerung reigns all around, for here is, nothing; not clouds, just a vast and awful emptiness—emptiness and silence. Gradually as the moon pales, the sky around us seems peopled with ghostly intangible forms, forms without form, shadows which appear trooping all above and around, blocking out the low-lying constellations and bearing down upon the earth beneath.

Behind, and so directly under us that it would appear possible to toss a ball thereon, stretch the limitless plains of India, misty, as yet indistinct in the dawn; while in front, and far down where the valley lies almost at sea level, rolls a majestic river of mist backward and forward in ghostly fashion. Then a pink crown-like cloud appears, floating heavenwards, directly opposite, surely a "cloud,"

and too high up to belong to the earth lying so darkly below. But as the light strengthens, it grows more distinct, and finally, before the sun shows its crimson disc in the East, the "cloud" begins to sparkle and glow with an intense rosy light, and shortly, just below it and far on either hand, the great range of earth's mightiest mountains springs into vivid life, gleaming and flashing and sparkling, now rose, now blue, now purple and pale gold, against a black sky, with that white crown of Kunchinjunga glistening far above all—truly not the throne of Mohammed, nor yet of Brahma or Buddha, but the throne of God. If St. John could return to the abodes of men, he would re-write the Revelations, for this is a far grander throne of God than any revealed to his eyes. Apart from the world one seems to be, here, not a sound breaks the intense stillness; not a living thing is in sight: not a drifting cloud, just those vast, majestic mountains, quivering and glowing with flame and rose against an indigo sky, with mighty Kunchinjunga rising like a diadem in the midst of it all. All the other mountains of the world are nothing when compared to this. Below us the mountains fall away, ridge after ridge, to almost the level of the sea, and then rise again, cliff on cliff, mountain on mountain, until they tower above us twenty-eight thousand feet. All of that vast height rises before us, and yet it is scarcely comprehended until one realises that one is standing two thousand feet above the crest of

Photo by T. H. Paar

Kunchinjunga

Mount Washington and that the cliffs which lie around are higher than many noted ranges, and yet in the presence of the awful majesty of the upper mountains they are as nothing.

We are scarce two hundred miles from sea level here, and the land in the entire distance rises but little, until the foothills spring up as if by magic and shortly reach almost the highest altitude known on earth.

The sun has risen by now and we turn toward the point in the north where earth, reaching nearest up to heaven, reveals Mount Everest, a white cone, one hundred and twenty miles away.

The lover of geography, as he stands here, will find his thoughts wandering off to that almost unknown land which lies north and east of yonder mountain, whence comes that vast river the Dihong, which becomes the Brahmaputra. Lately, that region, the Abor country, has come into the limelight of the world by means of the murders of some Englishmen which have occurred there, and the necessity for punishing those guilty may lead to a solution of the geographical puzzle. Perhaps I may be pardoned for quoting here an article which I cut from a Calcutta paper the other day. It was called:

THE MYSTERY OF THE DIHONG

A Geographical Problem

Although the circumstances are terribly sad, the tragedy in the Abor country, writes the *Englishman*,

will once again serve to draw attention to the geographical puzzle afforded by the Dihong River. Is it or is it not the same river which, taking its rise away in Lake Manasarowar in the west, flows through the heart of Thibet and then turns sharply southward near Gaya-la Jong? Gaya-la Jong is, roughly speaking, one hundred and fifty miles as the crow flies from Passi-ghat, the highest surveyed point of the Dihong. The river here seems to flow from the north, and Mr. J. Needham, whilst Political Officer at Sadiya, came to the conclusion that the Dihong of Assam and the Sanpo of Thibet were one and the same river. But it has been pointed out by geographers, who are hard to convince, that the Sanpo has a volume of water larger than that of the Dihong, and considering the nature of the other Himalayan and trans-Himalayan rivers which run into India or China, the volume of water ought to be much greater lower down than higher up. It is true that the Oxus and the Helmund and rivers which run through sandy deserts often lose themselves. But no one imagines that there is a sandy desert between Gaya-la Jong and Passi-ghat, and so some of the geographers say that until the course of the Dihong is traced to Gaya-la Jong there is still room for doubt whether the Sanpo does not merge into the Salwin or the Mekong, the sources of which rivers still remain unknown and which have a volume of water that can compare with that of the Sanpo in Thibet. The Dihong, they assert, may be fed by local streams, for there is much snow in the Abor hills in the winter, and during the monsoon the rainfall is incessant. The Dihong, which, of course, later becomes the Brahmaputra, may, in fact, be a

T. H. Paar

Mt. Everest

river like the Ganges, taking its rise on our side of the Himalayas.

A geographical problem of this kind has, of course, not escaped the attention of the Survey Department, and many ingenious methods have been resorted to to discover the truth. Of these the most ingenious was to send agents in disguise to Gaya-la Jong to drop into the river marked pieces of wood which were to be watched for on the Dihong. The agents said they had done this but nothing came down the Dihong. Then daring Gurkhas volunteered to follow up the Dihong till they entered Thibet. We believe that six men from time to time offered themselves for this dangerous task. None of them has ever returned. They were either killed or enslaved by the Abors. At the time of the Lassa Expedition a great opportunity offered itself, and the proposal was actually considered that the 8th Gurkhas on the return journey should march down the Sanpo River and enter India by the Abor territory. The proposal, however, was dropped as too risky. In the meanwhile, however, people have been learning more about the sources of the Salwin and the Mekong, and the Survey of India has now definitely come to the conclusion that the Dihong is the Sanpo and nothing else. Their maps show the two rivers as one, the unknown portion of the course being marked by dotted lines. But if the two rivers are one, somewhere between Gaya-la Jong and Passi-ghat there must be the most tremendous falls in existence, beside which Gersoppa or Niagara are mere child's play, for one cannot come with a sudden jump from Thibet into India without jumping very far. Even the men who believe that the Sanpo

problem has been solved betray the most tremendous curiosity about these falls. From the friendly Abors no geographical information can be obtained. They are afraid to go beyond Passi-ghat. The other Abors who come down to Sadiya for the fair refuse any information about the country. The planters on the Brahmaputra say that only a large and properly equipped military expedition will ever discover the falls, and it will have to fight every inch of the way.

That is all very interesting, but would the wonderful falls materialise? The world has been constantly threatened with the production of a falls which would cause Niagara to hide its diminished head. Forty years ago it was even maintained that such existed in our Western land, but nothing better than Shoshone turned up. While the Victoria Falls are far higher, they fall into a chasm and the mist hides the cataract, which one is warned to visit when the river is full, and just there Niagara still wears the crown, for the passing seasons have no effect upon the vast ocean of water which forever rolls over that precipice. It is not the height of Niagara which impresses, but the grandeur of the flood. Still yonder mountains may hide a cataract worthy of their company, and if so, I should like to see it. Pity 't is that life is not long enough to see all this world,—but the day advances.

As the air becomes warmer, the rivers of mist, far down the mountains, rise and rise and roll on and upward until the mountains are veiled. We

turn with regret away and pass down again to Darjiling satisfied as one rarely is in this life.

The weather continues fine all day: a brilliant sun shines, and merely a curtain of clouds is draped like lace above us, through which Kunchinjunga shines entrancingly. Even at night the fates are propitious. It is full moon time, and as Luna sails upwards the scene is beautiful. The lights of Darjiling twinkle all around us in the deep green of the hills, and travel far down into the valleys, while all the snowy range sparkles as though powdered with silver. As the moonlight increases in strength, the stillness of the night is shattered to fragments by the snarl and bark of many jackals, some dozen or so, sweeping just under our windows as they rush down the mountain, shouting their wild bacchanalian cry to the moon. On the top of a green hill glisten the monuments of those who have gone. What a sepulchre! To sleep forever guarded by that encircling grandeur.

This hotel is built with porticoes enclosed in glass, so, with a bright fire near, we sit and watch the wondrous world without until very weariness drives us to bed and the deepest of sleep.

If you are so inclined, you may have great amusement with the merchants who crowd the courtyard of this woodland hotel. Their wares are attractive, especially the Chuda shawls and the furs, amongst the latter the beautiful white pelt of "snow wolf," but it is risky to purchase them, as they are not well cured and hence are

ruined and must soon be thrown away when brought to hot climates.

The merchants seem at first to be most dignified-looking men. Great white turbans and long snowy beards add majesty to their appearance. They absolutely refuse to consider any price at first lower than those which, after having estimated the probable size of your purse, they have affixed to their wares. You cannot phase them even when you prove that they have given half a dozen different prices to as many persons. Of course this is all bluff—but I have known them to maintain their first price when they did not like the would-be purchaser. They do enjoy fun and barter and trade, and if you are of like mind the amusement to all concerned is great. They will wave things at you while you eat, appear at your front door and back door, and even at your bathroom door. Indeed I have heard prices whispered at me through the cracks in the wall after I had gone to bed.

"Master, hab got berry proper price."

"Get out, you devil, or I 'll shoot."

Whereupon there is a wild stampede down the steps outside, and even the jackals flee away in terror. For the remainder of that night you rest in peace,—but as you emerge from your room in the morning the whole place is blocked with men and bundles from which there is no hope of escape until your train moves away. Even then they cling to the doors, and just now I bought a silver box a mile down the line.

Our little train slips downward through the hills. One last glimpse of the snows is afforded us as we pause at a Thibetan village; then they vanish, and we roll onward until we are once more in the bamboo and fern forest, and then out on the plains of India. It is dark by now, our beds look very comfortable, and we are shortly in the Land of Nod, waking at the call, "Master, we are at the Ganges." Noon finds us again in stifling Calcutta, with all the glories of the past two days but memories.

If you are ever hereabouts in the month of May, go up to Darjiling. It must then with its beautiful flowers, its song-birds, and gurgling waters be a veritable paradise. There will be no fear of fog; day after day will be cloudless. Truly the place must be dreamland.

A few days in Calcutta and we moye eastward towards Burma, but as will be seen, our entire itinerary was changed before we reached Rangoon.

It had been our intention to go south to Java, and then north, and finally back to Europe over the Siberian Railway, but we found that owing to the crowded ships and short time, and also the presence of the pneumonic plague in Siberia, we could not follow out that route. What to do was a question. Fate, or what you will, decided it very shortly. A fortunate meeting with an English officer on the *Bengalia* settled the matter for us. He knew Kashmir, and after a talk with him I proposed to our party to turn back and spend

the spring in that vale of romance and story. My wife promptly decided upon Kashmir, after which it was not necessary for the rest of us to vote at all.

On arrival at Rangoon I wrote to Cockburn's Agency at Srinagar concerning a houseboat and other matters, and requested a telegram reply at Calcutta. It will be there on our arrival.

In the meantime we journeyed in Burma as far as Mandalay. As these notes are intended for travellers, perhaps here and elsewhere I may be pardoned if I have something to say about that most important—to them—subject of service.

In the advertisements for servants one constantly reads, "No Christians need apply." Our hostess at Ahloua House in Rangoon said that she was able at one time to purchase a fine stock of table and bed linen from a wrecked steamer. The night it was delivered at her house, she and her husband were drugged by an ayah (maid)—who had lived with her for eleven years, and whom she trusted absolutely, but who vanished that night taking the entire stock of linen.

In Ceylon they will bore a hole through the wall near your bed and by the use of hollow reeds blow a powder into the room which will stupefy for hours; then they leisurely rob you. Not long since a little girl awoke her ayah and asked why Coolie was in Mamma's room. The ayah happened to be, as many are, faithful, and sprang into the room just in time to see a black figure jump through the window, and on trying to arouse her

master and mistress found they were both in a drugged sleep from which it was difficult to awaken them.

As long as I am on this subject—not a pleasant one—of native servants, I will relate what has just happened to us in Burma. We engaged a Madrasi—they are always Madrasis—in Rangoon at Cook's, or rather in Cook's office. That firm knew nothing about him, but on looking him over thought he would do. I had my doubts when he told me he was "a good Christian." However, our time was short, we had to have a boy, and so engaged him for our Burmese trip. He did very well during that journey. We returned to Rangoon on Friday morning, March 2, 1911. That afternoon "Sammy" did not turn up. The following morning he did, but a wreck and in a state of tears. "Ah, master, my poor wife. She is very ill and I think will die with dysentery. I had to take her to the hospital yesterday afternoon and so could not come. I hope master will forgive," and raising his hands in a devotional attitude he bowed low before us, tears streaming down his black face the while. Of course we were all sympathy and gave him the day off as he "had five children with no one to look after them." The next morning while we were down town he brought a very likely looking and acting black man up and said he was his brother who had come down from Prome to get the children and would take them back that night. This boy confirmed Sammy's

report, viz., that the wife could not recover. We gave him passage-money for the five children to Prome, and Sammy wept in gratitude. Groups of curious natives gathered around greatly interested, and now I believe that whole lot fully understood the situation. Again we gave Sammy the afternoon off. When he came the following morning he reported the wife better, that the doctors thought in a week she could go to Prome. We told him to bring a carriage that afternoon for a last visit to the great pagoda, Shoay Dagon. He did not come and we missed the visit. Next morning he turned up, blear-eyed and weeping. "Could not come, had to go to hospital." That I knew was a lie as they are not allowed to hang round the hospitals, and I ordered him down stairs and out of sight. Then came the landlady with the report that he had been turned out of her compound the night before where he had been found dancing a weird dance of his own and very drunk, and when she told him that all the stuff he had told us about his wife was false and he knew it, he acknowledged it but begged her not to tell the sahib.

He actually had the face to come to me for a recommendation after that. As we had a large lot of luggage to get aboard our ship that afternoon, I thought discretion would be the better part of valour and put him off, saying I would see to it on board ship. We had given him the twenty rupees and so let that pass. R——

paid him off at the ship, deducting for the days he had missed. Then he turned to me for his recommendation, and he got it, but not what he expected. "Sammy, you will get no recommendation from us. You have had the best of treatment and how have you repaid it? You are a drunkard, a liar, and a thief; all that about your wife's illness was a lie and you know it. Now go." He stood staring at me for an instant with his head stuck out like a cobra ready to strike, and a glare in his eye which in the dark would have meant a knife for me, and then turned and slunk away without a word. I believe that the man who passed himself off as his brother was the head rascal of a gang banded together for robbery of travellers.

A resident of Rangoon told me later that whenever a boy came to him with tales of sick relatives, he simply kicked him out. Doubtless Sammy went that day to confession and casting the entire burden of sin upon the priest's shoulders went forth to do it again at the first opportunity; confession to these people does not mean any moral obligation to try and do better, but simply a means of getting rid of their troubles *in toto*, after which no memory thereof causes them an instant's regret or induces their reform.

These men cannot be treated as we treat servants at home. You ruin the best if you try it. They take advantage of every possible point until

one becomes at first very weary and then ceases to give them any chances at all. If you open your own carriage door once or twice you may continue to do so, etc. The only possible way to keep a man a good servant is to demand every possible service and favour him not at all. This seems hard but those who live in India will bear me out in the assertion that it is absolutely necessary.

If you permit an Indian servant to enter your presence with his shoes on, he loses respect for you at once, and will act accordingly, as you will soon discover. It produces the same effect upon him as allowing a European servant to wear his hat in like place would do. One cannot be too careful about these things, for with these servants more than all others little things—little to us only, not to them—make the man. In Kashmir on the houseboat later, as I entered the dining-room, our boy, who had been a very good servant, stood there with his shoes on. I saw I must act at once, and I said, "Mokim, you have forgotten something," and pointed to his feet. Off came the shoes in an instant and he promptly begged my pardon, blushing if ever a brown face could blush. Had I passed over the offence he would promptly have followed it up by something which could not have been overlooked and which would have forced his dismissal. Not to remove the shoes is with them marked disrespect. Nothing they could do would, in their eyes, be more so. Don't forget that, if

you desire your bearer to remain of service to you.

I shall omit all mention of Burma as I have already had my say on that interesting land in another book.[1]

[1] *Quaint Corners of Ancient Empires.*

CHAPTER X

AMRITSAR AND THE SIKHS

Return to India. Kashmir. Former Attempts to Reach the Vale. Life on the Bay of Bengal. Departure for the North. The "Punjab Mail" and Life on it. Sikh Rule. Amritsar, their Holy City. The Golden Temple. Festivals of the Holi and Ceres.

AS the coming months are favourable for travel in the north doubtless at last I shall see the famous Vale of Kashmir. Twenty years ago it was arranged that I should join some officers stationed at Quetta and that we should spend the summer in the Vale. Everything was ready and I left Naples in high spirits only to find when I had boarded the ship at Brindisi that I had dysentery. Returning to Rome I was ill for two weeks, and then with the approval of the doctor started again. That time I sailed only to be ordered back at Port Said by the ship's doctor. That summer typhoid fever nearly ended my earthly troubles.

Two years later I started with the late Count Jules de Bylandt—poor fellow, he met his death on the toboggan chutes at St. Moritz three years

ago—through Central Asia (see *Heart of the Orient*) and by rail, tarantass, and ponies had reached almost to Kashgar, when ill health, probably a relic of the fever, forced my return to Russia. Now I think I shall reach the goal.

It is early in March. After a day or two in Calcutta we shall make a quick run to Peshawur and enter the valley via Rawalpindi about March 25th. Booked to sail from Bombay on the P. O. ship of May 27th we shall leave the vale only in time to catch that steamship. The run to Bombay will be hot but I think we can stand it. At least those are the plans. Will they be carried through or will fate again shut me out, and leave me like the "Perii at the gates of Eden" standing disconsolate? Who can tell?

In the meantime we are sailing the Bay of Bengal. Day and night the heavens appear to be in grand celebration over something. Such deep blue seas and sparkling skies by day and such gorgeous sunsets and wonderful starlit nights! The ship swarms with natives going back to India now the work of Burma is done with,—fifteen hundred of them on this small craft. Looking forward as I sit here they perch like monkeys in every available spot and the prow seems a wriggling swarm of black things come up from the sea and which from my point of vantage have no semblance to humanity. The Hindus lie around quietly enough, for as they eat nothing at sea save a kind of rice—nothing cooked—they are not in

an aggressive state. The Mohammedans gaze at one in a sleepy fashion as they puff their long-stemmed pipes. There are a bunch of dancing girls, wearing very full accordion-pleated skirts of brilliant reds and blues. Their heads are shaded by veils and mantles of every known hue, their toes decorated with silver and gold rings, while their ankles are burdened with such a weight of carved anklets in gold and silver that one wonders the wearer can walk, much less dance. Their arms are covered with bracelets almost to the elbow, and their ears are dragged down with a weight of ornament. Through the nostrils runs a wire with a tiny gold flower on either end. One wonders how they can breathe. As they lie in a shadowy corner, their gleaming black eyes miss nothing, and glitter like those of a serpent when aught of interest crosses their line of vision, and they are interested in most things. Groups of delicate featured Persians, dressed in long white robes and wearing the tall cap of black astrakan, sit around playing cards. Yonder stands the freight clerk, a black boy, Hindu by birth but converted. His pay is but fifty rupees per month, and he has no show of mounting much higher on sea or shore, but, as the second officer just remarked, "Those boys can live on the smell of a greased rag."

All this on the second-class deck,—while on the lower deck and in the hold below as on the prow of the ship wriggle and twist all those natives, like a mass of snakes. What would happen to us

if that lot were turned loose? Certainly if the worst occurred they would consider their lives as valuable as we do ours,—strange to say. Sometimes it does occur that a ship is "taken over by such." Then the scene passes all description.

It is here stated that ocean ships are not required by law to carry any appliances for the preservation of officers and crew, but when the supreme moment arrives what is to prevent a crew —especially such a crew as this one—from remembering that self-preservation is a law above all those made by man? That occurred on the *Burgoyne*. The loss of the *Titanic* certainly makes an Anglo-Saxon proud of his race, in so far as that point is concerned. The scenes were terrible on that ship but she went down in peace and quietness when compared to the awful scenes which would have occurred had she been manned by an eastern crew and loaded with an oriental crowd. Such a tragedy may occur any day and the only way to prevent it is to change a law which "does not require means of protection for officers and crew." But to return to the *Bengalia*.

On the main deck stands the captain and his officers, all in immaculate white, inspecting the stokers, a dozen of as dirty black devils as sail the seas. No clothing to speak of embarrasses nature. When asked if they are married they say they don't know whether they are or not and seem much amused by the question. The clatter of the morning life has all passed away and the

ship's company slumbers save for the sad voice of a Brahmin chanting the oldest hymns in the world.

Five o'clock brings life and tea. It would be a desperate state of affairs which could cause a traveller to miss his tea. It is not only refreshing but affords time to inspect one's fellow-travellers.

There is rather a pretty Eurasian girl on board, but I regret to say that I have found none of that race which commend themselves. This one was brought to the ship by her relatives in Rangoon, evidently well-to-do people and fashionably dressed. She was met in Calcutta by her father and mother, the best-looking Eurasians I have encountered. Yet all the way over she permitted the commonest kind of a travelling man, a drummer for a cigarette shop, to pay her the most personal attention, to the disgust of all on the ship,—something she minded not at all. He tried to whisper sweet nothings down the ventilator to her stateroom, but he got the wrong one and awakened a maiden lady of unimpeachable virtue, who in a shrill tone, perfectly audible in the other cabins, told him that if he did not get out she would call the captain. That ended the episode and slumber settled over all on the good ship *Bengalia*.

We landed next day and found Ahmed awaiting us and were soon back in our old rooms at the Imperial Hotel. Telegrams and letters from the Agency in Srinagar await me here. Everything

is arranged and our boats will be in Baramula on our arrival.

We leave Calcutta March 13th for Lahore en route for Kashmir. It is steaming hot and we shall be glad to reach the north. The sky has been overcast all day, presaging rain. About four o'clock a sharp clap of thunder started things and in a few moments the heavens were pouring the longed-for element in torrents on the parched earth. The very soil seemed to rejoice and the myriads of crows splashed and sported in the puddles. How happy they looked and how impudent! There is nothing those crows don't know, and it is not at all unusual to find them in one's bedroom stealing bright pins and buttons. Sometimes man's patience becomes exhausted and he orders a slaughter of crows. Sixteen hundred were shot in the fort here in one day, but with no apparent effect. They were as thick as ever in an hour's time and seemed to bear no resentment for such wholesale murder. These Indian "Biddies" are drab coloured with black heads and wings and tail. When it rains here, it rains. For hours the torrent descended, and then, like the curtain of a theatre, the clouds were swept away and the hot sun turned the city into a steam bath. We know it is bitter cold at Darjiling and we hear there was an inch of snow in Rawalpindi yesterday. So our fur coats go with us.

All railway stations in India present an interesting sight at most any hour of the day and es-

pecially on the departure of trains. The great Howrah Station of Calcutta looks more like an army camping out than the place for departure from a peaceful city. The vast enclosure and all its platforms are piled high with every description of box and bundle and crowded with groups of picturesque people.

We consider that we are travelling light, yet I am ashamed of the two huge trucks of stuff which I am forced to claim as our own, and more ashamed when I come to pay the bill for extra luggage. One truckload is absorbed into our double compartment carriage. One travels in state as it were; here are two spacious compartments reserved for us, each with its toilet-room and with a compartment at either end for the servants. A van just in front carries our luggage and the whole is marked for Lahore.

If the hotels in a town are not good, one lives in one's car. The whole thing is far more simple and less expensive than private cars in America. A traveller in India always sends his bearer to the station to engage a compartment, at *no* expense, in fact almost the entire train is formed of "engaged" carriages. So universal is the custom that you stand a fair chance of finding no accommodations if you have not done so. Of course you have to carry your bedding, towels, and soap. The carriages are well lighted and often have electric fans. They are comfortable for these winters.

The babble of the crowds at the stations in

India surpasses any that I have ever listened to in the Orient, just as the crowds are far more picturesque. The Arabs and Sarts are perhaps stately, but the Indians, in the south especially, blaze into such brilliant colours that to one new to the land the multitude appears *en fête*. Evidently the crowd is metropolitan.

Yonder is a Hindu family. The little mother, robed in blue, red, and deep orange, has a green mantle drooping around her jet black hair and soft black eyes. Heavy gold earrings have pulled her ears out of shape. She wears a necklace of the same material while her arms are laden with massive bangles of the precious metal, and her fingers and toes with rings of gold and silver. Astride her hip she carried a baby clothed as the good God sent it into this world. Her little husband, robed in white with a white and gold turban over his black face, appears very proud of her and of the three other children, clothed more or less in nothing at all.

Later on I see them all perched like a lot of chickens on the two top berths of a second-class car, which hold in addition two other like families. There certainly were a dozen people therein. How they did it was a wonder, but they are all there in the morning, and none the worse for the packing.

Two of the men were of that piteous race, the Eurasians, scorned by the whites and only tolerated by the natives, but they *must* ride with the latter.

At last I realise that we are really bound for Kashmir. Thousands of people appear to be going in the same direction. Our train, the Punjab mail, is immense in length, and just across the platform stands the Bombay mail where one carriage is reserved for some general who is bound for "home." Half a dozen servants are busy cleaning it out and they do it thoroughly. What a lot of servants these people use. That man is alone and he must have six. Our three do not show up by comparison except when it comes to work, when, as two of the three are Europeans, we get more done in fifteen minutes than his six can do in an hour. It is pleasant to have no one to say farewell to us and we can enjoy watching all the rest of mankind with no drain on our own feelings. So to-night we watch the general and his friends, but feel somewhat left out in not being offered any of the champagne which they are consuming in bumpers, but a bell rings and we enter our train which glides quietly off into the night and the long run to the north-west begins. It rains heavily all night and we are most comfortable in consequence.

These carriages are so spacious that we are using two of our long ship-chairs. We have our ship-trunk and an ice-chest, to say nothing of rolls of bedding, luncheon and tea baskets, etc.

It is surprising how a traveller accumulates such things and how rapidly he gets rid of them as India drops behind the ship and down below

the horizon of the ocean, drops off and away as though it had never been. It will be two months before we depart and in the meantime she bulks very large in our lives.

We leave Calcutta at 9 P.M. This Punjab mail is rapid, and rushes through the hours of the night with but few stoppages, but when they do occur one wakes, as the natives of India are not quiet to say the least. Just now our carriage halted near a large box of the real "natives." Dozens of small monkeys kidnapped from their native jungle were en route to the great outer world. They did not like it a bit and said so. Mogul Serai, the junction for Benares, is passed at 11 A.M., Allahabad at noon, Cawnpore, with its awful memories of the Mutiny, at 8 P.M., and Delhi at midnight, the junction for Simla at dawn of the second day.

As we cross river after river of Northern India we note their shifting character. Wide stretches of flats are green and brilliant with flowers, but showing their marshy formation by the many pools in which the stately crane is reflected as he pauses in deep contemplation, solemnly standing on one leg. All this will be flooded at the next "rains" and the river be in a far different channel. None of them are certain as to their beds until they become rock-bound. Now they are placid and shallow. Buffaloes wallow here and there and ripples which may be made by some passing crocodile circle over the face of the waters.

As we approach the north-west the character of the people changes, the sunny faced Hindustani giving place to the stalwart, stately men of the north, their heavily bearded faces topped by gigantic white turbans. They have strange tastes in fabrics. Their clothing is all of white cotton cloth, but it looks as though the wearer had smeared it around in a slaughter-house as it is all stained in brilliant blood-coloured splotches. Ahmed, our native servant, says this is the result of the festival of "Holi" now on, when it is the custom to throw red dye and paints at each other. The result is startling.

Times are certainly changing with some of these people. I offered a Hindu some food just now, and he took it with many salaams. Years ago, I tried beggars, starving beggars, with good food, but always met with stern refusal. To-day I gave a beggar a pot of cheese rather too high for our taste, and he is greasing his body with it with evident satisfaction, not only to himself but myriads of flies. I suppose the food of the infidel can be used for outer anointing. My wife gave him two coppers and he fairly danced a jig, pointing the while to his mouth and then to an itinerant vendor of food; he will have a meal now, and such stuff; horrors, how can he eat it!

Eleven A.M. of our second day finds us rolling into Amritsar. Here we pause for a glimpse of the Golden Temple.

Things are managed well for the traveller in

India. A word to the guard and our car is placed on a convenient siding, to remain as long as we desire it. The traveller is charged one rupee per hour demurrage, and can keep the car as long as he desires. As we go on to Lahore, we keep the car and securing a broken-down trap hauled by two wretched ponies start out to inspect the city.

Sikh rule became enforced in this district in the early part of the nineteenth century and was based upon the simple plan of setting every one against every one else and rewarding murder. Omitting the finale I think I have known many Sikhs in our own land. There is a politician of our day who is endeavouring to accomplish his ends by just those means.

Amritsar is a Sikh city as the Punjab was their country. They were originally only a religious sect founded by Nanak of Lahore in 1469. Hence they were contemporaneous with the Moghuls. The creed of Nanak was a reformed Hinduism *free from idolatry*. "Sikh" means disciple. They had a spiritual head and sacred books and paid a tax.

The tyranny of Aurungzebe in executing the "Guru" (spiritual head) roused them to form a military constitution and if their hatred of Mohammedanism grew with persecution, their strength increased in proportion, until the Punjab became the battle-ground of India, where war never ceased until the English obtained control.

Ranjit Singh was governor of Lahore, and made

an alliance with the English which he maintained. Upon his death in 1839 the Sikhs lost their unity and trouble of all sorts arose until the end came in 1845–6. It is possible to understand England's surrender of Kashmir when one reads this Punjab history.

Great Britain had her hands full in the lowlands and might have found it difficult to hold the mountain state. By turning it over to the Rajah of Jummu she secured his neutrality, and danger from an attack from the mountains vanished. Doubtless she has her reasons for not demanding its return and doubtless also she knows her own business better than any outsider, even though he has been in the land more than "five days." Hence, I shall not attempt to tell her how to manage Kashmir. But to return to the holy city.

The spring is breaking and the air feels its freshness. It has rained heavily lately and wet does not add to the beauty of these oriental towns; we find Amritsar—the holy city of the Sikhs—a sea of vile mud, through which her people wade ankle deep. One is filled with the idea that disease must be rife under such circumstances, and is glad that one is not forced to walk. The biblical word "stinketh" best describes the condition of Umrita-Saru the "Pool of Immortality."

The Golden Temple stands on a marble platform in the centre of a vast tank and is approached by a marble causeway. Its upper story and cupolas glisten in the sunshine. The temple, quadrangular

in form, is crowned with a flat dome and numerous little belfries all covered with burnished copper gilt plates,—not gold,—and forms with its two minarets an enchanting picture, being reflected perfectly in the pool, a picture you will enjoy if you can suspend your sense of smell.

Akbar gave the site which holds the pool, and as we see the structure to-day it dates only from 1802, when Ranjit seized it and roofed the shrine in copper gilt, and as we shall learn later decorated it by despoiling the royal tombs in Lahore. It is in the centre of the city and a wide marble platform surrounds the tank. The scene is especially picturesque to-day because of the festival of Holi. Last night great bonfires were lit in her honour and to-day the people crowd these sacred precincts.

The gutters of the town are flooded with some matter like cochineal, which is splattered by the people over each other's white garments, producing a most startling effect, especially when they are massed together as in this open space around the tank. There are many baskets of flowers of brilliant colours arranged in geometric figures. The priests sit nearby on a marble balcony and the passing crowds toss at them clouds of red powder. Women in all the colours of the rainbow mingle with the white-robed men, and the glittering temple rises fairy-like from the green waters of the tank, while the effect of the golden-domed cupolas against the blue sky is surpassingly beautiful. As we cross the marble causeway garlands

of yellow flowers are thrown round our necks and much red stuff sticks to our collars until we are all good Sikhs together.

The interior of the shrine is a mass of mirrors set into painted walls, gold being the predominant colour. Still one does not care to linger. There is a smeary vileness about which drives one forth and away. Mohammedan shrines are remembered with pleasure, but the Hindu temples while one desires to see them once, one does not care to return. So it is in Amritsar, and we are shortly back in the carriage, leaving our rented slippers at the gate. This place is so holy that one must take off everything into the construction of which *leather* has entered; aside from Mohammedan mosques, this is the only temple in India that I recall where this Mohammedan custom of slippers prevails.

In this section these two great religions are markedly affected by each other. Our servant is Mohammedan, yet to-day he refused certain food stuffs, and here in this Sikh temple one must take off one's shoes. We had brought new slippers of straw, but were not allowed to use them, the rental of slippers being a perquisite of the gate-keeper which we must not do him out of and in which our servant doubtless profited. So we were perforce obliged to wear the dirty ones provided. The keeper and priests of this place are a lot of leeches and by every means in their power tried to levy toll, by the flower garlands, by the greasy

Mrs. Shoemaker

The Golden Temple, Amritsar

sacred sweets, etc., and if you give in once you are lost, for their numbers multiply like flies and they would sell you their clothes. In the temple sat three priests with a white cloth splotched all over with that red colour and upon which the people cast coins in exchange for the flowers. Ahmed insists that none of the money comes from the people, but is placed there by the priests to lure more coins from our pockets; if so, it failed. However, Ahmed is a Mohammedan and also he perhaps had no share in this graft.

Just a word about the "Holi." It is a spring festival and the rites symbolise the prayer of humanity for a good harvest. The up-country men prepare a fire to which they offer green sugar-cane. The festival is to the Hindu what the "Litoralia" was to the Romans. In this latter day it has lost its religious significance and has degenerated into mere merrymaking of the wildest sort, not unlike our Hallowe'en but gross. A prominent Hindu in Bombay is endeavouring to deprive it of all its classic indecent features, but he has not succeeded as yet. In some of the towns a huge figure is erected some sixty feet in height and so indecent that at one time it was suppressed. Strange to say the opium trade fell off very seriously just after this and the people attributed it to the suppression of that figure (of the god "Mat Muram"), so they succeeded in getting the order revoked, and now he stands forth in a most shocking manner. The feast is called also "Dole Jatra,"

but save in the houses of the most pious it has lost its religious significance entirely. In such, flowers, scents, and much incense are used, together with the red powder prepared from wood and called "Phag," in colour like cochineal. Amongst the lower orders there are remarks made about people in their hearing, Nautch dancers fill the streets, and the blood-red liquid is squirted from the syringes upon every one, especially on those who appear clean, while the red powder is smeared on each other's faces and hands. As for the noise, it is appalling, fully equalling New York on an election night. The significance of the feast has long since been lost.

In marked contrast is the feast of Gouri, or the Hindu Ceres. Free from all such taints, it follows immediately upon the former. The name of the goddess Gouri signifies "yellow," the colour of the harvest. She holds in one hand the emblem of reproduction, the lotus, and in the other a club, whereby, as Kali, she signifies death, so holding both in her power. She is also called "Pudma," the "nurse of the human race." When her feast day arrives her images are made and held by every household in the land. Placed on a platform with a "Lingam" (the organ of life) they are surrounded by earth in which grain has been planted. Artificial heat and much water soon cause the grain to sprout. Then the women of the house dance and sing around it, praying that they may be blessed with children. On the whole, the con-

trast of the beauty of this feast with the coarse, voluptuous, and vulgar Holi is most striking.

Ask a Hindu to produce any authority from the Rig-vedas for this ceremony of Holi (or any of the many others of its kind), for its orgies and indecencies, and if he thinks about it at all he will regard the question as an implied desecration of their holy hymns to suppose there is or could be anything to sanction such rites.

We have come this way, not like the famous Lalla Rookh, in a palanquin surrounded and guarded by gorgeously caparisoned attendants on Arab horses, but in a railway carriage, and we do not regret the change; there may be less romance, but there certainly is more comfort. Neither are we going to marry the Prince of Bokhara, but we are going to Kashmir. However, we must first visit Lahore and Peshawur, and towards the former we start about 4 P.M.

CHAPTER XI

LAHORE

Approach to Lahore. Majestic City. News from Kashmir. The Arabic City. Gorgeousness of Akbar. His Wealth. The English Cantonment. Tomb of the "Pomegranate Blossom." Her Burial Alive. Approach to Jahângir's Tomb. Its Quaint Magnificence. The Tomb of Baber. The Mausoleums of Asifjah and Nurjahan. History of Nurjahan. Shahjahan. His Resurrection. Ascent to the Throne and Dethronement. Aurungzebe. Refusal to Allow his Father to See Delhi. The Peacock Throne. Thrones in Persia. Decline, Fall, and Ending of the Great Moghuls. Their Deserted Palaces. The Golden Mosque. The Juma Masjid. "Shalimar." "House of Joy." Shahjahan's Gardens.

ONE seems more truly to enter into the romantic east of India when one turns towards Lahore. There is an eastern and romantic sound to the very name. Our faculties will not be refreshed by a dose of opium distilled from the black poppy of Thebais, yet we shall endeavour to have our wits about us. I had supposed that Lahore was merely another large town and without sufficient interest to justify the four hundred miles journey from Delhi. Whether I was correct or

not I shall shortly determine. Evening approaches and it is cold, cold as at home in April. All the afternoon the vast chain of the snow-clad Himalayas has marched on our right hand, but as Lahore is neared, they swing off to the northward and we find the city standing in a limitless plain with no hills in sight. At a glance it is evident that Lahore is an important point commercially. The railway yards are extensive and the English cantonment very large. Some immense churches are noticed as we drive from the station. The business blocks are pretentious and this hotel —Nedous—looks like a hospital. Its rooms are immense with ceilings twenty feet high, and each holds a fireplace about the size of a hat-box, but fires are not often used in Lahore and the landlord seems surprised when we ask for one. My wife says it is like a lunatic asylum and she feels that she is in for life. However, it must be very comfortable in the terrible heat which will be on hand next month.

Here we find further details as to our Kashmir affairs. All is arranged for—but more of that later. Here we meet with our first bit of bad news. The roads up to the valley are all washed out by the unprecedented rains of this week. They say the like has never happened in Lahore before as that fall of Monday, when the gage showed several inches. Instead of being hot we are wearing heavy clothing and sitting by fires. Of course Lahore being 32° latitude is nearly in the

temperate zone, but it generally has torrid heat at this season. Last year in May the thermometer stood at 118 for two weeks. We may have to run through that when we go to Bombay, but we shall not cross that bridge of trouble until we are forced to do so.

Our third day finds the rain still coming steadily. Not a glimpse of sunshine to cheer one, the roads a sea of mud, and the people in a sea of trouble, for this is very bad for the crops, and in India a failure in that direction means famine and pestilence with death stalking abroad over all the land. Too much water is a bad thing here and even yonder old man peddling the sacred fluid of the Ganges meets with no customers to-day.

We get no news from the mountains, which means bad news as to roads. However, one learns to be philosophical in the orient; if it can't be helped, why worry, and if it can be helped, why worry? Certainly you cannot hustle the East. Still, I wonder, without worrying, whether I am doomed again to be like the Peri turned back from the gates of Eden. I think it would be more difficult in these latter days to find a repentant than he found in his flights to earth.

We drove through the native city last evening, finding it much more Arabic in its appearance than any other in India. Here are the blue domes and spacious medrassies of Central Asia, while the savage faces of Afghanistan and the hypocritical countenance of the Persian are to

be met with everywhere. The Afghan is not the talker that the Persian is and one hears the nasal, singsong tones of the latter on all sides. These streets strongly remind one of Cairo, but there is a far-away appearance to the whole which the Egyptian city in rubbing shoulders with Europeans lost long since.

Were there any wide streets or avenues in the days of the Great Moghuls? In the Hindu towns of Southern India one finds them, but the narrow tortuous lane is dearer to the Mohammedan. If the royal road from here to the Gardens of Shalimar was as these avenues are to-day, then the gorgeousness of an emperor must have been necessary to fill them. These could hold all the "fifty thousand elephants, twelve thousand horses, rhinoceroses, lions, tigers, panthers, hunting leopards, hounds, and hawks" which often went to form one procession, where gold plate and jewelled harness, reflecting the intense sun of summer, made pageantry something worth looking at. All this cost, but we are told that in Akbar's case he was so rich that "four hundred pairs of scales were once at work weighing his gold and jewels, and the total could not be made in five months." "Seventy million" of gold pieces we are told, but what was the value of each piece does not appear. The mohur is about the size of a sovereign, but twelve shillings greater in value, and at that valuation Akbar at that time was worth, aside from jewels and real estate, $350,000,000 of our money. He

became much richer in his later years and doubtless many times broke the "Sherman law" of his day, though there is no record of an investigation.

No student of Indian history can omit a visit to Lahore and the north-west. The ancient entrance to India was up here from over the mountains, not by sea as to-day. Lahore is quite as closely bound up in the history of the Moghuls as Agra or Delhi. As we wander down a wide avenue to-day, our eyes are attracted by a quaint-looking mausoleum-like structure off to the left, and yet not a mausoleum for it has glass windows. Nearer inspection shows that it has been a tomb and is now a library, in fact, it is the tomb of the famous and unfortunate Anâr Kali, called for her beauty "Pomegranate Blossom." She was the beauty of Akbar's harem, and 't is said was by his orders buried alive because he saw her smile at his son one day. Could the great Emperor ever have been like unto Pedro the Cruel, and did India hold her "Blanche of Castile"? Surely not, yet so runs the legend, and here in an alcove stands her beautiful white marble tomb, long and low like all these cenotaphs and bearing in exquisitely carved letters the ninety-nine names of God. There is also a distich engraved upon it, which proves that Selim was her lover, and this shows that the tomb was erected, not by Akbar, but by Selim. The tomb originally stood in the centre of the mausoleum and is, we are told, to be replaced there and the whole building restored.

M. M. S.

Tomb of the Jasmine Blossom, Lahore

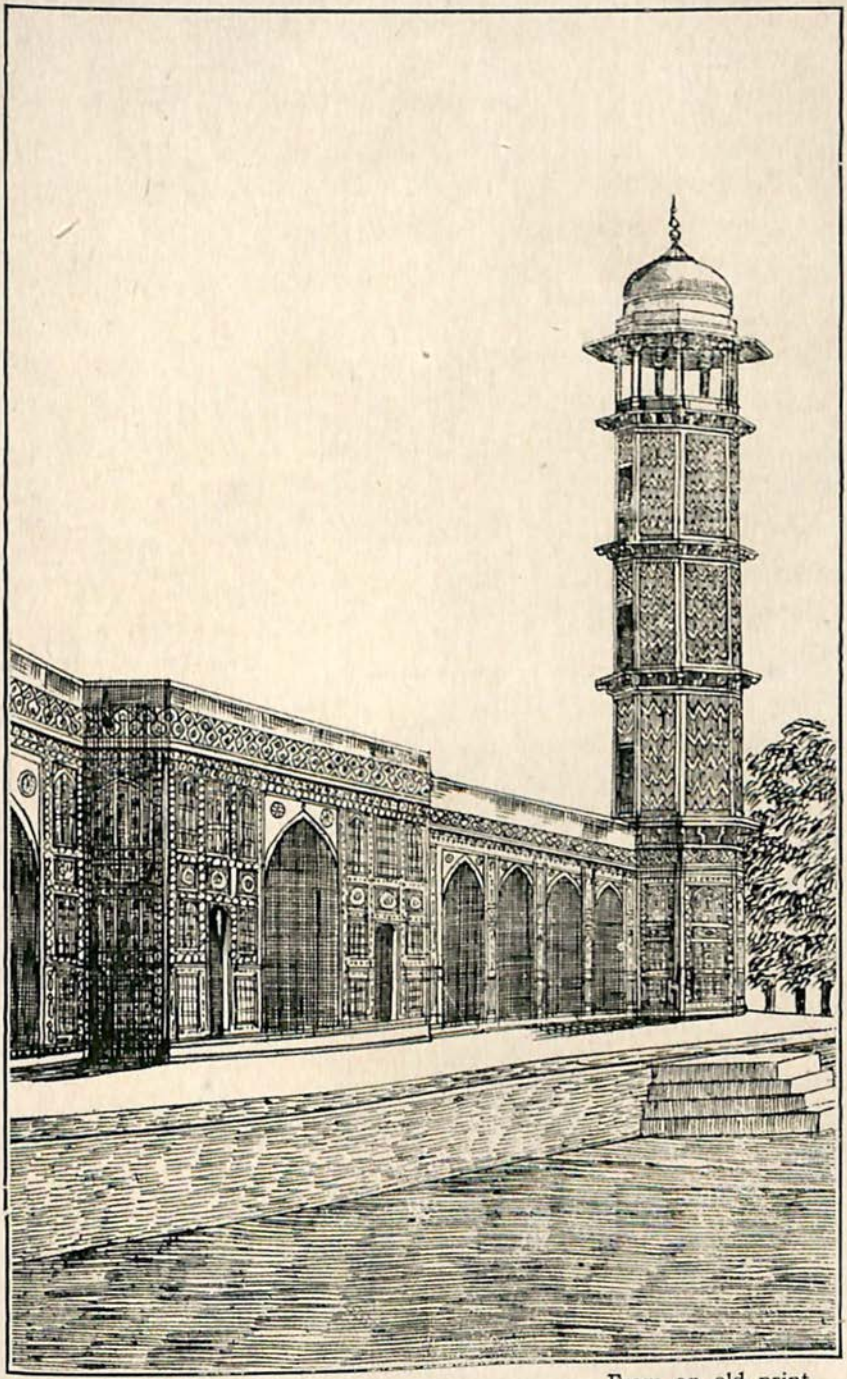
To her credit England is doing much of this kind of renovation.

If you pursue your wanderings down the broad avenue you will shortly find yourself standing by the cannon where Kim met the Lama and it is a question whether this is not of greater interest to you and the rest of the world than the tomb of the "Pomegranate Blossom."

Passing onward, the wide avenues of the English cantonment are left behind, and one enters the narrow streets of the native city, crowded with life and colour as only the streets of an oriental town know how to be. Always of interest, yet we do not loiter there to-day but move on beyond the city gates to the fort with its several mosques, and the Palace of Akbar; and here again we do not linger long. The whole is of the same order as that at Agra, but not nearly so beautiful. It was here in this Hall of Mirrors that Akbar surprised the love glances between the "Pomegranate Blossom" and the young Selim, so promptly followed by her awful death.

I do not think that the interest of Lahore lies here, but there is much of interest and to one spot we are bound now, so let us move on again to Shah Darrah and the tomb of Jahângir, some miles to the north and quite in the country. The Moghuls demanded space and quiet for their last homes, their graves are never found within the confines of a city. Here, breaking through the wilderness which surrounds it, one enters a serai, forming an

immense square, vast even for India. A stately gateway pierces the centre of each wall, and these walls are on the inside full of the little cells which in caravan days were rented out as sleeping quarters. Throughout the orient these caravanserais are constructed exactly as they were a thousand years ago. What a scene this great enclosure must have presented in the days when thousands of camels crowded its acreages! How lonely it looks to-day. Not even a stray dog breaks the surface of the grass, and not a sound of any sort greets one's ear. Passing inward and across to the right-hand gateway the traveller enters the courtyard of Jahângir's tomb. At first sight it would appear that the mausoleum had never been completed. Here is the beautiful courtyard with its oblong tanks for water. Here are the four minarets at the corners of the high white marble platform. Just such as you see at the Taj and every other tomb of state in India, but that is all; the mausoleum itself, which as with the Taj and those at old Delhi should rise in the centre, is not here. The king sleeps in the earth under the exact centre of the platform and under a lovely chapel, wherein is the cenotaph, and above all the platform spreads its unbroken surface to the minarets and railing, all of white marble and more like a vast ball-room than a resting place for the dead. Wandering over it, puzzled to understand, it finally recurs to us that the Emperor desired that his last resting place should be open to the elements, open



From an old print

A Corner of the Mausoleum of Jahângir

to the birds and shadows of the drifting clouds and to the intense heats and storms of the Punjab. His ancestor Baber, who died at Agra, had directed that, following the tenets of the Sunni faith, after his body had been taken to Cabul it should be buried on a spot on a hill indicated by himself and open to the heavens. So you may see it there to-day, and Jahângir commanded that this should be done with his grave, which he himself located in this, a garden of Nurjahan's.

Therefore, you will find only the vast platform, one story up, and the four towers (all of glistening marble), and, under the centre, the grave of the Emperor, the whole forming the most unique tomb in India. In the chapel the sarcophagus of white marble stands on a platform of the same glistening material and is ornamented with the usual inscriptions. The mausoleum is in a garden sixteen hundred feet square, and, while apparently simple, cost one million dollars and was ten years in construction, by Shahjahan, the son, not Nurjahan, the widow, as has been stated.

Returning to and crossing the main caravanserai to the gate opposite, one finds the ruined tomb of his brother-in-law Asifjah, who died four years before Nurjahan. He was commander in chief of the armies and lived in a splendid palace in Lahore, one room being decorated with scenes from the life of John the Baptist. His fortune was enormous, being valued at twenty-five million rupees, most of which returned to the crown. Doubtless his devoted

sister, if she was the builder, used his own money to accomplish her purpose and probably retained a large commission as architect, or built her own tomb at the same time, one account covering both. He was the father of Arjumand Báno Begam, Queen of Shahjahan, called the Mun Mahal. I think you know her tomb. Here is the usual domed structure, but desecrated past relief. It cost three lakhs of rupees ($100,000) but all its mosaics have been stolen for the adornment of the buildings of Ranjit Singh in Lahore. Still nature has made it beautiful. The trees and vines cluster around and clamber over it as though in pity for the desecration it has undergone, and the wilderness of a park is beautiful from its very wildness, a most romantic spot. Beyond it we cross the line of the railway to the north.

What would the royal dead say could they return and watch the Bombay Mail rushing between their resting places?

The Queen's tomb is almost a complete ruin, roofless and with just a few arches standing. The traveller to the north may see it close to the track on the left-hand side just north of the city. Nurjahan sleeps in the centre, but no stone marks her resting place, nor does any inscription remain to tell who or what she was. Let us turn to her story while we look upon her tomb. There is a shadowy place under yonder arch where we may sit and read.

In the history of Nurjahan, there is a resem-

From an old print

Jahângir

blance to the history of Moses. Her parents, poor Persians, on the long journey into India found themselves possessed of another infant. This was more than they could endure, especially as the baby was a girl. So she was left by the wayside to meet, as best she could, whatever fate had in store for her. That throughout all her years she met it well, history proves. However, the powers which rule the world from above sent shortly along the pathway where the baby slept, the chief merchant of their caravan. Her beauty was too much for his kind heart and he rescued her from destruction. Of course her mother came forward and offered to nurse her and shortly the story came out. Then the father, who certainly deserved no favour, was produced, and being discovered to be much above the average, was advanced until he came to be Lord High Treasurer of the Empire. Knowing the beauty of her daughter, the mother, Bibi Azizan, doubtless managed to throw her in the pathway of the young prince, though she knew he was already betrothed, not to one he loved but one who had found favour with Akbar.

In Fattehpore-Sikri it would appear that, like the French King, Akbar had a Petit Trianon, as it were, in his "Paradise Bazaar," where the lords and ladies threw aside their state and amused themselves as pleased them. Just after one of these fêtes, the prince, wandering with his doves in the garden, found a maiden "by a fretted marble fountain set in broidery of flowers."

Bidding her hold his doves, he departed, and upon returning found one had flown, when, demanding in wrath how it had happened, "So! my lord," she said, defiant, with a curving lip, and straight from her unclasped hands, the other circling flew to join its mate. Astonished, the prince stood gazing at her and through his wide-open eyes his heart went forth to rest in the maiden's keeping all his life. However, there was no smoothness in the love affair for years. She was married by her father to a young soldier and doubtless forgot doves and prince altogether. After Akbar's death the prince, now the Emperor Jahângir, sent his men to Bengal, and finding the young husband above bribery, had him killed and his wife carried off. Jahângir was a man in middle life when this occurred. Scorning the murderer of her husband, Nurjahan lived at the court as an attendant of the Emperor's mother, supporting herself by her needle and refusing all assistance from the King. This lasted six years and then she surrendered and they were married.

This occurred in Agra fort, where she had been placed by Jahângir's orders, who, it is stated, forgot all about her once he was sure of what he wanted, if he wanted it, but seeing her one day in what is now known as the Jasmine Bower, all his old passion flamed up. Instantly he threw around her neck his necklace of pearls, each bead of which was valued at four thousand pounds, and she was removed to the Imperial Harem. From that

time forth until Jahângir's death she was the great power in India, moving king and courtiers like a chess player his men, as best suited her. Certainly her influence was for the best and even her drunken husband reformed for a time. Perhaps, like Madame de Maintenon in far-off France, Nurjahan in India was responsible for the installation of in this case the religion of Mohammed. The result was as destructive of the unity of India as the revocation of the edict of Nantes was to the welfare of France. Had the Maintenon known the history of the Great Moghuls, she might have learned a lesson, but, doubtless, narrow and bigoted, she would have held to her course, "France's religion must be that of France's king," no matter what the result to his people.

While Nurjahan's influence was generally for good, nepotism was practised by her. She placed her father in power as well as other favourites. In the former case the choice happened to be a good one. So long as her friends bowed to her arrogant will she gave them a fervid affection. Miss Steel describes her as "with trembling lips driving her despot gingerly what way he should go, proud of her power, but weary of heart, a beautiful queen, clever beyond compare, contriving, scheming, plotting, planning, shielding, and saving for the man hidden in the drink-sodden carcass of the King." With her hope, her endurance, and patience, doubtless she loved him; certainly he never loved any one else, a most

marvellous thing in an Oriental. Undoubtedly Nurjahan was advised by "that wise man her father," for not until his death did she begin to blunder. Then, having betrothed her daughter by her first marriage to the youngest of Jahângir's sons by his former alliance, she endeavoured to create trouble between the King and his heir, Shahjahan, the son of his former wife. This, and the rebellion of the governor of Bengal, almost ended in her undoing. She was separated from Jahângir and worsted in battle. It is said that she carried her granddaughter on her lap, as, seated on her elephant, she entered the fight, but the beast ran away and nearly drowned the lot. That ended her martial attempts, and she now sought to join her husband as a wife should do, but was shown his order for her execution. Praying to be allowed to kiss his hand one last time, the prayer was granted, and truly the result shows that love rules the world, for she was on sight folded in the old King's embrace and restored to power. The use she made of that power and the terms she demanded of that governor of Bengal are not to her credit, viz., that he take the field against Shahjahan, the heir apparent. To be sure, the latter was giving signs of revolt, but that was to be expected. However, fate came in just there, and far up in the beautiful Vale of Kashmir, death claimed Jahângir and ended the reign of Nurjahan, who spent her latter years in works of charity. One lingers long here on this quiet side of Lahore where they

M. M. S.

Mausoleum of Nurjahan, Lahore

both sleep, he, the drunkard, in yonder gorgeous tomb, she, his guiding star, in this ruin before us.

Guarded by a madman with his flock of goats, the spot is desolate and brings to mind her words:

On my poor tomb there is neither a lamp nor a flower,
Neither a moth burns its wings,
Nor the Bul-bul sings from her bower.

Nurjahan was seventy-two when she died and was buried in this tomb of her own constructing. When finished it was a mass of exquisite mosaics and glistening marble. The sarcophagus in the centre was of marble exquisitely chased and of a size and quality with that of Jahângir. With all the marbles, jewels, and mosaics it was removed by Ranjit Singh and to-day forms most of the beauty of the Golden Temple at Amritsar. He broke open the sepulchre chamber, where he found two coffins suspended to iron swings, that of Nurjahan and her daughter Laali Begam. He stole the swings and buried the coffins, leaving the cell open to the beasts of the wilderness as you see it to-day.

The original name of the queen was Mehr-un-Nisa (the sun of women). Jahângir called her Nurmahal (light of the harem) and she was known as Nurjahan (light of the world). Here in this jungle she sleeps. She who was not only Queen Regent, but gave the tone to fashion, has not a stone to her memory, just these ruined arches which stand so desolate in the intense sunshine.

Like most of her sex she was a matchmaker and married off five hundred orphan girls, with her own funds. One can judge of her taste in architecture by the exquisitely beautiful "tomb of the Prime Minister," her father, at Agra.

From Akbar's death the glory slowly departed from his royal line. It certainly lost something of its martial splendour in Jahângir's day and a bit more in that of Shahjahan. Let us follow the record to its close; the years will not be many.

A peaceful succession was almost unknown amongst the Moghuls. On Jahângir's death, his grandson, the son of his eldest son, then deceased, was proclaimed Emperor at Delhi. Shahjahan was in the Deccan and to allow of his return all sorts of subterfuges were resorted to by his followers. They reported him "ill," then "dead," and as having left a wish to be buried in Akbar's tomb at Secundra. A great ceremonial was arranged and like Charles V. he watched his own funeral, in fact, followed it, and at a certain point got into the empty coffin. All the chiefs of church and state were on hand to do homage to the dead prince, and at the proper moment the bier was opened that homage might be done, whereupon the living king arose and carried all before him, causing the young prince, who was the legitimate heir, to flee to Lahore. Shahjahan entered Agra fort in great state and was crowned forthwith.

All this time Delhi must have been mostly a ruin, certainly "New Delhi" was founded by

Shahjahan in 1639 and by him named "Shahjahanabad." He removed the capital there. Still while engaged in creating the beauties of his new capital he did not forget Agra and doubtless spent many days on the balconies of the fort watching the Taj as it approached completion until it finally stood in all its magic beauty as we see it to-day. The old king, while contemplating his wondrous work plainly visible on the banks of the Jumna, had already decided to span that river with a bridge of silver and on the farther side build a tomb of black marble for himself.

However, the heir, Aurungzebe, considered that enough money had been spent, that his father was old and had better abdicate peaceably if he would, forcibly if he would not. Then followed the usual intrigues, Aurungzebe for the throne, Shahjahan with his grandson to offset Aurungzebe. The soldiers of the latter at last effected an entrance to the fort, slaughtering every man, woman, or child that came in their way, and in an inner chamber, surrounded by his Tartar women and motionless as a statue, was found the old king, and so addressed: "Your great age, my lord, has rendered you incapable of reigning. Retire with your wives into the palace gardens; pass the remainder of your days in tranquillity. We do not grudge you the right of the days, but you dishonour the throne; you must resign it to your children."

The orator on this occasion was Mahmud, the

son of Aurungzebe and heir to the throne, and for once an Oriental was faithful. The old king tried to influence his grandson against his son, but without result, and Aurungzebe reigned in Agra, while the old king dreamed his years away in the fort with the Taj for ever before him.

Having been one of the best rulers of the people, they promptly forgot him. Like the eleventh Louis, he was severe with the nobles when they failed in their duty, but he always arranged for the comfort of his people, and yet though he lived for seven years he was as forgotten as though dead, in fact, more so, for dead they visited his grave under the wondrous dome of the Taj as they do to-day.

He expressed the wish to see his new capital of Delhi, but Aurungzebe, fearing the effect upon the people of the aged king's appearance upon an elephant, would only consent provided the journey be made by boat, an insult which broke his father's heart, and he died, aged seventy-six and having reigned thirty-one years.

Save in such things, however, it is probable that his captivity was not severe, and that he was never abused or neglected. He retained and refused to give up the crown jewels, stating that he kept a pestle and mortar at hand in which he would grind them to powder if Aurungzebe attempted to seize them. But his temper passing, he finally did send his son some of the gems.

Even in his fallen state he maintained his

From an old print

Nurjahan

dignity, and a certain degree of power. The governor of Agra once ordered him arrested, but not a man dared lay hands upon one who had been a sovereign and almost a deity.

He died in 1665 in all the fulness of his religion and in a sandalwood coffin lies by the side of his queen, and when you enter there the whispering voices which are for ever heard high up in the dome must surely be those of the lovers in heavenly communion.

It is said that Aurungzebe shed tears at the news brought from Agra to Delhi. He regretted that he could not have been present to receive the benediction of the father he had outraged and imprisoned, but he decided that he would "go to Akbarbad and pay respect to the tomb." This he did, and shed "many bitter tears thereupon."

Considering it advisable to remain in Agra he ordered his household transported thither. They came in great state and upon many elephants gorgeously caparisoned. The Peacock Throne was ordered brought to Agra. A reference to its gorgeousness can scarcely be omitted from any account of the Moghuls. Mr. Beresford in his *Dihli* thus describes it:

> The famous Peacock Throne was so called from its having the figures of two peacocks standing behind it, their tails being expanded, and the whole so inlaid with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones of appropriate colours, as to represent life. The throne itself was six feet long by four feet

broad; it stood on six massive feet, which, with the body, were of solid gold, inlaid with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. It was surmounted by a canopy of gold, supported by twelve pillars, all richly emblazoned with costly gems, and a fringe of pearls ornamented the borders of the canopy. Between the two peacocks stood the figure of a parrot of the ordinary size, said to have been carved out of a single emerald. On either side of the throne stood an umbrella, one of the oriental emblems of royalty. They were formed of crimson velvet, richly embroidered and fringed with pearls; the handles were eight feet high, of solid gold, and studded with diamonds. The cost of this superb work of art has been variously stated at sums varying from one to six millions of pounds sterling. It was planned and executed under the supervision of Austin de Bordeaux.

It has been stated lately that this throne is at Teheran. Such is certainly not the case as I took pains to prove when in that city some ten years ago. There is there the framework of an old throne which may have been that or another, for there is nothing to prove what it was, certainly nothing to connect it with the marvel of Delhi. The thrones in use in Teheran certainly were never in India.

Aurungzebe ascended the famous throne for the first time here in Agra. In the fifth year of the reign the state treasures had been taken to Delhi, but in the ninth they were returned to Agra, being transported on fourteen hundred *irabas* or carriages drawn by bullocks and safely deposited in the fort.

Agra was always the favourite abode of Shah-jahan and it was not until 1640 that he fixed upon Delhi as the capital city. The founding of that, the new, city was one of the greatest monuments of the "father of his people." His wealth must have been fabulous to accomplish it. With him passed the glory of Agra.

Aurungzebe resided there but little and grew old and died in the distant provinces of the Deccan. His spirit of intolerance, his inequality of treatment of the classes of the people, and the constant offences to the great section of the Indian community started the mine which in time destroyed the throne of Timur and ended the Moghul dynasty.

Amongst the last acts of Aurungzebe was the erection of the beautiful screen which surrounds the tombs of his parents in the Taj.

With his death came the rapid succession of kings, all short in reigns and of little consequence, until the line ran out in nothing. Some of the reigns were but of a month's duration and the great Moghul dynasty showed signs of terrible decay.

Muhammad Bahadur Shah, the old King of Delhi, the puppet head of the mutiny of 1857, was the seventeenth and last of the Moghul emperors. Exiled to Rangoon, he died there in 1862. His sons were shot just after the fall of Delhi.

Many may call it a barbarous act, but considering the times, it was necessary. Those in command knew what would happen if Hodson and his

horsemen were allowed to pursue the flying princes. They were captured in Humâyon's tomb, and bound and placed in a cart for transportation to Delhi. While the arms of their followers were being collected Hodson returned to look after his prisoners. A vast mob of some thousands had collected and were about to attack the guard. It was no time for hesitation or mercy, the lives not only of the guard but of hundreds of others were at stake. Taking a carbine from one of his men, Hodson shot both the princes. Truly "War is hell." So ended the dynasty of the Great Moghuls and viceroys succeeded kings.

Only the gorgeous halls remain to tell of past glories and as one wanders in Agra fort through court after court, palace after palace, as perfect as the day they were finished, one has a sense of following footsteps and of many echoing voices. Finally pausing just where the old Emperor dreamed his years away, one's eyes wander off down the river to where the Taj rests like a swan on its banks, and one murmurs, "Truly it were worth having lived to have brought that into being."

Returning to Lahore in the narrowest street we come upon the Golden Mosque with its three domes like jewelled lotuses. It was built by Bhikari Khan, a favourite of the widow of Mir Mannu, who, having displeased her, was beaten to death by her women, who used their shoes to do the act.

Farther on is the great mosque of Wazur Khan,

a very stately structure and curious because of the blending of the architecture of India with that of Central Asia, called the Perso-Moghul. Its court is of the style of the madrassies of Samarkand, a queer combination of mosque and serai. All round the square courtyard are numbers of little cells which are rented out by the month and return quite a revenue which is used for repairs.

The colours of the arabesque on arches and pillars are nearly the same as those in the city of Tamerlane. Here one finds a little pink and yellow but in the more northern city dark and light blue and yellow are the only colours used. Again, these arches are pointed like the Sarts and the gateways are square topped with no adornment save the brilliant arabesques. The absence of the string of white pottery to be found on the mosques of the south is most noticeable and the general appearance here is far more stately. But we are bound in company with the shades of many kings and lamas to the Garden of Shah-jahan, five miles southward on the great trunk road which to-day is almost as he left it.

"Shalimar" or "House of Joy" is not a house at all, as one discovers not only here but in Kashmir, but in this instance, a garden, and if a garden, then a royal garden, as it is enclosed by a wall twelve hundred paces one way by eight hundred the other, which measured by feet would be thirty-six hundred by twenty-four hundred. Built by Shahjahan, it remains to us a perfect specimen of

the grandeur of the Moghuls. Its eighty acres are a bower of beautiful fruit trees. Here is an avenue of orange trees and yonder one of pomegranate and another of lemon. Through the centre runs a wide canal of marble which cascades its water down three successive terraces and in the centre spreads out into a great basin where five hundred fountains throw their jets up into the sunlight.

On the upper terrace stands a marble pavilion of exquisite workmanship. The gardens are said to be beautiful when illuminated. Personally, I should not care to see them so unless the illuminator be the moon.

As you will discover later, Shahjahan followed the plan of his father's famous gardens in Kashmir. He spent six lakhs of rupees ($200,000) in the work. He did not visit it until the royal astrologers had fixed an auspicious hour.

Evidently many of the pavilions of his day have been removed as it is stated that they were of sufficient number to render tents unnecessary when the court sojourned here. However, they are not missed, in fact, any in addition to those now extant would mar the beauty of the garden.

Of course, it suffered at the hands of Ranjit Singh, and again Amritsar was the gainer, many of its marble pavilions being transported thither.

The name "Shalimar" was not applied by the builders to any of these gardens.

CHAPTER XII

THE PUNJAB AND ITS HISTORY

To Peshawur. Dismissal of Ahmed. The North-West and its People. History and Legends. Appearance of Alexander. The City of Taxila. Alexander and Porus. Hassan Abdal. The Serpent Kings. Tomb of Lalla Rookh. The Indian Press. The Indus and Fortress of Attock.

WE are not to get north without a contre-temps. I am sorry to have to state that after serving so well all through India Ahmed has fallen by the wayside. I fear liquor is at the bottom of it, an unusual thing for a Mohammedan.

The longer one remains in India and the more one has to do with the servants, the less consideration one holds for them. It is almost impossible for a newcomer not to treat them with a degree at least of the same consideration which is meted out to those who serve us at home, but if you do so you will regret it. It seems impossible for them to understand the feeling on your part which dictates it; any consideration on your part indicates weakness in their eyes, a state of affairs to be taken advantage of at once. You are a fool and

to be treated as such. Ahmed was a case in point. We allowed him an afternoon off on a rainy day and he shortly took another. Reproof for that had no effect upon him, so that the last day he did not turn up until long after it was time to take the luggage to the train. I had to go with it and miss my dinner. When he did appear I could scarcely convince him that he was discharged. He was determined to at least come on to Peshawur, knowing that R. meant to purchase some rugs and meaning to demand his commission from the merchants. Take it as a sure thing that if your servant runs down a shop it is because that shop denies him a commission. Ahmed first showed his hand when he got vicious because we forced him to go to Gulta, thereby keeping away from the shops in Jeypur. He turned up at the station before we started and I had to threaten him with the police before he would depart. There was nothing to do but confirm his dismissal. What a fool! He has cut himself out of two months' employment for the sake of a few drinks. But enough of Ahmed, though it was amusing to see him down on his knees imploring to be taken back.

Having booked the heavy luggage for Peshawur, I draw out one of our ship chairs and mount guard comfortably over the small pieces, until the mail comes in, and when it does come I am almost overrun by the vast crowd of Orientals which pours from and into its carriages. Catching sight of a sahib sitting on a long ship chair in the middle

of the platform the tide rolls round me, pausing to stare in astonishment. Thousands of white-turbaned men, hundreds of women, and, as this is the land of soldiers, countless khaki-clad men rush past me. Man here appears to have something to do; even the natives lose their lounging, loafing appearance. But the train moves. All night long we jog slowly northward, evidently on an ascending grade. Morning finds the hills marching along on our right, while the vast, dark plains drop downward on our left.

The great highway to the north marches by the railway and all day turbaned men are leading prancing horses over it. Vast herds of sheep and goats move northward, probably for provisions for the army. Life is up and doing in this land "at the back of beyond." One can see that the roadway is superb, and for the first time in India I long to be off in a motor. Probably the sharp, crisp, cold air has something to do with it. One has the certainty that one will not swoon with the heat, yet the men are forced to wear queer costumes. Yonder officer has a khaki coat heavily wadded and trimmed with fur, summer outside and winter inside, as it were, while he wears a white felt helmet, and looks reprovingly at my cap. He is quite right, one should always wear the helmet here.

The land is a queer combination of the bad lands of Dakota and the fertile plains of Tunisia. Every now and then strings of camels put in an appear-

ance, showing the nearness of Afghanistan. Camels do not belong in India, and one sees few of them, and mangy ones at that.

Our carriage has an open portico between the two parts where Otto—our servant—sits hatless and coatless, smoking his pipe, and regardless of the keen winds. Otto had done his time in the Bavarian army and such small things as cold winds don't trouble him. What splendid life-giving air it is. One wants to do things and is not content to sit round, as in the hot countries. This air has the wine in it of the winds of our far West; perhaps we are but dreaming and yonder line of snow-capped mountains are not the Himalayas, but the Rockies.

Ours is a huge train drawn by two locomotives. The many cars are crammed with hundreds of natives and soldiers in the third class, sergeants with their families and dogs in the second, while the few first are occupied by the officers and ourselves. At a station where we stop a moment stands a native dude, robed in white cambric, with a towering turban of the same substance. His coat is of soft black cloth embroidered in gold and he wears gold slippers with points which turn up and back until they almost touch his instep. His features are delicate and regular and his liquid black eyes seem to melt all over his face. Some dusky damsel is doubtless "proud of her most filthy bargain," but there is no hing to justify the poet's description of Othello in yonder face.

Naturally these people have none of the repulsive characteristics of the negro race as they are of Aryan blood, and here where the hideous disfigurement of the teeth by the use of betel nut does not prevail, one sees many attractive faces, though of course the women of the better class are always veiled. Yonder is a youth of scarce three summers swaggering along under a pink turban of such gigantic proportions that one wonders the wearer does not collapse under it. He is robed in green and has a lofty opinion of himself. Near-by is a sweet-faced little maiden all in blue like a bird.

To the historian the land we are now approaching is holy ground where fact and fiction chase each other in never-ending processions. All the remote past of India is so filled with legends and phantoms, with truths so mixed up with fictions, that he who reads thereof must feel as though his hours had been spent in troubled dreaming, and will rub eyes and stretch limbs like an awakening sleeper of Ephesus. Even when one reaches the comparatively modern period of 620 B.C., when fact is supposed to take the place of legend, it is all misty, and the appearance of the Sesu-nâga does not remove the unreal character of the story. These were the sacred "Snake" kings, "nâg" certainly relating to that holy reptile, who met in conflict with the Aryan invaders on the wide plains of the north-west near the Ganges. The story of their wars and lives reminds one strongly of the Berserker of the far north.

It is supposed that Buddha was born in the days of the fifth king of that line, Bimbi-Sâra, when fancy for the first time becomes congealed into fact, and tragedy appears under the regency of his son, when it is said that Deva-datta, Buddha's first cousin and bitterest enemy, instigated the king's son to murder his father. He certainly committed that crime, as he confessed it to Buddha, and, remarkable to relate, Buddha absolved him. When Buddha died, this patricide claimed one eighth of the holy ashes and erected one of the famous stupas over them at New Râjaghiha. Like Louis the XI. of France, with his prisoners, he did not surrender his throne, it was "enough that I repent."

The Buddhist catechism and history locates Buddha's birthplace at Kapilavastu, a town near the mountains and one hundred miles north-east of Benares. If such is a fact, he either travelled afar or these relatives came miles on miles to visit him. Peshawur and Benares are hundreds of miles apart. Therefore the two royal houses must have controlled an immense part of India—but to return to Deva-datta. Patricide appears to have been an inheritance in his descendants, as son, grandson, and great-grandson followed his example, the last of whom was ousted from his throne and murdered by his illegitimate son.

All this time visions are slowly congealing into facts, and in 326 B.C., Alexander the Great comes on the scene and then there are only facts to

entertain one. Pausing on the banks of the Indus, he rested there for a month, for no especial reason, save to celebrate, just what, history does not relate, but a celebration now and then relieves and distracts the minds of a multitude and it may have been necessary to do so with his army. Certainly a sojourn and rest of a month in the splendid life-giving air of February and March in the north-west Punjab must fortify man and beast for progress into the hot lands farther south.

Our train rolls northward and pauses awhile at Shah Ki Deri, the spot where one undoubtedly is upon the site of the city of Taxila, where Buddha gave his body to feed the starving tiger. There is nothing here now but long lines of rubbish, though the Chinese Hewen Thsang, in 630 A.D., stated that he could trace fifty-five stupas, twenty-eight monasteries, and nine temples. It is not surprising that no remains of the city, save temples, can be discovered, as the rest, like the towns of to-day, was doubtless constructed of mud which soon flattened out and returned to the earth.

It is said that Taxila resembled Nineveh, and was very wealthy, that there was a temple of the sun and numerous statues of Alexander and Porus. The Greek rested here and prepared for his advance against Porus, waiting with his hosts on the other side of the Jhelum River, which later we shall follow all the way to Srinagar and on to Islamabad. Taxila was a university city, one of the

largest and most important of its day, the principal seat of learning in northern India. Now there remains nothing save some indications of ruins, and a coin or so picked up. This district in ancient times must have been moderately fertile, and was probably blessed with a temperate and healthy climate, for otherwise the city would not have been located here. King Asoka built a stupa here, on the spot where Buddha gave away his head, and it was the capital of his province as viceroy of the Punjab, and down to 400 A.D. remained an important Buddhist centre. One authority[1] states that:

the hill country of the modern Attock District shared in that denudation of the hills of all Central Asia, as far south as Baluchistan, which had begun before Alexander's time and was greatly accelerated by the devastating wars which culminated in the Mohammedan invasions of India. It is practically certain that at one time the Salt Range was fertile and well-wooded, the country at its feet being heavily forested and naturally fertile, but thinly populated owing to the dense jungles and wide marshes which intersected it. Lying, as it did, on an elevated plateau, the country about Attock was favourably situated for a centre of early Aryan civilisation and the excavations at Shah Ki Deri soon to be undertaken will probably yield results of the highest value to Indian history.

Ten miles north-west of this ancient capital lies Hassan Abdal, once the site of the great tank of the

[1] *Civil and Military Gazette.*

serpent king Elapatra, now represented by a small tank sacred to a saint whom Moslems call Baba Wali or the Father Vicar, or, according to the Sikhs, to Guru Nanak himself, who imprinted the mark of his hand *in relief* upon a rock in its vicinity, so that it is now known as the Panja Sahib or "holy hand." Thus the primitive nature-worship which made the tank, or rather the springs which fed it, the centre of a rain-making cult, was annexed by Buddhism, adopted by its Brahminical opponents, and metamorphosed by the Mohammedans and the Sikhs for the edification of the modern world. Who Hassan, the *Abdal*, the madman or ecstatic, may have been we are not told: all that we learn is that he was a Gujar whose tomb is at the foot of the hill. Hassan Abdal as a place has, however, more than an antiquarian interest for the passing traveller, as it can still show the tomb of Lalla Rookh, buried there on the old Mughal highway into Kashmir. Cunningham seems strangely to have overlooked this tomb, and his speculations on the ancient history of the tract are now exploded. He saw in the Awans descendants of Ionian Greeks, but they are quite recent immigrants, and his methods make us distrust many of his conclusions. We must wait until the spade and diligent research have restored to us the facts. After 400 A.D., Taxila fades from history, and nothing definite is known about the district until the Mohammedan invasions in 1008.

If I may be allowed a parenthesis here I should like to congratulate the Indian press. The great journals of the land—and there are many of them—hold in almost every issue some article upon the

history or life in India, of intense interest and value to the traveller student. Such a publication as the *Civil and Military Gazette* would be of great interest when one has returned to America, but, gentlemen, as I understand it, your price is prohibitive. I should like to argue that point, but the panorama slowly unrolling itself past the windows of our carriage is too interesting to be neglected.

Our train mounts higher and higher and shortly crosses the Indus, rolling its muddy current to the ocean. Its wonderful gorges are below here towards the sea. We are approaching Attock and the whole scene is very wild and gloomy. Yellow gullies confine the rushing floods and are backed by sombre mountains with here and there a snow cap of the distant Hindu-Kush peering over them. Watch-towers dot the nearer hills and the fortress built by Akbar, resembling a baronial castle of England, towers majestically on a rock eight hundred feet above the river, which here is one thousand feet in width and evidently very deep. It is seen at once that the Kabul is the main stream. It is much the larger and like the Missouri imposes its colour and character upon the lesser stream, whose waters are clear above the junction. As in the case of the American river, the lesser stream has stolen the name.

One will not find a wilder or more forbidding spot than this fort of Akbar, which came into the hands of the British in 1849. The place is subject

to terrific storms of lightning and thunder and many deaths are the result. When to this is added the knowledge that the rock swarms with scorpions and deadly serpents, one is not tempted to linger, especially as the latter are of an aggressive character and often advance to attack. All this would seem to justify the ancient name "Atak," which in Hindi signifies "Stop." Truly in the old days it was the end of all things, for beyond was chaos, and if one penetrates much beyond Peshawur it is still chaos, though, as we learned later, matters are changing for the better in Afghanistan.

Alexander is supposed to have made his crossing here; doubtless a bridge of rafts was used. If you had passed this way some years ago, your trap would have been drawn across a bridge of boats by oxen. To-day our train rolls over an iron structure and on until it enters the plain where Peshawur stands, at an elevation of forty-five hundred feet above the sea.

CHAPTER XIII

LIFE IN PESHAWUR

Climate in Peshawur. Flowers and Fruits. Influence of Northern Races. Paradise for Rugs. Life in Peshawur. The Boy and the Buffaloes. Impudent Crows. Barter and Trade. Native Cost of Living.

IN the latter days of March the weather is still cool here. As we drive from the station in Peshawur the air is fresh and full of vitality and laden with the perfume of the violet and mignonette. Life seems so much better worth the living than it did down in the lowlands. This picturesque little Fletcher's hotel with its quaint loggias is bowered in vines and song birds fill its trees. English Peshawur reminds me of Russian Samarkand,—the same wide avenues bordered and bowered in stately trees, the same wide spread of meadow lands dotted with yellow and white flowers stretching away to the blue hills which melt into snow caps and those into the deep blue of the rain-washed heavens. The blossoms of the almond and apricot, peach and plum trees are all about us,

and the air dreamy with the odour of the mimosa. This native city while interesting is not so stately as the Sart portion of Samarkand. There are no blue domes or majestic madrassies. Tamerlane sleeps there, but there are no heroes of the ancient days buried in Peshawur. This is all military; wherever one goes there are soldiers drilling. One rarely saw the men of war in Samarkand save when they went to church on Sunday. From the plains of Turkestan as Asia spreads southward the mountains of the Alai are the first rise towards the great range on that side, and these are the last subsiding hills on the south, and between them all that wonderful tossed up mass of mighty mountains called the roof of the world. I shall never cease to regret that I did not succeed in crossing those mountains and if I some day disappear I may be looked for and found, dead perhaps, amongst the solitudes of the Pamir or on the Karakorum or Killian passes, where man reaches almost his nearest point in this world towards that above him.

Northward from Samarkand stretch the limitless steppes of Central Asia and Siberia; southward from here the land melts away into the sea and if the waters were to rise and cover this peninsula again there would remain from the Himalayas southward only a few islands formed mostly by the Nilgiri Hills and the Western Ghats. Such has been the case in the ages gone by and perhaps may be so again.

With all due deference to Miss Steel, she is certainly wrong when she places the roof of the world *north-west* of Kabul. The Pamir lies north of Gilgit and certainly north-east, well north-east, from Kabul. The line which she draws as passing through the roof of the world would lie between Bokhara and Merve, certainly far from the roof of the world.

In Peshawur one notes the influence of the northern races; yonder is a Sart café—in shape like a huge trundle bed—with its shining samovar and piles of teacups, holding a group of grave-faced, white-turbaned men solemnly smoking long-stemmed pipes. These cafés are not so numerous as in Bokhara, there is no priceless rug, but these are Sarts all the same.

So far we have seen but few camels, but they must come in caravans over the Khyber Pass. There are few of them in India. One sees many more in the cold lands, if they be of the desert character, than in the hot lands. Warm, damp countries do not agree with the "ships of the desert," while they are plentiful in the bitterly cold weather of Siberia and North China. As we left Kashmir in May thousands were moving up into the Vale to escape the Indian summer.

Peshawur is a paradise for rugs, and some of them are often bought at what to us seems great bargains. Of course you have the duty to pay, but even so they can be delivered at home far cheaper than one can purchase the same there, even if they

could be gotten at all, which is doubtful. I remember when in Bokhara it was difficult to find rugs because the tide of travel had not then, and I don't believe has yet, set in that direction sufficiently to make those Sart cities good markets. The buyers for these merchants search the countries over, and generally find their stock in little villages and detached farms. Of course they purchase for a song, but then comes the long caravan journey through Afghanistan, where robbery or high tribute is invariably the fate of the caravans. This is not so bad as of yore. They all come via Kabul, and since the accession of the present Amir of Afghanistan, one may visit that city in safety, and the journey of two hundred and fifty miles from here has been made in a motor. Think of that, motoring into Kabul! However, I don't care to go that way. All the charm of the East would vanish.

One may only visit the famous Khyber Pass twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays, and then only penetrate to the distance of twenty miles. A permit is necessary and we have just secured one, so that to-morrow we start about nine o'clock in a landau as far as Jamrud and there change to a tonga. We shall lunch at Ali Masjid and return here in time for tea, all prosaic enough surely and very different from journeys in this orient but a few years ago. Then the traveller started forth like a sail on an unknown sea. Where was he going or when would he return? Ah, "that is as God wills

it." As for our journey into Kashmir to-day news comes that the landslides and washouts on the road to Srinagar are such that we cannot make the journey before April 1st. It will shorten our sojourn in that valley, but it cannot be helped. We are fortunate in having so comfortable an inn and such a pleasant town to wait in. To an Occidental these cantonments are unique. There are no lines of shops, but each building stands in its own compound embowered in trees. The wide porch is banked on all the steps and high against the walls with potted flowers. All the flowers from home are here: calla lilies, mignonette, heliotrope, wallflower, and all those from the dear old home garden of our childhood. A week from now and masses of roses will add their glory, while the modest violet is everywhere. The vistas of these streets are beautiful, especially when the bending trees frame a snow peak or yellow mountain.

I think if my fate had cast me in the British army, I would prefer to be stationed here, and after this at Lucknow; but Lucknow's summers from now on to October are awful, whereas, while Peshawur has great heat from the middle of June to September, there must be some relief at night. Her springs and falls are glorious and her winters cold and healthy.

The social life of the officers is pleasant in either place, but life must be more pleasant here than in the south. Calcutta is endurable for a few

M. M. S.

Carpet Bazaar, Peshawur

weeks in winter, but intolerable the rest of the year, and the same holds with Bombay.

The avenues are full of movement and life and therefore Peshawur does not oppress one with loneliness as do the Russian cities of Turkestan. There is always something doing to amuse one here.

It is late afternoon, time for that high function, tea. We are ensconced on the long veranda before our rooms, awaiting the advent of Mokim and tea. There are half a dozen brown-faced, white-turbaned merchants squatting on the ground. The steps and the whole space near by are carpeted by gorgeous rugs of the near and far orient. Several impudent crows are strutting over them, expressing their likes and dislikes in most audible tones and keeping an eye out for Mokim and tea. We have fed them daily and evidently the news has spread abroad, for each day their numbers increase. Also there are many kites perched close by and thousands of little birds. Smoke from the evening fires of the native town is making the air blue and misty. Through the thin barrier of a hedge one sees one of the most Indian scenes and is led to believe that love and affection, with perhaps a little ambition, govern the world, but in this case it is affection, if not love, which causes the remark. In a meadow next this compound are five or six buffaloes, whose nearer acquaintance I should hesitate to cultivate. They are just now bent upon going forth to see the world, but reckon without their master, said master being

neither man, woman, nor youth, but a little lad of certainly not more than six summers, who is opposing the onward rush of the huge beasts. Facing the drove and with his little heels planted in the mud and arms extended he shouts at the buffaloes, evidently using their names. The whole lot stop short a yard from him and, after an instant of intent regard, shake their great heads and go back to browse on the green. A stranger in the lad's place would have been promptly stamped into the mire, for those beasts are afraid of nothing from a tiger down, and do not hesitate to attack and often vanquish that royal brute, yet that mite of a boy wields his tongue and whip with absolute power and certainty of success. We find it wise just at this moment to remain quiet, as there are three of the huge animals intently regarding us from the other side of the very thin hedge which would be no barrier. If that consultation results unfavourably to us we shall take a back somersault into our rooms and bang the doors, standing "not upon the order of our going, but going at once." However, we are passed upon as of little worth and therefore left in peace to enjoy our lives as best we may amongst all the roses and, by the way, roses in Peshawur require no cultivation. The heat of the past day or two has brought them out wonderfully and yonder avenue is bordered on either side by a hedge of glorious blossoms. The pansies here are also especially beautiful and the violets nestle every-

where, and as for birds they are almost a nuisance. Between the crows, minas, and sparrows the early morning hours are a babel of sound. They are busily engaged in proving that the spring is the season of love and the usual bickering and rivalries and jealousies are all present. Many of the cases are brought for argument into our very bedrooms through the ventilators high up. Even one's bed is not sacred to those sassy English sparrows. These minas can be taught to talk. It is well they don't do so in their wild state, or their conversation would be intolerable. They would abuse us as they do the crows.

The crows of India are an institution. For sheer insolence they surpass monkeys. Big and black with a grey mantle thrown over them, they strut all over the land. One cannot say much for their disposition. Just now two of them have upset a third which lies flat on his back with wings extended, squawking dreadfully, while one of the others literally jumps on him with both feet, and half a dozen stand round and keep tab on them. Evidently that old rogue on yonder stump is the referee.

We are reminded by the shaking of a gorgeous carpet that we are paying too much attention to bird life.

It is certainly amusing to barter with these merchants. Some of them won't come down at all, generally those of the big shops, but the itinerants will make most enormous reductions, that is,

from our point of view, but rest assured they never lose in the end. To-day R. bought a very fine Persian rug, 11 by 6, very perfect and beautiful in design, for which the merchant at first demanded nine hundred rupees, and sold it for two hundred. We bought a large Bokhara carpet, 15 by 12 feet for three hundred, the asking price was seven hundred, and I think we could have gotten it for less, but having made the offer we abided by it. The winter being over these men are all moving homewards towards the far distant lands of the north and if they don't sell their goods must carry them back or store them at heavy cost—hence the selling at such figures. At least that is what they say. Doubtless they are lying. They are comical rogues, grave and reverend signors in appearance, but watch out for them. We have been several days bartering over the red rug and this morning they brought it back and with sighs unrolled it before us and sat with bowed heads. Sorrow over their forced sale was apparent in every feature, even their turbans assumed a woeful twist, and the lines of their draperies expressed abject misery. There were several additional members of their families along to act as mourners. The instant the carpet was opened out, both my wife and I knew it was not the same one. How the wretches watched our faces, their black eyes gleaming like those of so many rats. When I rose in my wrath their looks of surprise and abject apology for "the mistake of their bearer" were amusing indeed.

We ordered the whole pack away, and away they went, for at least ten minutes, when they returned and laid the true rug before us, at the same time presenting their "big brother" before whom they implored us not to humble them by offering them only three hundred rupees. I could not see what their "big brother" had to do with the case. I have a big brother of my own who had not figured in the transaction at all. With sighs of sorrow they rolled up the rug and dropped it into my room, stating that they only sold it because their "bundles were too heavy," and that to-morrow would find them far on the road to Kabul. Good news! Here they are back again with a rug for one hundred and eighty rupees for which I offer twenty-five, and doubtless will get it. It is to be hoped not for I don't want it, but the temptation to buy is almost irresistible, they are such merry villains, and then in the years to come when we walk over these rugs, what pictures they will bring to our minds of far-off charming Peshawur. Our servant Mokim watched closely every purchase. He gets one anna on every rupee, so that on our purchases this morning, he will get thirty-eight rupees. In all, his commissions since we reached here will net him one hundred and twenty-five rupees or almost three times his wages of forty-five rupees per month. Not so bad when one considers what these people can live upon. The most prominent merchant here told me that in his father's time a man could support himself

well on ten rupees per month, whereas now it costs sixty (twenty dollars). Imagine a merchant of his standing in America living on twenty dollars per month!

CHAPTER XIV

THE KHYBER PASS

To the Khyber Pass. The Lost Permit. Major Bickford. Hospitality of the Mountains. Appearance of the Pass. The Afridis. The Amir of Afghanistan. The Turk and Kabul. The Dancing Mistress of the Harem. Royal Fatality. Pounded Diamonds, versus Pounded Glass. Social Intercourse Impossible. Moving Cities of the Mountains. A Motor on the Khyber Pass. Railway to Kabul Projected. The Amir's Erudition. Fierce Afghans. Return to Peshawur. The Plague. "All Dead." Caravans and Caravanserais.

IT 's a lovely morning as we drive out on our visit to the famous Khyber Pass. Its entrance lies directly across the valley ten miles north. As we leave the city, we can see the fortress of Jamrud which guards its entrance.

Armed with the necessary documents we do not fear bearding the British Lion in this famous den of his. The road is level up to the walls of the fortress which, when we reach it, turns out to be like that of Peshawur, made of mud. In fact, all the fortresses, mosques, madrassies, and palaces are built of mud, as well as all the private houses. Of

course we see nothing of Jamrud but the exterior. We go that far in a landau and find two tongas awaiting us at the serai near by. There we are requested to enter and sign the visitors' books, and when our permit is demanded it is discovered that it has carelessly been left behind us. R. says I did it and I return the compliment. However, left it has been, so what to do? The men in charge suggest that we call on Major A. L. Bickford, commanding in the fortress, and explain the matter. I had him down as "General" and doubtless merely anticipated a bit. We find him a most agreeable, handsome, young man, only too ready to remedy the blunder, which he does by the stroke of a pen. Like Philip II. he certainly governs his world hereabouts by three inches of paper. It was a pleasure to meet him. I have never met an English officer that it was not a pleasure to meet. I hope his government won't keep that man out here long enough to break down his apparently superb health and physique. Having changed into tongas, we are shortly en route, the "Broken Road" stretching away before us, broad and hard. Our tongas are whirled along it by two wild ponies to each, one in the shaft and the other flying loose like the troikas of Russia. Ours would have made better progress if one pony had not considered it necessary to stop now and then and bite his companion. Result, often one wild tangle of harness and ponies which it took five minutes to straighten out. That once

R. M. Parmelee

Fort Jamrud, Entrance to Khyber Pass

done the beasts make up for lost time by rushing on at a breakneck speed so that we take the road by storm, holding tightly on the while to the strap of the tonga.

This Pass is guarded twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays, when visitors may penetrate half its length with safety and caravans traverse it. To-day almost every knoll has its guard, the glint of rifle barrels being visible far up the hills on either side. The guards are Afridis, and there is no more villainous lot of rogues on the earth than these Afridis. They are trained as thieves from their birth up. When a child is a few weeks old a hole is cut between two of the rooms of his home and he is passed backward and forward while strange incantations are mumbled over him that he may prove strong to rob and murder his fellow men. In old days he always fulfilled the desire of his parents to the full. Now the British Government calls a halt at murder; thieving is beyond power of suppression. These people live in the caves one sees on the hillsides all around here. They burrow like rabbits and are a depraved, disgusting looking lot of human beings, a lot you would not care to breathe amongst. Yet I have received hospitality from such people that was more welcome to me than that of many a palace and which convinced me that all the natives of Asia are not thieves. It was in a valley far to the north where I had struggled back sick and weary from the deserts of Western China. I found a man and his

family living in a desolate sun-baked spot, where they had been condemned to pass the summer for some small offence against the Russian Government. They had one wretched tent but I was made welcome. The old wife sat by me a moment with her eyes full of compassion, and then droye forth the goat and baby camel and from her roll extracted a bright, new rug which she spread in the coolest corner for me, and then giving me a draught of cool water, bathed my head as my own mother has done so many times. When I was able to move on, the old man mounted his camel and showed me a shorter cut on my way than my servants were aware of. As I moved onward and off, I turned, and he was sitting on his stately beast sharply silhouetted against the brazen sky. Then a turn in our road and he was gone forever. I fancy he and his are long since dead in that desolate valley. If so I trust their souls have entered paradise and found rest in green pastures by cool waters, where it is always afternoon. However, I shall not care to try that same experiment with these Afridi, who only keep their hands off you because they are forced by fear of a stronger power, and strength is the only god they really worship.

This road as it enters the valley strongly reminds one of that to the tombs of the kings in Egypt. Back of you is the wide green valley, and the character of the hills is much the same. If you come here, come in autumn or spring, summer will grill you alive and winter freeze you stiff. It is

delightful to-day. The whole Pass is full of a moving multitude, hundreds of donkeys, mules, and horses, and yonder a long string of camels. As we round a hill we come suddenly upon a strange group to be found in the Khyber en route to Kabul. Two huge elephants and four oxen are hauling a float upon which, all safely covered from heat and dust, rests a big motor-car. Surely the world does move. Motors en route to Afghanistan! Well, I want none of them here, and strongly resent their intrusion upon this section sacred to the "ship of the desert," the stately camel. Of the latter we encounter thousands, especially while we are resting at noon at Ali Masjid. That is as far as one is allowed to go unless one carries a pass and protection to enter Afghanistan. It is possible to do this now with comparative safety, as the present Amir is a good fellow. The late one enjoyed cutting throats.

The scenery up to this point is wild but not very impressive. The bleak hills tower around the gorge, brown and barren, splotched with a dreary green shrub. Occasionally a snow peak shows itself, but generally the prospect is monotonous and but that you know this is the world-famous Pass you would not be greatly impressed. I have crossed far grander passes. It does not compare to the Dariel over the Caucasus or the Chabet of Algeria or many in our own land. Yet with its history of murder and battle, with the realisation of all it meant to England and this section of the

world, with its wild-looking people and thousands of passing camels, it does present a very interesting sight, a sight enjoyed all the more for the presence of yonder khaki-clad officers and soldiers.

With the knowledge that the Afridi guarding the Pass to-day are robbers and worse the remainder of the week, comes the question, How far may one enter the lion's den in safety even with the power of England to back one? The lion in this case would be the Amir of Afghanistan who has a palace in Peshawur, which he occupies now and then. You may meet him driving in a landau, in most European fashion, a big man with a full beard and not at all terrible in appearance.[1] Still appearances are often deceptive. He would probably sit back and chuckle while his pet dogs were tearing you to pieces or you were undergoing the pleasant sensation of impalement. The favourite sport of his brother the Amir of Bokhara was to toss his people from the summit of the great minaret down upon iron spikes. While it is now possible to visit Kabul in safety, the Amir is not at all times hospitable. There was a Turk who fared badly, in fact he never reached Kabul. All who would visit the Amir must abide in Peshawur until it is determined that they may proceed. In this man's case fate settled the matter. His house was entered at night by a band of Afridi robbers who took everything except his life, and that was saved only by the strong fight he put up in its defence.

[1] In the illustration he is the one with the star on his cap.

Photo by Holmes, Peshawur

The Khyber Pass Looking North

When he appealed to the Amir for vengeance, or justice, that eastern potentate replied that he knew not who the robbers were, but if the Turk did and would send them to Kabul he would see what could be done. Doubtless his Highness shared in the loot, which was known to be considerable. Others have had experience in that savage state which, though they returned to relate, they are not apt to forget.

There was a Miss —— engaged by the Amir to go to Kabul and give dancing lessons to his wives. Now the lady would never remind one of Lalla Rookh, as she weighs certainly some three hundred pounds. The Turk's idea of beauty is size, but one has never been given to understand that their dancing girls were quite so solid. However, Miss —— went to Kabul. What her success was is not related, nor what steps she taught—they could not have been those of that classic, the Bunny Hug. However, it is certain that one of the wives of his highness said that if Miss —— stayed another week she would poison her, so the Amir made some excuse to get her away, promising a return later on, something he never expected to effect, nor she to accept if he did. She departed southward, and in time came to the Kabul River. There is no mode of transfer over that muddy stream save on the backs of coolies, and with much trepidation the good dame mounted the back of a man two thirds her size, firmly clasping her arms round his neck. The poor fellow staggered onward doing

his best until the middle of the river was reached, when he incontinently dropped the good dame plump into the flood. She was fished out, but after that the picturesque orient or the grandeur of the Khyber Pass appealed to her not at all. One wonders why she remains in India. Certainly her experiences have not been rose-coloured. In another state, while endeavouring to conduct a dairy, her cattle were killed by the administration of pounded glass by a discharged overseer. While these natives do not appear to consider glass as a desirable means of letting in light, they certainly regard it as a prime way of letting out life. It is generally plain glass that is used, but when one is very exalted, powdered diamonds are the means to the end, and how poetic, even in India, to leave this world through the application of powdered diamonds.

In one of the states there were once two brothers, one died in about fifteen minutes after a sociable bowl of tea one afternoon, not because like Socrates he talked too much, but because he happened to be just "brother" to the throne. The other was "assisted to Paradise" by an inward application of powdered diamonds. Had he been of no importance it would have been of powdered glass, but he was too exalted to be fed upon less than diamonds, so he died, and in great agony. Had the surgeons been permitted to operate, he might have been saved, but they were not exalted enough, so metropolitan savants must be summoned, but great

cities were a long way off, and when the savants got to him the burning ghats had long since rendered their presence unnecessary.

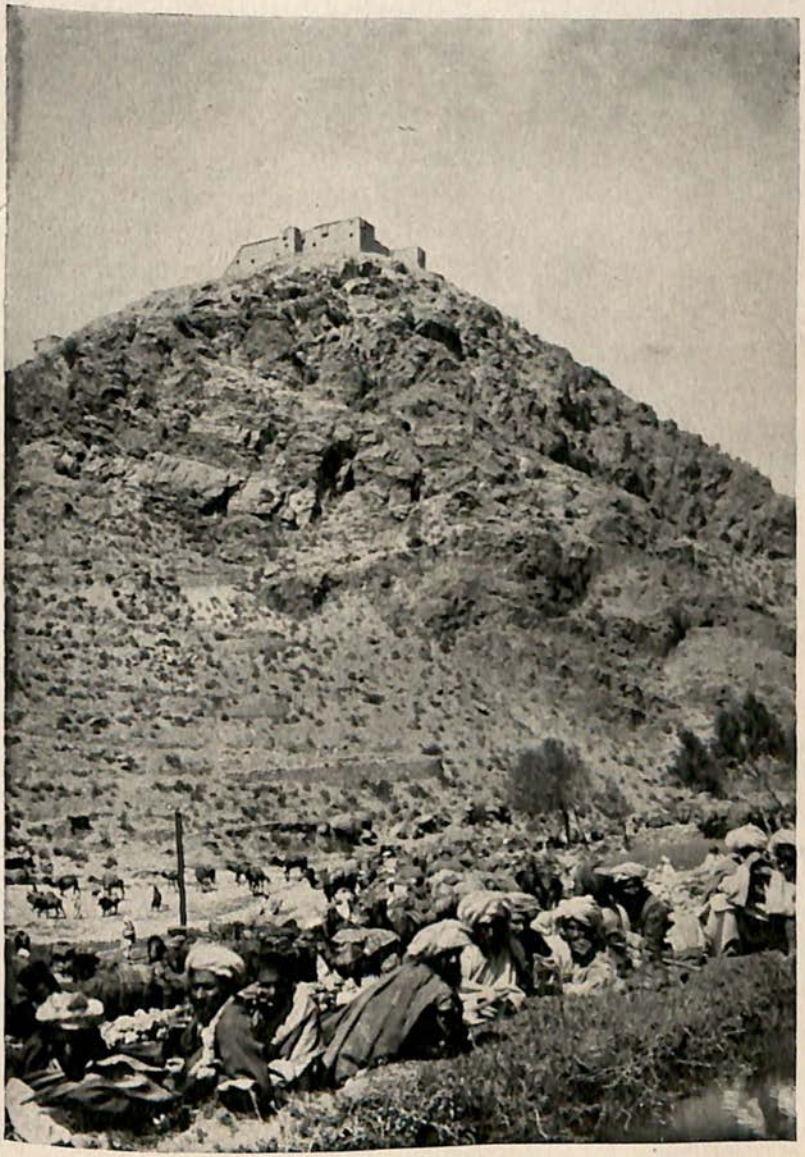
His son, the next in line, was very wisely placed where powdered diamonds would not be served.

An Englishman said to us the other day that it was an impossibility to attempt social intercourse with a race which held human life at so small a value,—to admit a native, no matter what his rank, to an English club and expect its members to associate with him, when they knew past all doubt that the man found murdered a night or two before was done to death, and the body placed in the compound of an innocent man, by the command of this proposed member. The murder, like most in the orient, could not be proven, but there was no manner of doubt as to who had it done; but to return.

Without, as I have stated, special permit, the traveller penetrates the Khyber Pass only to about the central point, and unless going on to Kabul, that is far enough. Ali Masjid is 2733 feet above the sea and the fort of that name is perched high above the road guarding the valley each way. When we first reach the valley below it, the place is deserted, but presently a camel pokes its nose around a rock to be followed by another and another and another, until one hundred and twenty-seven stately beasts slowly pass into sight and come to rest for a season. They come from the great beyond and

have been coming for months, over limitless deserts and through vast mountain gorges, known only to them and their people. The traveller in these regions will often think himself alone in some wide green valley with nothing living around, only the meadows and green waters, the peace of the hills and majesty of the snows, when a small donkey will amble into sight from back of a near-by rock with a white turbaned membashie seated gravely on his back. Then will follow a camel with its bales of stuffs on its back, then another and another and another, each attached to the one preceding it by a cord through its nose which is tied to the tail of the one in front. Soon will form one of those moving cities of the desert. Having deposited their packs the stately creatures will circle softly round and round one until one feels that one is being enchanted; but why struggle? Just dream.

Shortly the wide green valley becomes dotted by thousands of sleeping beasts and all is as peaceful as in Bible days. Then the moon may rise and Abraham, in the shape of a stately chief with long beard, towering turban, and flowing robes may come to pay one a visit. They always did it with me and often brought offerings in the shape of a handful of butter or a dead sheep, all of which I handed over to my servant. Then the patriarch would seat himself at my tent door and smoke in unbroken silence for an hour or more, while the moon rose higher and higher, and grew brighter



Mrs. Shoemaker

The Fortress of Ali Masjid, Khyber Pass

and brighter, until all the valley and its sleeping city around me silvered in the radiance. The peace and quiet were intense. Finally the old man would arise and with deepest prostrations pass outward and away, leaving me to dream the night out in company with only the moon. In those days, but a short time ago, 1894, to pass across Afghanistan at all was almost impossible. It is doubtless still dangerous in the north. Things have indeed changed on this side and one may possibly go to Kabul shortly on a railroad built by the Amir who, it is reported, has an English surveyor in Peshawur ready to lay it out. His Highness is at present, however, more interested in road building, probably that he may use that new motor we met in the Pass. There are eighty thousand men at work road building at present. (The United States should take note of this and hide her head in shame.)

The Amir informed his people, by means of a lantern slide, that the roads were for transit not for gossip or even for a bout of friendly wrestling. "The order is most necessary as I feel sure my subjects would like to use my level roads for tea parties."

If the present rate of progress is kept up, the savage state of Afghanistan will shortly be savage no longer. Certainly the projected railway from Persia and Syria will put an end to all that even if an enlightened Amir and his good roads do not. His Highness is very fond of lecturing to the

students of his Cadet College. One day he will speak upon the aurora borealis, something certainly never seen in Afghanistan. Again he is heard upon the difference between ancient and modern ordinance. Again he deals with history and evidently is well informed on all his subjects. The best students in his university will be sent abroad to study, but neither to Europe nor America but to Japan, such being the result of that nation's triumph over Russia.

Certainly he is progressive. You may shortly go to your phone and call up any part of that savage land. Again, he, in view of the cry for constitutional methods, held a kind of parliament, but "I was obliged to send them all home. They were too ignorant to take any part in state affairs and required thirty years' education." Evidently an educational, if not a property, qualification, is what he will insist upon before he enfranchises his people. He certainly will not curse them as we did our blacks by a "fifteenth amendment," or any thing like it. While our thoughts have been busy with his affairs, the camels and his people have been asleep all around us, and after resting for an hour they pass off towards India, the soft pad, pad of the myriads of feet alone breaking the midday calm. While they rested, our lunch was spread by a brook and we proceeded to do justice to it, such justice as is produced by air like this. In the meantime the camel drivers had drawn nearer until we were conscious of a line

of hundreds of brown faces and black eyes just across the brook staring at us in silent wonder, and none too friendly wonder at that. The inspection was insistent and too near for pleasure.

I cannot say I enjoyed that meal—nothing but a brook a yard wide separated us from that wall of Afghans whose gleaming eyes and clenched hands meant murder, and but for those red coats on yonder rock, murder it would have been. We were certainly "skating on thin ice" so to speak, and were glad when, the luncheon finished, we could stray off near the soldiers of the King and further from those subjects of his grace of Afghanistan. Subjects!—Yes, if his is the stronger arm. One does not realise in the apparent peace at Peshawur whose wide avenues and sunny bungalows seem never to have known what trouble was, that its very air vibrates with lawlessness and unrest, that murder and robberies are too common to deserve more than passing notice. I did not appreciate it until I was warned the night we departed not to wander off to the dark end of the platform, but one does realise it in the Khyber.

In my journeys in Turkestan and Western China I had no such feeling, but yonder Afghans are as savage as Bengal tigers, and when you look into their vicious black eyes you realise it, and I cannot but feel that the least excitement or show of fear on our part to-day, and we should have had trouble.

In the midst of the meal our tonga boy came up and sold my wife a dagger, a villainous looking weapon even on our table in law-abiding America, the dear land where we have almost as many unpunished murders as in Afghanistan. Still, we are not in hourly dread of our lives, though such appears to be becoming the case in the city of New York. The shadows are lengthening as we turn homeward.

As we commence the descent towards Peshawur the afternoon sun illuminates all the gorge and its attendant mountains into a golden glory, while far out over the plain towards the south, the lights and shadows wave and dance in a fantastic manner. Below us and trailing out on to the plain approaches an immense caravan of Bactrian camels. These are evidently the aristocrats amongst camels, great brown beasts with heavy manes and deep fur almost black on head and back. All are decked in fantastic head-dresses, collars and girdles of brilliantly coloured woollen work in all the hues of the rainbow. The leader carries an immense bell which sends forth its soft tone melody as he paces majestically onward. All down the line it is answered by the tinkle or clangour of many other bells. One hears no other sound, for these people are very silent as they travel. As the setting sun strikes the long line the scene is brilliant past description, and we watch it until it becomes necessary to move onward ourselves, turning now and again for a last glimpse

of that gorgeous panorama of the orient on their return to the heart thereof, for, in fact, to those who know them those lands of Central Asia, Turkestan, Persia, and Afghanistan alone seem the real orient. All the rest has been swept and garnished for tourists, but there, is the real orient, unpolluted, unchanged since the days when Bactria was born—Bactria, the mother of cities, which was ancient and hoary with age when Babylon came into existence.

As we near Jamrud our driver points to a village on the right and mutters "plague" but assures us that we need not be alarmed, as "every one is dead there." Not a soul survived, hence there is no one to carry the pestilence forth. We do not insist upon a closer inspection, though we have no fear of the bubonic form of that disease. However, murderous Afghans and plague spots are better viewed from a distance.

The plague in China is supposed to come from the eating by the soldiers of the marmot, which is always infested with the dread bacilli. The soldiers prefer them when they are fattest and rankest, hence the dread result.

Breaking out in Bombay City in 1896 the pest had already in March, 1901, caused a recorded mortality of about half a million. Since then it has continued its ravages, especially in Bombay and Upper India. The mortality from this scourge rose from 284,000 in 1901, to 1,316,000 in 1907. It then fell to well under the 200,000 in 1908 and

1909. In 1910 it was 509,000. The total number of deaths from plague during the decade was nearly six-and-a-half millions, of which over one third occurred in the Punjab, and two-fifths in the United Provinces and Bombay. In the Punjab and United Provinces, malaria was also very prevalent. The reported mortality from fevers in the latter in 1908 was nearly two millions, and greatly exceeded the total number of deaths from plague in the whole decade. Elsewhere, in spite of a certain amount of plague, the decade was on the whole a healthy one.

However, death seems forever to be holding wild carnival in India. The plague is considered to be, as it were, in abeyance just now, yet during last week, in seven days, think of it, there were over forty thousand cases, and thirty-eight thousand of those died. With its increase in China a return of it in its worst form is feared for next winter, and one paper even suggested that the Durbar be abandoned.[1] If the pneumonic form should appear it would sweep Europeans as well as natives. Deaths in Bombay, for instance, from this source are double what they were a year ago.

The theory that all epidemics must make steady progress from the east to the west seems to maintain in India as with a rise in China of the pest, India is sure to follow suit. Still, does that always hold? If I remember correctly our records show one of the worst epidemics of cholera America

[1] It did not return and the Durbar was a success.

ever experienced as coming in at New Orleans and so north and east by the rivers. But leave thoughts and death and disease for the future, though really in the orient one does not mind contemplating them in the least. However, to-day all is life and movement. The valley, so deserted on our outward trip, is now crowded with caravans and by the river two big elephants rest from their labours preparatory to a plunge in the water.

We leave the tongas at Jamrud and entering the landaus are soon back in Peshawur, but the day is too fine to lose any of it and we drive to the native city to inspect the caravanserai, for these Afghans who, when they reach Peshawur, are not trusted to lodge where they please,—lives and property would be worth very little if they were. There is a large section of the native city set off for their use. It is in fact a huge caravanserai whose walls are high and massive, and whose high portals are locked and guarded after dark. We meet the majestic Afghans in the streets of the outer town during the day, but at night they enter yonder enclosure and are protected against us and we from them. The former state is not of great moment to them, but the latter is of immense importance to us.

We have just driven through the serai. It was a picture of oriental life. Thousands of camels thronged the open spaces, while tens of thousands of the people of the north swarmed the streets and camped all over the place. The fear of

England protects one here and it is pleasant to listen to the bugle notes of her soldiers sounding through the air.

Like all other oriental towns, one hears the regular sound of the tom-tom, beating through the inconsequent phrases of native songs. While just outside the wild tones of the bagpipes greet the ear and one sees the odd sight of native troops drilling to the skirling music of bonny Scotland.

After that trip into the Khyber, we do not wonder that England locks these gentle Afghans up every night and watches them all the time. In fact, one feels inclined to stop and see that yonder gates are securely locked and barred, but the act on our part might be considered officious and we move on. Such was not the case in Egypt, but probably in that case absolute astonishment kept them silent.

Peshawur is very different from other places in India. While its guardians dance and while the hours away, they are forever on guard over the entrance to yonder Pass and from the city walls the fort of Jamrud, ten miles off, at its mouth, looks like a crouching tiger ready to spring.

Many conquerors from Tamerlane down have led their hordes into India through yonder portal, but England does not intend that the Bear shall add another to the list.

Here in the cantonment one feels safe and at rest, but one's dreams are not apt to be those of peace after such a day.

Holmes, Peshawur

Afghan Caravanserai, Peshawur

We live in the realms of Hadji Baba all day long and drop back to the prose of the present at dinner time, at the little hotel, when every one is in correct evening dress and the orient is shut out into the silence of the night. After all "dinner dress" is very much more the uniform of the English than any worn at the command of the King. Officers of other nations wear their uniforms all the time. An Englishman—and I think Americans also—gets out of harness as soon as he possibly can and never wears it except when absolutely necessary. To look around this dining-room to-night one could be pardoned for doubting that it is in one of the most important military posts of the empire and not in London. Later we wander around the well-kept compound where the grass is almost as luxuriant as in the north and with no fear of the cobra which does not haunt the grasses of Peshawur, but a far more venomous snake, if such be possible, the krait, is often met with. It is small and black and from its bite death is certain. Then again from its size it is easily concealed in a bouquet of flowers which one may send to an enemy. This sometimes occurs. The reptile is active and very vicious and will spring forward to attack an unconscious passer-by.

Is it true that the mongoose carries in its own blood an antidote for the cobra's poison? Badgers and cats appear to enjoy immunity and lately a cat was bitten by a cobra; the cat, it is stated,

did not suffer but the viper died. All of the larger felines appear immune and I have never heard of an elephant dying from snake bite, but cattle do.

It is also stated that ducks, owls, cranes, herons, and storks are immune. Is that true?

Photo by Mokim Khan

H. H. the Amir of Afghanistan

The Amir is the first on the left

CHAPTER XV

LIFE IN PESHAWUR

Last Drive in Peshawur. The Stupa of Kanishka. Buddhist Discovery. Indifference of Indian People to her Past History. Disposal of the Relics of Buddha. The English Cemetery. Amusing Inscription. Avitabela's Execution Bastion. Carpet Bazaars. Purchases. Mokim Khan and the Bazaar Letter. Prosperity of India Increasing. England's Preparedness. Peshawur Season. "Meal Tickets," or Letters of Introduction.

WE take our last drive around Peshawur on a brilliant sparkling morning. The city lies in a wide green valley and is said to suffer the most intense heat of any point between the Khyber and Cape Comorin, but certainly it cannot have such a long season of heat as farther south. To-day the air is all life and vigour, and the avenues of the city are decorated as for a festival with masses of flowers tumbling in wildest profusion everywhere.

Passing through the native quarters we reach and mount one of the gate towers and are well repaid by the panorama spread before us. Below

and around lies the city, off to the south stretches the limitless plains of India, while north and west, like cliffs out of a sea, rise the dark mountains, topped here and there by a distant snowcap, while the fortress of Jamrud plainly visible guards the entrance to the Khyber Pass, sleeping to-day in the silence of desolation. Tamerlane in the 14th and Baber in the 16th century came down yonder road along which the caravans inward bound from the north are moving majestically onward. We watch them until they disappear within the archway of the great caravanserai, the babble and hum of whose life comes outwards in waves of sound. Across the adjacent plains masses of soldiers are moving to the music of many fifes, and the sound of the bugles travels onward towards the great Pass. How many have stood here and dreamed dreams and seen visions, some to reach fulfilment in this life, but the vast majority to vanish spectre-like into the mists of yonder mountains to be no more seen.

Alexander's first "hill station" in India was just to the north of here. He did not enter by the Khyber, it was too hot for his soldiers.

As he gazed southward from yonder mountains his eyes rested upon a far different scene from that we see to-day. While there was nothing of the present city of Peshawur there was a city here, and to the Buddhists, one of the most holy, for as we know in its great dagoba was preserved a part of one of the eight relics of Lord Buddha. On our descent from the gate tower we drove out to the

site of the stupa of Kanishka where the relics were discovered. I have already described all that. That a prophet is without honour in his own country appears to hold in India. Her journals are complaining that

it is very unfortunate to observe, even in these days of all-sided knowledge and activity, that India's antiquities should receive far less attention from the Indians than they deserve! "Forwards, not backwards," is the motto of the present day; and consequently there are even now a very small number of persons who take any interest in the antiquities of India. The nation, which could not look to its past, has no right to devise plans for its future! Thus, for example, the discovery of the Buddha's relics in Sind, scarcely evoked any attention even from educated Indians, excluding, of course, those who had made a special study of the antiquities of India. The average Indian would look blank if he were merely asked what was done with the relics after they had been discovered! Others might know that a Durbar was held by the late Viceroy, where the relics of the great Teacher of Mankind were "somehow" disposed of! But few would care to know the real importance of the relics, and their consequent fate.

On our return to the city we stopped a moment in the cemetery and inspected a rather unique inscription which shows what punctuation or the lack thereof can accomplish. It is to the memory of the American missionary, Isidor Löwenthal, who was "shot by his own chaukidar" (servant).

To this is added, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." The inscription is also in Persian and the cutter thereof added in his own tongue, "Khandah nabáshad" which being translated means "don't laugh." The inscription of the church records restores order and sense by a period and capital properly placed.

The good man translated the New Testament into Pushtu and deserves all praise which he doubtless gets in both this world and the next.

These English cemeteries all over the world are the saddest of all sad places, and tell the tale of how the great Empire has been welded by the blood of her best and bravest, of the most of whom the world knows not and takes no thought, but if "never a sparrow falleth" without recognition, surely these are remembered in the book of life.

As we pass the north-east bastion of the city wall, we pause a moment to look at Avitabela's execution bastion; the place is said to be full of skeletons. It is built of brick, but the rest of the walls are of mud, with which the rains of winter play sad havoc.

As the sun grows more powerful we seek the shadowy carpet Bazaar of Mohammed Yakub and conclude, to the satisfaction of both sides, negotiations for the transfer of some Bokhara carpets which have been progressing for a week back. They are certainly beautiful and while we paid a good price, they are still very reasonable from

our standpoint, and will increase in value as the years go on.

R. has just purchased for three hundred and fifty rupees two very handsome rugs for which he was asked at first twelve hundred rupees. That is something of a reduction, yet it illustrates what I have always heard, viz., that one fourth of what is asked is about the correct figure. Sometimes they will not meet your offer in small things. To-day there was a curtain for twenty-five rupees for which I offered ten, but unsuccessfully. Again on a piece of silk embroidery for twenty-five rupees the man would not reduce one anna, even when I showed him the duplicate which I had gotten from another man for twelve rupees. An oriental enjoys bargaining above everything, and if you carry on a merry war will often meet your figure. When all is said and done you may rest assured they lose nothing, but equalise matters in the long run.

On our return ride we stopped in another carpet shop in the Bazaar and saw some Bokharas, which came in on that caravan of yesterday. They nearly caused us to run hopelessly into debt. Nothing but flight saved the party which will not feel secure until it has left Peshawur, which it will do on Monday night, word having come that it can get through to Kashmir.

Our last day in Peshawur is not to pass without events. Our rugs, carpets, and embroideries are all paid for and en route to Bombay; we have

photographed K. C. Mohammed Yakub as he stood at the door of his shop; every trunk, box, bundle, basket, and roll are done up, and we are resting from our labours, when Mokim Khan, our "boy" with great gravity presents R. with a document which he, in fear and trembling, shows to me. Just what it means bothers us. Its phraseology is certainly obscure, to say the least. It reads at first as though it were merely a desire on Mohammed's part to warn us against those wretches, the Kashmirs. It is not our first warning, and we were already on guard. Further consideration leaves us in doubt, however, as, in the closing sentence he appears to try and tie us down to a three months' contract, when he knows we will be on the ocean inside of two, but read for it yourself. It is written by the Bazaar writer and one can be excused for being in doubt. Later on documents from that source are rated at their proper value.

SIR:

I beg to bring to your kind notice that I have got your job by your special favour, and I am ready to go with you to Kashmere, but I have seen Kashmere many times before, and know the Kashmerees well, they always sell to Europeans directly without consulting the bearers, and Complaining to Master about bearer that your bearer brings everything dearer kindly give me your job I shall do your work cheaper and such all other tricks they do, and such masters, who never seen Kashmere before, he comes under

Kashmere tricks and gives leave to his old bearer, so under these circumstances I beg to say that kindly don't let the Kashmerees to talk with you, all your business what you want must be done only by me and if you wish discharge me you will kindly pay me my three months wages and expense from Cashmere to Peshawur, if you except my above mentioned request I am ready to go with you.

Your Most Obdt Servant
MOKEEM KHAN bearer

Suspense is not to be endured. We have our former experience in memory, and don't mean to be caught in that way. So we summon him and he denies all idea of any other notion or thought save to protect us from those "dogs of Kashmirs." To this we agree, and all goes well. We thought best to lay down the law to him so there would be no mistake. "You seem a good boy, Mokim, and came well recommended; we like you and hope you will do, but we do not intend entering into any agreement with you save to pay your wages, rupees 1.8 per day and your ticket back to Peshawur. You will be paid by the day and not by the month." The boy wilted at once and fervently declared he had no thought of anything else, and was in all ways content.

The secret of the business was, as we discovered when we had been in the Vale a while, that by binding us to buy only through him he was sure of his commission, a vital matter to him, but one which the merchants of Kashmir won't allow.

You will see later on that he could not keep them away from us as he could do here, for the river is free to all and they come by that great highway.

There are many straws drifting on the current of India which show that the wind of prosperity has set in this direction. The morning journal contains a statement that in the last ten months automobiles to the value of six hundred thousand dollars have been imported into India; 1,470,000 rupees (49 lakhs) have been expended in carriages; and excellent vehicles are turned out in Indian workshops. The demand for fine vehicles of all sorts is very great, even in small towns and villages. People in the villages now wear mill-made fabrics in lieu of the rough hand-loom stuff of some years ago. In remote sections the women have exchanged silver for gold jewelry and regard ornaments made of the former metal as fit for "sweepers" only. In the crowds one will see the women now dressed in the fine muslin with frills and laces.

While India is apparently peaceful, the ordinary traveller cannot but conclude that England is in a state of preparedness which would render a repetition of the mutiny of '57 impossible. Every railway station is, or could promptly be turned into, a fort. They are built with very thick walls, pierced by slits and loopholes for the use of firearms and there are towers with the machicolations of the Middle Ages, notably that at Lahore. The regular forts are numerous and with

the telegraph, telephone, and wireless mode of communication, relief could promptly be sent to any threatened district.

To-day's paper (March 26th) holds a letter of thanks from a Hindu to the government for the protection afforded this month, which enabled his sect to celebrate their festival of the Holi, of which I have already made mention. Last year it resulted in a riot in Peshawur, not unlike those in Ireland between Orange and Ribbon men, in which many of the Hindu merchants' shops were looted. One carpet merchant told me that he lost stock worth a lakh of rupees ($33,000). I heard afterward that he had greatly exaggerated—probably his losses grow by the telling—but certainly there was a riot and a serious one, whereas this year peace reigned supreme.

Our stay in Peshawur has been delightful. We shall carry away a most pleasing remembrance of her trees and flowers and song-birds. Her hedges are all abloom with beautiful roses now, and to-day a small black boy brought in an immense basket of those lovely flowers, also of mignonette, pansies, and iris. Kashmir can hold no more perfect specimens of the floral world than does Peshawur.

Guarded by her mountains and in the midst of her broad green valley, may the years glide by her in peace, and war keep afar off.

Peshawur has her "season" which was over when we reached here. We have several "letters" of which we make no use, as we are travellers only.

If a stranger desires to enter the social life in any part of India —certainly at Government House— letters of introduction are a necessity. Yet, save at Government House, I should hesitate to use them. With the increase of travel they have been so overdone that generally they are considered a bore. I heard one English lady call them "food tickets." Certainly after that I took good care not to present any of ours until just as we were leaving each place, and then only because most of them held messages from the sender in England. Of course, there are exceptional cases where I should present them at once, but they must needs be very exceptional.

If you desire that side of life in India, bring the proper credentials to the viceroy, call at Government House and present them. They will receive proper recognition, and in that manner you will make pleasant acquaintances.

That, as I have stated, is, I think, the only way, save in exceptional cases.

CHAPTER XVI

THE JOURNEY TO KASHMIR

Colonel Younghusband and Kashmir. Arrival at Rawalpindi. Tonga Troubles. Their Cost and Loading. Loaded and off for the Vale. Road Etiquette. Upset on the Highway. "Dhanjehboy & Sons." Arrival at Murree in the Snow. Tonga Service. Kohali and Broken Roads. Arrival at Garhi. "No Rooms." Taken in by Strangers. Grasping Indians. Life in a Dak Bungalow. Ghosts and Legends. Major F. and his Tricks. The Resident. Kindness of the English. Crowds and Morals. Off with the Dawn. Beautiful Scenery. Breaks in the Road. Landslides and Avalanches. Unkind Words to an Ecka. Submersion. Baramula. The Vale of Kashmir at Last.

COLONEL YOUNGHUSBAND stated that all who come to Kashmir must suffer, and we are no exception to that rule.

Leaving Peshawur at ten P.M., we reach Rawalpindi at 5.30 A.M. I have had much correspondence with Dhanjeboy & Sons concerning our transportation and have thought it understood that we wanted four tongas. I was certainly very explicit on that point. When I go to his office at seven A.M., my receipt is ready and I am assured that the tongas will be at the station at eight promptly. When that hour comes there are—two.

Where are the others? "We thought two would do." Did I not order four? "Yes, but—" But, just there I lost my temper and I think I convinced them that I knew my business better than they did. You may always rest assured that if a native can twist and distort your orders or intentions he will certainly do so. They acknowledged that they had my order in black and white and quite distinct, but— It is needless to say that the other two tongas appeared in short order. We paid 424 rupees for the four, a tip to the driver being the only extra. The real reason was made apparent when another native approached and announced that he was the "Ecka" man and always carried travellers' luggage and was going to carry ours. As eckas take a week to make the trip I thought otherwise, as we wanted our luggage and our time was limited. To make a long story short I drove, literally drove, him away, and had the luggage loaded in tongas and off we started. It is probably understood between the ecka and tonga companies that the former are to carry the luggage. The wishes of the passengers have no weight whatever. Doubtless they often succeed, but sometimes they do not and this was a case in point. Even with four tongas, how we are to stow ourselves and our luggage therein is a problem. However, it is solved in time. Many boxes go under the seats, and on every fly over the wheels another is bound. A horse boy climbs on to the

R. M. Parmelee

So We Journeyed to Kashmir

round canvas-covered top of each vehicle. My wife and her maid occupy the rear seat in one, and R. and I in another, while Otto and Mokim take places on the front seats with the drivers. Then comes the question as to whether the ponies will go forward or backward or not at all. As there are eight ponies, you may find differences of opinion amongst them. Generally you do. We did on many occasions before we returned here. However, they are rather good-natured to-day, so with some kicks and a few plunges, with much clanking of tonga bars and flourish of trumpets, we are en route.

The day is cloudy, but there is no rain until we enter the hills. Then the mist closes in, and in an hour develops into a rain which lasts all day. However, we do not mind a wetting, and the tongas being well covered are fairly dry.

The roads are good and the horses draw us along in a merry fashion. Nearing a hill they always rush at it and ascend at full speed. On a level they settle into a steady trot, but as it is mostly hill to-day, they spend their time in mad gallops. The etiquette of the road does not allow of one tonga's passing another. If you are first in the procession, no one will attempt to take your place away. Of course if you drop out, you lose it. The tonga is considered the most difficult of all vehicles to upset because of the bar across the horses necks. So long as the driver always remains in his seat, there is little danger. Have this

enforced. Had we known it we would have been spared some anxious moments.

All went well until an hour before lunch, when the driver of the tonga in which my wife and her maid were travelling directed his assistant to do something—I know not what—to the near horse. I suppose the boy was clumsy or did not understand, for the driver hastily descended, all the while showering abuse on the lad in apparently fifty different languages and doubtless casting reflections upon the virtue of every female ancestor the boy possessed, collateral and otherwise. The lines were dropped and the horses promptly took advantage thereof, ran a bit, knocked the right wheel against a rock, and toppled the tonga over on its side, throwing the occupants out into the mud. It all happened so suddenly that it was over before I could get out of my tonga or R. out of his. I was horror-stricken, as my wife and the maid were both down in the mud—whether injured or not was a question I did not pause to answer; but before any one could reach them they were on their feet, apparently unhurt. The maid was bruised a little, as it proved. My wife had changed her seat to the one in front of the driver and hence was thrown and lay for an instant with her head between the heels of a horse and the heavy wheel: any movement of either would have resulted fatally, but thank God for her natural activity. She was quicker than the horse, and up and out before he could move. Moral:

ride on the back seat—it is much safer. The phlegmatic, stolid, or stupid, perhaps, driver did not seem to think he had done anything wrong in deserting his team, and as we had to go on with him nothing could be done, words being useless as he did not understand any European tongue. Of course I shall report him, but what good will it do with managers who are as stupid as Dhanjeboy & Sons? The horses are changed every six miles, and our progress is rapid save for balking beasts, and they are aplenty to-day. The only way one such was made to go forward was by tying ropes around his hind legs and pulling him backwards; that roused his opposition and he ran away for a mile. From all that, you can see that our first day's journey towards the fairy Vale of Kashmir has not been without incident.

The "weather this year is unusual"—was it ever otherwise? February was beautiful, no snow and all sunshine. March has howled its way in and out in a fury of snow and tempest.

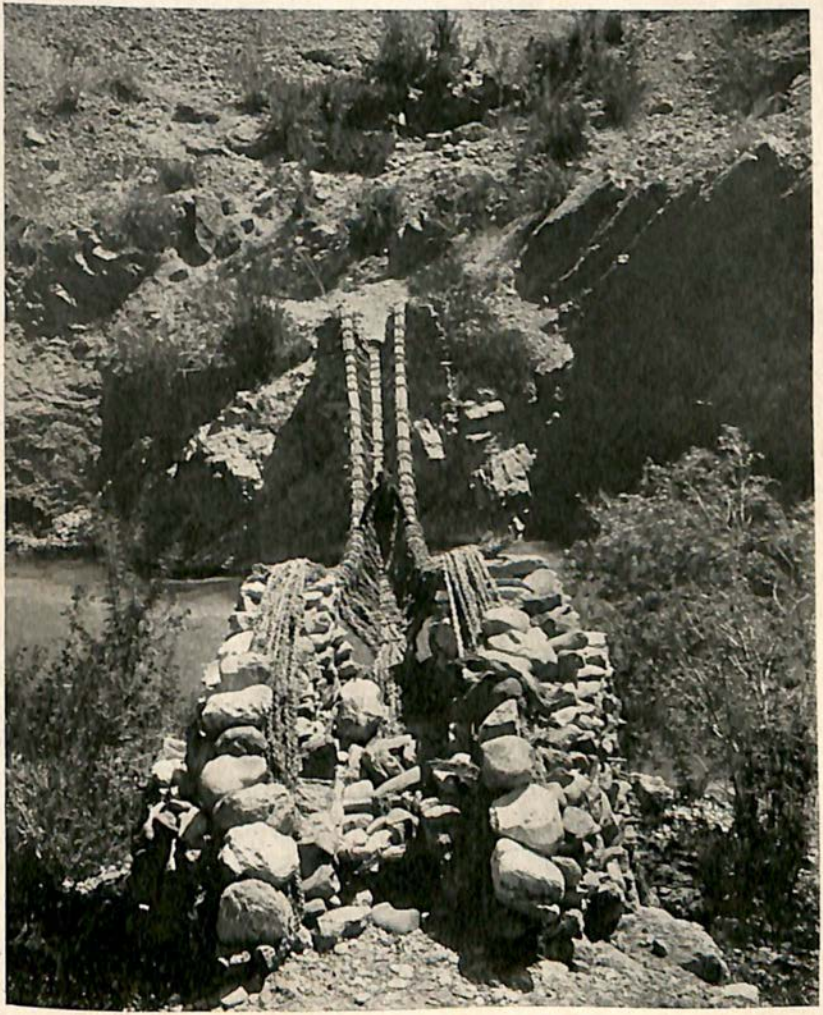
We are the first visitors of the season to arrive at Murree, and the hotel was opened on our telegram for rooms. Last year the 15th of March saw the whole place in full life. However, we are very glad to get here under any circumstances, wet, draggled, tired—but what of that? That is all in a lifetime and merely an incident of travel. Thank God for the escape in that upset—the rest is nothing; and bright fires and tea soon cause us to forget most all of it.

This is the last day of March. Let us hope that April will have more smiles than tears for us.

We reach at Murree an altitude of seven thousand feet—the highest on our route—and the snow lies round us in heaps, but the rain increases and it must soon disappear. If this downpour keeps on we do not go farther to-morrow.

But the next day reveals that the clerk of the weather has had other orders as regards these mountains. Last night it seemed as though all the demons of the farthest recesses had been sent down from the snows to shut us out if possible. About midnight the rain on the roof and the winds in the mountains sounded like a mighty battle. They roared and howled in most demoniacal manner, then stopped off short, and dead silence and perfect calm ensued, while the stars came out like watch-fires, assuring us, as it were, that "God reigns in Heaven, all 's well upon earth."

Perhaps finding that I mean to enter Kashmir, the fates have given up the battle of years. Morning dawns calm and pleasant, and loading up the tongas we are off. The air is delicious, cold yet balmy. Spring is everywhere. As we roll through the hills, stately cryptomerias tower around us, and fruit-trees are in blossom on all sides. The way is down from this, until we cross the Jhelum, called in Sanskrit the "Vedasta" and in Greek "Hydaspes." Some miles on, a sudden bend brings that river in view, rushing on its course to the sea. Far



Rope Bridge over the Jhelum River

up its gorge lies Kashmir. Beyond rises the wall of the Himalayas with their eternal snows. I know of no mountains of the globe which rise so wall-like as these unless it be where the jagged masses of the Caucasus cast their shadows over the plains of Russia. Here, as there, the plains stretch away from their feet limitless.

Our progress is rapid. This postal service, so far as the change and number of horses are concerned, and in fact in all ways, is far better than that of Russia. What it may be when the season opens is a question. We have found plenty of horses and have not been forced to wait long hours as in Central Asia. Nor is it possible for some under-attaché of the government to take one's horses from one's very tarantas through the possession of a pass or *podorozinia*. Many times I have been forced to wait hours for such an aggravating affair. The holders were not out on government business, but simply junketing up and down the land with their families. Of course they had to pay for the horses, but such a pass allows them to take them away from first comers, no matter how long they have been waiting.

But to return. We lunched at Kohali, a pleasant bungalow thirty miles from Murree. The descent has been so great that Kohali is almost on a level with Rawalpindi and hence a very hot spot and one to be avoided as a stopping-place in summer. Here we cross the river and enter the

state of Kashmir. As we proceed, evidences of the late rains are plentiful in the many washouts, and it is not agreeable to feel the wheel of one's tonga sink off towards a gulf of a thousand feet or so where death by drowning in the river or mud is certain.

Farther on our troubles appear over. The road becomes hard and we bowl along at a merry rate. Out of abundance of precaution we have wired to Garhi to have fires in our rooms. The scenery is beautiful. The Jhelum River rushes through the gorges with the surges of Niagara below the falls. We have covered two thirds of our sixty odd miles laid out for the day's route when we come to a break, some hundreds of feet long, where the hill has tobogganed into the river in a vast cascade of rock and mud. The road has been cleared somewhat, yet it is still a Slough of Despond through which we are forced to employ bullocks to haul our luggage tongas. The strength of those small cattle is amazing. All the pulling and hauling of the horses did not budge the tongas an inch, whereas the bullocks simply shook their heads and trotted on as though upon the grand roads of Tunisia. Nothing stopped them until they came to solid ground again, when they did so of their own accord, with a shake of their tails as much as to say: *we* do not haul over good roads, it is beneath us.

Another break occurs later on, when our men come rushing back with shouts of "avalanches."

None fall and we move on, but one has evidently gone by here but recently as the heaps of rocks and earth testify. There is just room for the tongas to pass, and we urge the horses, dreading what may happen, as many travellers find their graves in like manner in yonder rushing river. No hope once you get there, there is such a current.

Two dogs chased a sheep just now, which slipped and fell into the current and never appeared again. The river is of such enormous depth that in some places they have never been able to find bottom, the current being so swift that all apparatus (up here) for so doing has been of no use.

It seems a traveller passed this way last night during the slide and almost got caught. However, we are well over, and the rest-house of Garhi is in sight. It stands high above the river, apparently a pleasant or at least a comfortable place to spend the night. One day more will see us at our journey's end, and I think I will wire that we shall arrive for dinner "hungry."

"The best laid plans of mice and men."

"No rooms."

"*What?*"

"No rooms, Sahib."

"But did you not get our wire?"

"Yes, but wired in reply that we were full up."

"We did not receive it. What are we to do? We have two women and cannot sleep out in the mud and rain. We have no tents."

"Sleep on the porch, Sahib."

A stone-paved porch, soaked in wet, and cold as the grave. What are we to do? The roads beyond are impassable and have been so for days. Not even the mails have gotten through to-day, and listen to that thunder and see that lightning! "Nothing can come." My indignation at that point almost overcame me. Here are travellers allowed to attempt this journey when certainly the tonga people, "Dhanjeboy" at Rawalpindi and the agents, "Cockburns," at Srinagar knew that passage was impossible. I have been in constant communication with both of them for a month with no intimation of the state of affairs. On the contrary Cockburns wrote me that the roads were clear "and we could come through."[1] They were not, and they knew it. Dhanjeboys wanted us to start three days before we did, knowing all this, and also that the hotel at Murree was not open. In fact, my telegram for rooms caused them to open it, and the manager said that my letters caused work to be started on the road. That is as it may be. To have landed at Murree in four feet of melting snow and no place to sleep would not have been agreeable. Certainly when the whole road is blocked official notice should be published in all the papers and the transportation company be obliged by law to stop traffic, but not a bit of it; their only idea is to get you started, to

[1] Mr. Avery of that agency did so much for us while in the Vale that I feel sorry for that, but it is true.

shove you into the mountains in order that they may start newcomers. They are after your cash, and no consideration of your rights and comforts enters for one instant into their calculations. By "they" I mean Dhanjeboys.

In all my travels covering most of the known world, I have never met men so determined to filch your cash by fair or foul means as the natives of India, from the servants up. If you trust them you do so at your peril and will deeply regret it. But to return. I feel better now.

Travellers are very good to each other as we experience just here. A lady, Mrs. S., came forward and offered to take my wife in her room. The maid found sanctuary with another good Samaritan, and we men found quarters in the dining-room.

The English Resident of Kashmir is also held up here awaiting entrance to the valley. Here we find the great explorer of these mountains, Dr. Bullock Workman, and his wife, and it is said, as of a famous English general, that "*she* is the explorer." They are the people who have ascended Kunchinjunga to a greater altitude than any other.

The reading world does not appreciate how vast are the regions unexplored in these mountains. One hears much of Everest, Nanga-Parbat, and Kunchinjunga, but how little of Mahal, where there are over one hundred peaks of twenty-one thousand feet, and twenty-three over twenty-five thousand, unknown and unnamed. In Kashmir

there are over one hundred which are twenty-one thousand, and twenty over twenty-three thousand. In Garhwal and Kumaon there are enough unexplored peaks to keep all the mountain clubs of the world busy for many years. The human mind fails to grasp or in any way appreciate the extent of those awful solitudes of which yonder lofty range is but the outer bulwark. Dr. Workman and his wife have spent much time in mountain work. Mrs. Workman holds the name of having climbed higher than any other of her sex, in ascending a peak in the Nan Kun range 23,234 feet in altitude.

In our last day from Garhi to Baramula, Dr. Workman was with us on his bicycle, but finally left us behind and reached Baramula before we did. I fancy he kept on to Srinagar, thirty miles farther, that same day. All of which was no easy task over these mountain gradients, though the last post is level. He is a medium-sized man, of, I should say, sixty years of age, and does not strike one as being, what he undoubtedly is, a muscular man. Mrs. Workman must be possessed of vast endurance to have conquered that peak.

To return to Garhi. My wife has as a roommate a lady with three tiny fox terriers, evidently but a few weeks old. Their mother was carried off by a panther from the very door of the tent last week. The beast had followed the camp for eight days in its finally successful quest. It appears that panthers are exceedingly fond of small dogs and

often dash upon passing tongas and carry off a dog from under the feet of the horses. A stray dog is *sure* to go. The beasts have been known to attack native children, but rarely grown persons.

While at dinner, news comes that if there is no more rain to-night, to-morrow, and to-morrow night, we can get through on Monday. As it comes to the Resident it is official, and we go to bed hoping for a clear sky.

Dak bungalows are eerie, ghostly places. Spirits of dead sahibs are apt to haunt them; especially is this the case in this north-western corner of India, where travellers of the ordinary kind, globe-trotters, never come. We have occupied several such rest-houses lately, and I doubt not this one at Garhi could tell its tales, and has its ghosts. I thought they were about last night when I tried in the dark in the middle of the night to find the door. I knew where it was when I went to bed, but it certainly had been moved—and by whom save a ghost who was used in his day to have it in another place? We men had to sleep in the dining-room, doubtless the scene of past revels and crimes. It was dingy and old, with strange marks on the walls: maybe the blood of some sahib murdered on his way to these mountain fastnesses. At any rate I was tempted to give up my quest and return to bed, especially after having demolished several soda-water bottles and a tray of dishes left on the table. Finally I do find the door, and with a jerk pull it open, only to be met by the demoniacal

laugh of some jackals—which did not add cheerfulness to the blackness of the night—and by such a tempest of rain that I as suddenly slam it to again.

It is said that most of the tragedies of English lives in India have been met with in these bungalows. If so, this old and very dirty one at Garhi has had its share.

The khansamah is a villainous-looking old chap, and last night, having secured rooms, we took care to lock the door, and then lay awake watching the shadows far up on the ceilings caused by the flickering firelight. These dak rooms have immensely high ceilings, sometimes twenty feet and more, with little square windows high up which can only be opened by a cord, and through which bats often enter. I shall not mind if they do, so long as cobras or other snakes do not come in through the water vent in the bathroom, *which they sometimes do*, and it is not pleasant to step on one. They always travel in pairs, so if you kill one, you must hunt the other for your life's sake. It will surely ask you questions if you do not. A lady told me the other day that she found one in the soiled-clothes hamper and that the house had to be almost torn down in the search for the other, which was finally discovered under the brick floor o the living-room. There are none here to-night because of the altitude, but there is a high sobbing wind outside which rustles the branches of the trees against the doors with a sound like bones in a dead man's coffin. I noticed

that especially at the time I was trying to find the door. I should have seen a ghost I know, because in Seville the other year when I asked for a kind of hat I had bought there before, they said they were only to be found in museums, so it is seen I am ancient enough to see ghosts, but truth compels me to state that I never have, and at Garhi the grey light of day chasing the shadows away discovered only the very prosaic and exceedingly dirty room of the bungalow. Mokim appears shortly with tea, after which we dress for the day, and I wander down by the swollen waters of the Jhelum and watch some natives crossing on that strange contrivance, a wire bridge, consisting of a cable to walk on and two parallel cables to hold on by. Those are the only bridges to be found, over many of the deepest gorges of these Himalayas, and men of greatest courage in battle have confessed to their inability to use such. Some have even turned back from long journeys rather than face such a crossing. These natives, barefooted of course, do not appear to mind this one in the least, though the rushing river washes over their ankles. On our return to the bungalow a passing traveller assures us that the roads are in the river for miles. Encouraging news, truly.

All during breakfast Major F. spends his time and eloquence insisting that any one who has a roof and bed assured to him would be worse than a fool to move on. We have no intention of so doing, but I confess I am somewhat surprised

when about eleven A.M. I find him busy having his tongas packed preparing to start out over the very route so greatly discussed but an hour before. However, as it is none of our business we say nothing.

It transpired later that the Resident was to move at noon. It was an absolute necessity that he get on to Srinagar and he would be gotten there somehow. There was just a chance that one or two might cling to his skirts, so to speak, and be pulled through with him. If too many went it would be impossible and none would get through. Hence, if eloquence could accomplish it, Major F. meant to keep all of us where we were that he and his wife might be the ones to "get on." It was merely amusing to us, but it irritated some of his own countrymen who enlightened us as to it all after he had departed.

However, no one will move until news comes that the next point, Chikote, can be reached, and just here comes in again an attempted bit of sharp practice on the part of the "tonga master." If he can clear our party out of the way he can advise his bosses to send on another batch from "Pindi," so he comes to me and states that the Resident will go on at noon and if we will start two hours earlier he can give us horses and we can surely get through, otherwise we must wait until afternoon, and, he adds significantly, "it may rain tonight and you will be delayed again; better make what stages you can while you can." All that

Mrs. Shoemaker

Gorge of Jhelum River, Road to Kashmir

seems good advice and we are considering it, when one of the English ladies warns my wife that there is not a word of truth in the whole matter, adding that the man merely wishes to get us out of the way; if we go on we will undoubtedly have to come back here, only to find our accommodations gone, and the man knows it. She had just received a wire from her husband on the other side of the break warning her under no circumstances to attempt to move. Of course we do not start. Some men have departed and we are in their rooms, and shall keep them. You must be in such a position to fully appreciate what "a shelter" means.

It appears that this road, because of the character of the soil, is one of the most difficult to maintain, and that it has been found "impossible to build a railway." I doubt that; it would doubtless cost a vast sum and would scarcely pay, but it certainly could be done.

About dinner time we are "officially informed" that the rest-house in Chikote is crowded and the roads not yet open. That is as it should be; now travellers know where they stand, and if they go on they do so at their own risk. We are comfortably fixed and shall remain until the route is cleared to Baramula, it matters not how long that may be.

With all the rest we have waited two days at Garhi and have had a quiet, pleasant time. It is prettily situated on the banks of the Jhelum which

here runs through a long narrow valley over whose brown hills snow peaks peer questioningly and block either end as though determined not to let us through without explanations. We have wired for rooms at Chikote, well knowing that the place is full; still, as they are English travellers, they will make an effort to take us in if they can't get on. Americans would not do so. I do not wish to reflect upon my own countrymen and women, but we are certainly not so considerate of each other as the English in India. For instance, had we arrived at a crowded rest-house, if we had such in America, would it ever have entered the head of any woman in the place to offer my wife a bed in her room? Would any woman have taken her maid in to shelter? Certainly not. Both might have slept on the stones first, and this not because our women are heartless—far from it—but it never would have entered their thoughts that such hospitality was expected or needed. Of course the rules of these rest-houses—dak bungalow means "rest-house"—require that such be done; but these women do not wait for you to demand your rights, they come forward at once and offer not only to take the traveller in but to share all they have with her. Hence I know that in sending that wire the people at Chikote will get on if possible, or crowd up and give us shelter if it can be done. No reply comes, however, and we remain where we are.

Some one has blundered evidently, for as noon

approaches the tongas begin to arrive from below. Here are two, with no place to house their people. That official wire of last night should have stopped them. Evidently it has not been posted, and Dhanjeboy will continue to shove people upwards caring not at all so long as he gets his charges, which are demanded in advance. He should be ordered by the authorities not to send out a single tonga until the break is bridged over. We hear that a whole section of the road has disappeared into the river and the Resident was passed on by means of one hundred coolies.

The bits of Indian social life which turn up are amusing and remind one of some of Kipling's assertions. Just now came a tonga with a man and woman, a dog and a cat, therein. The man did not even inquire as to whether he could get a room in the D. B., but is housed just beyond in a native mud house. That was enough to set all the women talking, and talk they did. It appears to be the custom for couples not joined by law to come to Kashmir for the summer. I am told that one summer some men were forbidden to enter a certain valley as it had been engaged, and paid highly for, by a man who had a very well-known woman of society with him and who did not wish to be recognised. So the valley was closed—for a consideration. That was a fine black cat to-day, and I am going to see it, being fond of cats. Whoever and whatever its owner may be she is very agreeable and did not at all object to talking to me.

All day and no news, notwithstanding our several wires. More people arrive and we have to double up. Late in the day comes a Frenchman through from Srinagar; from him we learn that while the route is bad, we can get on, and he advises us to start early in the morning before another rain comes on. So the tongas are ordered for seven, and we shall see what we shall see.

During dinner a wire comes to me that the roads are clear to Srinagar. The news did not come from the authorities but from an officer who offered to send it. Out of the four or five paid for, that was the only one received.

Early candlelight, five A.M., finds us stirring, and six en route, after the usual five minutes spent over kicking horses. Those in my tonga backed us into a stone wall and knocked the coping off for a yard; but finally, with a flourish of trumpets, all are in motion, rushing wildly along at full gallop up hill and down dale, while we cling frantically to the swaying vehicle. Our trumpeters are especially energetic to-day and make the mountains ring with the music of their sweet-toned horns. The effect is beautiful. The scenery grows wilder and wilder as we proceed. The river rushes through the gorge with increased booming. Peach, plum, cherry, and apricot blossoms and green rice patches splotch the brown mountains with colours. Huge vultures hop from limb to limb of the trees. A reddish-brown monkey scampers across the road and off and

away up the hills. Cascades are everywhere, while far overhead, moving majestically towards the sanctuary of the snows, soars a great eagle. As the day progresses several of the bad breaks in the road are met and passed, one over a crude bridge just thrown across a chasm of six hundred feet in depth. We walk across and the horses are led over, but pay no sort of attention to the unusual state of things. Doubtless such washouts are every-year affairs to them. Certainly another hard rain will renew the rush of those rocks downward into the river and cause another delay of days. We are thankful to be over the spot, but there are more and worse to be encountered.

Breakfast at ten A.M., at Chikote, in a pleasant bungalow, high up in the hills.

We find the first great break in the highway some miles east of there. The mountain has sent a generous section downward, entirely burying the road, and the coolies must have worked hard to reduce it to a condition in which it is possible to pass. Our tongas are hauled through a sea of mud by the coolies, and we wade. Just here occurred a comical sight. My wife was approached by a coolie surely a head shorter than herself, who, backing up to her, calmly took her hands, and drawing them over his shoulders, bent over and mounted her on his back like a sack of oats. Madam is nothing if not stately, and the figure she presented as she journeyed onward towards the vale was ludicrous in the extreme.

I forebore to take a kodak, not only on her account but my own, having some consideration for my future content.

We men were red mud to our boot tops, but that mattered not so long as we got over, which was soon done, and we rolled rocks into the river six hundred feet below us while awaiting the coming tongas.

I noted that the avalanche was formed by small rocks and mud. There is certainly no use in building a wall, as the whole mountain will continue to slide at every rain. To my thinking, no relief of a permanent character can be had until some such construction as the snow-slides in our Rockies is adopted. Built into the hill and of heavy timbers, it would form a toboggan down which the avalanches might pour into the river with no harm to the roadway below. This road costs one lakh and one-half of rupees per annum to keep in order, about $50,000. If the job were done permanently, the engineer would have but one final commission; as it is, he gets his commission every year. The whole state is as corrupt as Turkey.

Let us move on. Fortunately the day remains glorious, blue skies all through the hours. There were one or two lesser breaks encountered; on one a pine tree came down a few moments before our arrival. As others on that slope appeared to have like intentions, we did not stand upon the order of our going. Even when all was passed and we were bowling along level roads through the mountain valleys, we were not to escape without a sensation.

Having had an upset at the beginning of the drive, the fates considered it advisable we should be treated to another at the end. We had stopped for horses close by a flooded meadow, when along came an ecka,—the national two-wheeled cart like a pagoda out on its travels. Drawn by one horse it is apt to upset at an unkind remark, sure to upset sooner or later. This one was gay with flaunting ribbons and flowers on horse and cart. Fortunately it was empty save for the driver. It was not doing anything to anybody when one of our luggage tongas touched it in passing, and horse, ecka, and man quietly and without remonstrance toppled over into the flooded meadow. As the water was but two feet deep no damage was done. When the old white horse emerged with the bedraggled ecka and man, the vehicle looked like the remains of a boy's kite upon the telegraph wires. How the natives did laugh at the sorry picture presented by the whole!

That ended our experience on the road to the famous vale. The route ran on between long lines of Lombardy poplars, with glimpses of snow peaks all around us. Baramula is reached and passed and we find our boats just beyond, and for the first time realise where we are. Sunset over green meadows, flower-spangled and with stately avenues of Lombardy poplars marching across them, a broad stretch of shimmering river, a wall of snow mountains against a blue sky flecked with rosy clouds, a new moon,—Kashmir.

CHAPTER XVII

LIFE ON A "BED OF ROSES"

Houseboats. Our Fleet. The "Bed of Roses." Life on a Kitchen Boat. Kashmir Servants. Letter from our Agents. The "Old Villain." Expenses. Amusing Impositions. History. Aurungzebe and the Music. Ranjit Singh. The Present Maharajah. Barrier between the Races. Cold Weather. Town of Sopor. Picturesque Villages. Dirty People. The Jhelum River and its Dredges, and the Electric-Light Plant.

WHEN one orders a houseboat, one rather expects that, like the dahabeah, that will be all—but not at all. As we mount the dike of the river our fleet lies just below us, and not less than thirty turbaned figures are deeply salaming at our feet. The main boat is a flat-topped structure about one hundred feet long. Then there is an annex boat, a cook boat, a porter's boat, and a pleasure boat. Enough for three people certainly. Let us enter and inspect the large boat, the *Goolchmann* by name, which being interpreted means "Bed of Roses." It has a sitting- and dining-room in the centre, each about fifteen feet long by twelve wide; at either end are two sleeping rooms, four in all, some

twelve feet square, and there are two bathrooms, one at either end, and beyond each a portico. The "Annex" has a sitting-room, bedroom, and bathroom, and is immediately appropriated by R., with the threat that if he does not like our company he will cut our acquaintance and sail off. I notice he does not. The kitchen boat is a long and narrow craft, probably six feet wide and fifty long, covered with a straw hut and holding all sorts of things, including a man and his wife and mother-in-law, a boy of six, a girl of eight, and some chickens, also a cat and a baby, certainly not a week old, either one. Imagine being born, reared, and probably dying in a kitchen boat fifty by four feet. Such will probably be the fate of yonder brown morsel of flesh and blood, whose mother, sitting clothed in sacking, appears quite as proud of her infant as any crowned head of Europe of the heir apparent. The capacity of that kitchen boat was amazing. In addition to what I have already mentioned, it held the cook, who had his oven of bricks in one end; our man, Mokim, slept in it, and two more men got stowed away somewhere. Every time we tied up it emptied out like a Noah's Ark. How our meals came out of it passed my comprehension, but they did and with apparently no inconvenience to any one and the satisfaction of all concerned.

In our boat the main and living-room has a fireplace where the wood is merrily crackling and

blazing a defiance to the cold outside. The room is lined and ceiled with a light wood artistically arranged in panels. The ceiling is somewhat arched, while with a lot of comfortable chairs and a sofa the room appears a pleasant abiding-place, doubly homelike after the dak bungalows we have been living in since we left Rawalpindi, which is only one hundred and eighty miles away, but seems a thousand. This is the 4th of April and this altitude is only five thousand feet, yet in this Indian valley we sleep under double blankets and are cold at that. In fact I slept in my fur overcoat. In the day the sun warms up and is at all times delightful.

That kitchen boat produces good dinners and breakfasts, and things are in consequence very rose-coloured to-day. There is never any smell of the cooking; the boat moves off down the river while the meals are preparing, and when all is ready comes and ties up to the pantry side of the big boat and things come in through the window.

Like everything else in India these boats are somewhat rickety. If you step on a board the chair at the far end of the room jumps around as though a spiritualist seance were in progress. We discovered later that the apparent ricketiness of the floor is of intent. The flat bottom of the boat is used as a store- and ice-house. It is not very thick, and the cold water forever around it keeps it cool. Therefore, in your passage through

R. M. Parmelee

"Onward" to the "Ninety-nine Names of God"

the rooms step warily, or you may go through suddenly and perhaps stick your foot in the butter crock.

We shall get our mail to-night and to-morrow move on into the valley. One must send to the district agent for boatmen of which fifteen will be necessary for this larger boat, five for the smaller. They arrive in the early morning, and squat, chattering and laughing, on the bank above us. It sounds as though our flotilla has been captured by a tribe of monkeys. From the violent gestures and voice of our bearer, Mokim, one would imagine that a small riot was on, but it is like the vociferous cries of the Venice gondoliers—about nothing.

We are off at last, first the big boat, then Parmelee's boat, followed by the kitchen and water boat and the small rowboat, five in all. We are poled along at a smart pace. In addition we have sixteen men at the end of a rope. It must be something of a task to tow this clumsy structure against the current. Our mascot appears to be a little black hen, which may fly away at any moment.

The river here is wide and placid, giving no indication of its tempestuous future as it passes to its union with the Chenab.

How much is missed in not understanding the language! Just now there are some white-turbaned men on the shore apparently threatening us with all sorts of punishments to which our men pay no sort of attention.

It is a grey day and the wind rushes down from the snow fields cold and strong at times, blowing this clumsy craft against the bank. We shall have to tie up if it continues. Our letters have just been handed in through the window. We are already losing our surprise that few things, or people, come on board in the usual way: that is, by the doors. Windows are greatly preferred. It is a custom which has its advantages, as one can keep much undesirable stuff, and people, out thereby. Amongst my letters I find one from Cockburn's Agency, which I give in full. Things never change in Kashmir and it may be of benefit to those who come after, either next year or next century. So here is the letter:

DEAR SIR:

I hope you will be able to wade through the contents of this letter and its enclosures. The item that will interest you most is the Stores List. I trust that you will find the boat information and the statement of your account correct.

The stores have been placed in the boat's almirahs under lock, and I think it advisable for your butler to check everything, as boatmen have no particular respect for a lock. As far as possible I have secured the best stores available, and I believe that you will find everything fresh and in good condition. You will, no doubt, find that I have given you too much of some one thing and too little of something else; however, you can easily make additions or returns at any time after your arrival at Srinagar. I am sorry

I could not get a good cheese for you. The best available was a small cheddar. If you do not approve of it, it can be used for cooking purposes. Seventeen bottles of Vichy water cleared the local merchants of their stock; I have supplemented this water with some four dozens of ordinary soda water, which, by the way, will be found perfectly pure. I have also sent twelve earthen vessels filled with tap water, for cooking purposes. You will perhaps notice that I have sent you a very small quantity of ham and bacon. This will be supplemented later by a fresh ham and bacon which I have ordered ffom Bombay for you. I expect to receive them by the time you reach Srinagar.[1] I have also sent along a box of cigars which may be returned if not wanted.

Your native servant should be instructed to see that all milk is thoroughly boiled; that no locally obtained water is supplied; that degchies are not washed in the river; that manjhi, etc., do not loaf in the fore part of the cook dunga.

The enclosed boat memo. will give you a full description of your fleet—but it will not tell you much about the boatmen. I shall describe them to you a little later.

I have been in something of a quandary regarding the disposition of your party. The large boat is the best one I could get for you, yet it has not sufficient room for you all. The small boat is certainly quite suitable for your brother-in-law; to make proper disposition of your valet is slightly more than I can figure out, as by putting him in the small boat will necessitate brother-in-law and valet using the same bath-

[1] Pronounced "Sir-e-naga."

room, which is not entirely desirable. However, as you have, all told, eight rooms, I trust that you will be able to make up a satisfactory arrangement. If you cannot, I shall be very glad to do what I can to straighten things out after your arrival here.

The boatman of the large boat is a most objectionable old rascal and I suggest that you instruct your native servant to dispose of him in the manner best suited to the occasion that is sure to arise. He will shout and make himself generally disagreeable, and will also tell you that he and all of his men will die of hunger and thirst if you do not advance him something on account. He should get *nothing* as I have advanced him enough to last him until his return to Srinagar.

I have made the large boat as comfortable as possible but regret that I am obliged to send the floor coverings to you in such a shabby state. The weather here has been exceptionally bad and I have been unable to have the floor coverings properly cleaned. However, you will find the smaller boat in excellent condition and you will also find the boatman of it a very civil and obliging man. He is one of my own servants and has instructions from me to see that everything is made to run as smoothly as possible. I suggest that he be made the responsible head of your boatmen and that the old man be locked up if he shows signs of bad feelings.

You will be able to make use of your boats immediately on your arrival at Baramula. The cook has instructions to have everything ready so that he can prepare a meal for you on the shortest possible notice.

On leaving Baramula the large boat should be manned by twelve men and the smaller boat by not more than five. The cook boat carries its own crew and the shikara, pleasure boat, crew can be made up of any of the extra men. From Baramula to Sopor you will probably be something like eight hours en route; Sopor to the Walar Lake, two hours. On arrival at the lake I suggest that you make for Kunis or Qunis, rather than straight for the mouth of the Jhelum, at Baniar. Kunis is in itself not a pretty place but the view from there is certainly one of the best in Kashmir. For instance, you might stop the night at Kunis making for the mouth of the Jhelum at daybreak the following morning. From the mouth of the Jhelum on to Sumbul the journey is an uninteresting one; however at Sumbul you might take the shikara and visit the Manasbal Lake, not a large one but very prettily set. The trip to Manasbal Lake will occupy about four hours. There is practically nothing to see en route to Shadipur, where the Sind River joins the Jhelum. At this point you will note a chinar tree growing on an artificial island in midstream. This tree was planted in honour of the occasion of the marrying of the Sind and the Jhelum, and tradition has it that the tree never grows.

From the time you arrive at Baramula, perhaps Kohala, you will be set upon by Kashmirian merchants who will insist on your purchasing articles at about ten times their real cost. A more unscrupulous crew cannot be found and I very strongly recommend you to defer making purchases or agreements of any kind until after I have had an interview with you. (I have nothing to sell.)

If there is anything that you wish attended to before

you arrive here, kindly wire or write to me from Baramula.

I am,

Yours faithfully,
THAD AVERY, Jr.,
For Cockburn's Agency.

I happen to glance up while reading that and find that under pretence of making a fire the "old villain" referred to is, to use a bit of slang, sizing me up: How far can *he* go? how much will I stand? Am I up to things, or a "fool to be robbed?" Catching my eye he immediately begins to cry and mumble, at which, remembering instructions, I order him out with the threat that if he does it again I will lock him up. Neither of us know what "it" was, still it is not to be tolerated for an instant and he may as well understand that at once. My wife, who is present, looks as severe as I do. Ivan the Terrible will not be a circumstance to ourselves after a bit. Perhaps you would like to know what our splendour costs. If so, here it is:

1. Houseboat *Goolchaman* furnished as per inventory in boat at 225 rupees for two months with a caretaker.

2. Houseboat *Gartmore* furnished as per inventory in boat at 90 rupees for two months with a caretaker.

3. A cook boat at 15 rupees per month with a crew of three persons, to whom rasad at 6 pie (½ anna) each per day is payable while out of Srinagar.

4. A shikara, furnished with nunidah cushions and curtains, etc., at 12 rupees for two months.

5. We have engaged eight extra manjees for *Goolchaman* and four for *Gartmore* to take them down to Baramula, payable by Tenant at six annas each per day. We have also instructed the caretakers of these two boats to arrangè crew of twelve for big and five for small houseboat for return journey to Srinagar, and to dismiss the crew sent from Srinagar. We will settle with them on their arrival at Srinagar.

6. Herewith Cook "Mohammed But" at 20 rupees per month, and 5 rupees rasad in camp.

7. Bheesty and Masalchi "Aziza" at 9 rupees per month and 1 rupee rasad in camp.

8. Sweeper "Gaffara," Ticket No. 428 at 8 rupees per month, and 1 rupee extra in çamp.

9. We have boarded stores and aërated waters as per bill enclosed, and have advanced the cook 5 rupees for fresh vegetables and supplies.

10. We are sending in boat a few tablecloths and napkins and shall supply new ones on your arrival in case you have not brought them with you.

11. We trust that you will find all arrangements satisfactory.

After checking all that over and inspecting the fleet I notice an extra boat. It seems to be sort of general sitting room for the crew, but as I am not sure it belongs to our fleet I say nothing. However, it is with us the entire trip and is such an unheard-of luxury for a crew that they spend much time therein doing nothing. Only on our return to Baramula does it develop that the craft belongs to the "villain" whose intentions were to sell it

to us or at least make us pay high. When we refuse to be bled at all there is the wildest kind of a row, but of that more anon and in its proper place. Let us turn to history for an hour.

It is reported, by whom deponent sayeth not, that in those days, so far back that no one knows anything about them, the Vale of Kashmir was indeed once a lake, which again shows that there is nothing new under the sun. At that time the ruler was a demon, who dwelt in the lake and ravaged the shores; soon came the good angel in the shape of a sage, who, after a thousand or more years of penances, felt equal to a fight, and having overcome the demon, set a mountain, Nanga Parbat, down upon him for peace sake. He is there now, and when the tempest roars it is believed that he is at work to get out. What would he say to the present Maharajah, I wonder? However, he is far from "out" as yet.

Once secure from molestation the benefactor drained the Vale through this gorge at Baramula.

All that may or may not be fact, but fact it is that the Áryans peopled this valley, whether after or before their entrance into the lowlands does not appear. Doubtless they made it a resort as has always been done, and doubtless also they were secure up in this unknown section.

Then came the Hindu kings, all of whom appear to have been natives of these mountains, and most of whom are unknown to history, at least until we come to Asoka in 250 B.C. He it was who, being

converted to Buddhism, did so much to preserve and spread that religion, at the same time extending his dominions down and far out over the lowlands.

Doubtless those kings whose tombs you find in Srinagar did their part in life's battle, but they are "forgotten" even in name.

As for religion, both Brahminism and its refinement, Buddhism, flourished here and doubtless the temples still extant were used by both.

Kashmir has always been a shrine, so to speak, sought after by mankind. In the earliest days Chinese pilgrims bowed down here in prayer, and between prayers kept careful data as to routes and whatever they saw. Some of these dating back to our seventh century are still extant, and becoming better known, are enlightening the world as to this old land of India. As we have seen, but for one of them that dagoba at Peshawur, would never have been discovered.

In the Moghul days, pilgrims here were those of pleasure as they are to-day. They came in royal caravans, and we come in tongas, and both accomplish their end. But to return.

There was a great engineer, "Suyya" by name, who in 855–883 A.D. did much draining and reclaiming, and so helped the people. The price of rice went down and all were happy.

Yonder town of Sopor, which we pass shortly, was founded by Suyya, as its ancient name, Suyyapura, shows.

There is a Kashmir proverb, "A village tiger and a city dog are equal," which shows that even in those days the strength and wealth were in the centres of population rather than in the country.

Forced labour was even then a curse upon the people, and thousands fled to the mountains to avoid being used, sold, and re-sold, as pack animals. Indeed, it is not so long ago that this happened when transportation to Gilghit was wanted. If the poor wretches were forced to go, they generally died by cholera. That dread disease appears to love this vale as much as the Great Moghuls did. While Europeans with care have nothing to fear during an epidemic, the people who use absolutely none die by tens of thousands. While forced labour is a terrible weapon in the hands of a tyrant, it is certainly often necessary among a people as lazy and absolutely good for nothing as these Kashmiri. They will often sit round and let one die rather than exert themselves, no matter what the price offered. When that happens one longs for forced labour.

Whatever you do, never by any chance pay an Oriental in advance. He will never "work it out," of that rest assured.

Under the early Hindu kings these people were more prosperous and hence happier than they have ever been. One discovers all over the Vale the ruins of towns, irrigation canals, and of great temples; also coins of early date are dug up fre-

quently. While those Hindu kings were despots, their people were free from persecution, which with the constant change of rulers in the lowlands existed so terribly down below. Certainly at that period the population and acreage were greater than since then. There was much learning and their pandits were famous. It was in the twelfth century that one of them in describing his beloved vale said: "Learning, lofty houses, ice water, and grapes, things that even in heaven are rare, are common here."

However, trouble was not unknown, and in the twelfth century a Louis XI. should have appeared to protect the masses from a political nobility. Like the Rhine barons, they had their strongholds, from which they ravaged land and people. This lasted three hundred years, during all of which period the Moghuls were sweeping the lowlands but made no attempt to conquer the too far off mountain province. It was tried once, but the opposition of man and the elements was too great; Genghis Khan only reached the Indus, while Tamerlane preferred the plains of Delhi. Doubtless they believed there was time enough for this vale, which could be taken "any time," but the time never came until Akbar accomplished it.

Mohammedanism came in the seventeenth century, and Hinduism faded away. To-day, with the people proper, there is not much of any religion: why bother about the next world when life is so beautiful? what can we know about death

when we do not understand life, and if so, why bother?

There was a Mohammedan king, Zain-al-Abidin, who in 1417 A.D. ruled wisely and well over all sects and peoples, and was much beloved. He cultivated art, literature, and music, as well as the land, and every one was happy; but these days of content, as is usually the case, were followed by storms, and then in 1586 appeared Akbar, and Kashmir became known to the world, but the peace of the Vale never returned.

How the Moghuls loved it history relates, and we shall understand as we move through it, and shall understand to the full, what Jahangir meant when, dying, some one asked what he wanted, and he replied, "Only Kashmir, only Kashmir." It was to Kashmir that he was brought to save his life, and to leave it broke his heart: he died on the way out. As for his son Aurungzebe one hears little good of him. He would tolerate but one religion and had no taste for the beautiful. He hated luxury and wore the plainest of clothing. By proclamation he silenced all players and minstrels. Some poor singers, hoping against hope, passed under his window carrying a bier, and wailing and lamenting. The Emperor, asking what it meant, was told that it was "Music" which, being by his command dead, was being buried. "Pray bury her deeply that henceforth she may make no more noise."

It can be easily understood that for such a man

the gardens of Kashmir held no charm and that he passed most of his life in the Deccan. In fact, he came here but once, a visit which was not soon forgotten because of his persecution of the Hindus.

It is not reported that the succeeding Moghuls ever came here, but in 1752 the Afghans under Ahmed Shah arrived and instituted a long reign of tyranny of the worst sort. Heads fell like autumn leaves and robbery was the rule of the day. Their common weapon was a sort of hatchet, a blow from which generally attended a command. Is it to be wondered that the people became reduced to the race of whining cowards we find them to-day? Cowards they were dubbed by those Afghans, and as such condemned to wear, woman-like, a tuck in their togas, and you will see it to-day in the garment of every man of them. After you have had much to do with the race you will deem it well placed, though you may feel sorry for them and condemn the tyranny which reduced them to their present state. Yet they are a fine-looking race, sturdy of physique and with features of dignified mold.

They owe their final redemption from Afghan rule to the Sikhs under Ranjit Singh in 1819, which causes one to forgive him somewhat for his depredation amongst the tombs of the Moghuls.

It was from the Sikhs that England bought Kashmir, only, to their sorrow, to hand it over to the Raja, of Jummu, the ancestor of the man now in power.

While Ranjit Singh made a good ruler in the Punjab, such cannot be claimed in Kashmir. For instance, because of a failure in the revenues of the previous year, he once prohibited the sale of rice and so brought starvation upon these people. Oppression and extortion prevailed all over the Vale in his time. Those who could leave it did so; those who remained, starved. Then came the earthquake of 1827 and the cholera, while in 1831 famine carried off three fourths of the population and floods drowned most of the rest. Truly death stalked abroad in heaven for once at least.

Ghulab, the Rajah of Jummu, made a good ruler, and whether one likes the man or not, I have been told that under the present ruler Kashmir is better and more fairly governed than are other native states. In many of the latter the pay of the native officials is so small that they cannot live upon it, the result being constant acts of oppression. If a native citizen does not pay the blackmail, his fate is sure. It has even resulted in convictions for murder, a dead man having been left on his place over night.

Mr. S. claims that the real barrier between the races in India lies in the fact that the instant you approach a native he imagines you want something and will always try to impose upon you. Such a thing as a social call is unknown amongst these people, and if a white man makes one his motive is at once misunderstood. If you are at all

friendly with a native he will presume upon it at once.

As I drop the history we are passing a Kashmir village. They are, I think, the most dilapidated and dirty I have ever seen. They have no appearance of habitation and absolutely no furniture. Most of the houses look as though they had passed through a flood and never been cleaned up afterwards. The people are a wretched, dirty, squalid lot, the most so of any in India. The mountaineers of Darjiling are cheery, laughing, and interesting, but these are quite the reverse. Just here we see our first chinar tree, the large sycamore tree of Kashmir or rather of the plane-tree species. Under the shade of its branches is a lowly grave starred with daffodils. All through the valley these splendid trees are a delight to the eye.

This is a gloomy day, this seventh of April, but the open fire and comfortable chairs, together with home papers, make it pleasant enough in the cabin. The men haul us along at a steady pace and the scenery becomes more and more beautiful as we move forward. Towards evening the clouds break away and all the wonderful snow range is tipped with gold as the sun goes down. One would judge from the immense dredges in the river that a great work was in progress, and we are told that it was intended to lower the surface of the water in the valley and thereby reclaim thousands of acres of land for cultivation, but so

far nothing has been accomplished. The Jhelum is a stream as full of silt as our Missouri, and often deposits two and one half inches in twenty-four hours, so that as fast as the dredges clear out it fills in. The whole concern seems to a looker-on, and from all that one can hear, to be one of the worst bits of graft extant and such as could only be possible in a Mussulman state. The dredges in the Suez Canal are children's playthings when compared to these.

There is also an electric-light plant which has cost the Maharajah eighty-two lakhs of rupees, and runs one silk factory in Srinagar.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE VALE OF KASHMIR AT LAST

Cold Weather. Sopor. Picturesque Towns. Life on a "Bed of Roses." The Bulbul. Tom Moore. The Walar Lake. Spring. Wages of the Men. Chant of the Boatmen. Shadipur and the Marriage of the Sind. Glory of the Mountains. Approach to Srinagar. Hari Parbat. The City of Srinagar. Kashmir at Last.

IT was bitterly cold again last night, a cold that penetrated our blankets like a paper knife the leaves of a book. We slept in our furs and thanked God they had not been sent to Bombay. It rained in torrents all night, and the thunder and lightning roared and flashed incessantly. This morning the sun is trying to shine as we approach Sopor. These towns are odd-looking places. As we near this one its most picturesque wooden houses, beautifully toned in colour by the passing years, have bright green roofs of mosses and flowers, but when one draws close they all appear unfinished, done up to the point of shutters and windows and then abandoned. It is odd to have to come to these mountains to find our pioneers' cabins, regular log cabins. There must have been many a

"Tippecanoe's raising" hereabouts. Sopor stands on islands connected by fantastic old brown bridges. Here we enter the Walar Lake, the largest in India, and here we change coolies, having wired the tashildar (magistrate) for new ones. Those we have had from Baramula pulled and poled these clumsy, heavy boats all through the storm of yesterday and must be about exhausted. They do not appear strong, yet evidently are very muscular. Having paid them the high wage of seven cents a day each, they depart and the new lot takes us in charge.

One lives very well on these boats. The kitchen craft comes gliding up from somewhere in the outer rains and mists and serves us with all we could have had at home; oatmeal, coffee, kippered herring, eggs and bacon, jams and marmalade and plenty of hot toast. All that came in through the pantry window. Our cook is "Mohammed," our bheesty and dish-washer is "Aziza," our sweeper and scavenger is "Gaffara," our own bearer is "Mokim Khan." These are only a few of the names, and the result is that we use none of them save "Mokim" who is a very dark skinned, handsome young man of the faith of the prophet, and who calls my wife "Mother." Whenever she becomes a bit high and mighty we call her "Mother" and she collapses at once. Mokim so far has proven a very able, honest, and industrious servant. He does not try to run in merchants and his expenses are small. So let us to bed,

R. M. Parmelee

A Kashmir Boatman

for how one can sleep in the cold air of these mountains! As dawn breaks we sail outward into the "sunshine of the world's new spring."

We were in motion at four this morning, but the men got us under way so silently that none of us was awakened. The day opens gloriously, cold at night, warm and balmy by eight A.M. The big windows of the boat, forming nearly the entire sides, are wide open, and we breakfast almost out of doors, while the snow peaks glitter all around us. This combination of arctics and tropics is charming. As I write two swallows come flying into the cabin, chirping and happy, in no way disturbed by our presence, while a bulbul lights on the window and pours out a glory of song.

Like the notes, half ecstasy, half pain,
The bulbul utters, ere her soul departs,
When vanquished by some minstrel's powerful art,
She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke her heart.

How could Moore write such words in a cold, prosaic Irish house? Certainly he isolated his soul from its surroundings when he gave birth to "Lalla Rookh." Irving was inspired by the beautiful ruins of the Alhambra, but Moore was never in India, and "Lalla Rookh" was written in the study of a plain square house near the highway where some bleak-looking trees, tossing their ghostly branches in the wind, peered through the windows. But, even so, he caught the voluptuous

spirit of Eastern fantasy as no other writer save Byron has ever done.

Could Scott have written "The Lady of the Lake" if he had never seen Scotland? I doubt it. Black fails utterly when he attempts to describe Egypt, or Lake George in America. I think Irving would have failed if he had not known Spain, but Moore is not the only one who could accomplish what he did in "Lalla Rookh." Lew Wallace had never entered Palestine, never seen Jerusalem, when he wrote his immortal *Ben Hur*, yet his descriptions of the land and of that city are true; none better ever were written. "Lalla Rookh" is our Bible here to which we add a bit of Omar.

A change in the weather comes by noon which ties our boats up to mud banks as the rain again falls in torrents, and the wind blows so hard all day that we remain at our moorings. It drops at night and the following morning breaks in wondrous, brilliant beauty. We deserve such a day after yesterday. Last night every one again slept in their furs, and to-day all the fires are going, yet in the sunlight on the front deck one soon takes to cover. Our men are astir before dawn and at the first streak the boat moves, as we must cross the lake in the early hours before the wind gets up. In the clear light of morning the panorama of mountain and lake is beautiful.

The Walar Lake spreads away before us to where the wall of blue mountains drops straight down upon it like the curtain of a theatre,

but as yet the snows are hidden. It is always entrancing to watch the coming of the spring, and doubly so when one remembers all the blazing, blistering land which lies around and below these mountains. You might fancy that you were in a valley at home when the poplars are just bursting into leaf and the land being tinged with faint touches of rose and white from the blossoming fruit-trees. The clouds are lifting, lifting; glittering snows show now against the blue enamel of the skies, with Nanga Parbat towering in their midst twenty-two thousand feet above us. Waters sparkle as we glide onward more and more into the dream life of this enchanted vale.

How contrary is human nature! Having waited all my life to see this vale, I am spending this morning lolling in an easy chair and reading a novel on mediæval France; still I drop the book often to gaze on the lovely prospect beyond the window near me. After all there is no sight-seeing to be done in Kashmir: it is just "dream life," and one gets into such intimacy with the river through these windows which are close down by the water.

Strange prowed crafts drift by and quaint villages perch on the dikes. Some of the houses are very fantastic. Yonder is one with red panels painted in blue and white arabesques, while its roof is a mass of living green which later will blossom all over. If they were only as attractive inside as they are picturesque outside, but their dirt and squalor are appalling. How can women

be so filthy as that lot yonder? I had always heard that these Kashmiri were so, but they surpass one's expectations. An old traveller does not mind dirt in men so much, but women! Look at them squatting in all that filth and mud and clothed in a few wet rags, dirt, women, and rags all the same colour.

By ten o'clock we again enter the Jhelum River and find it peaceful as a mill pond. The song of the boatmen reminds one of dahabeah days on the Nile; the superb weather has put new life in them and they work with a will. A white man would have found it difficult to do so after a night in the bitter cold, with little or no protection from winds sweeping down from eternal snow-fields. Could you labor cheerfully for twelve cents a day, think you? Of course, all things are comparative, and twelve cents to them is at least what one dollar a day would be to our men. The spirit of the French Revolution cannot be hereabouts, or these men would scarcely endure the contrast between the outside and inside of this boat. Frenchmen would hold an impromptu guillotining in short order.

There is a runway around the boat, up and down which the men move in poling. They have their recessional and processional and each member of our choir, as he poles us along, sends out in weird chanting one of the ninety-nine names of God. Their chant has nothing to do with the day, but the day is Sunday. Doubtless the bells are tolling for service the world around now, but there is more

of the peace of God in these mountains than in all the stately fanes of man.

The fresh spring air comes into the wide windows and we sit before a blazing wood fire, listening to the weird call of the boatmen.

Domestic life is amusing just now. The dish-washer having dropped a plate into the canal, our progress is stayed, and Mokim having offered the munificent reward of four annas (eight cents) five or six men are in the icy cold water. Finally one appears and demands the cash, which receiving he promptly disappears under the water and as promptly returns with the plate. Mokim considers that it was a set-up job; eight cents is a fortune in these parts. This important matter settled, we move on. The day becomes more and more heavenly as the hours pass. The air is balmy and laden with the fragrance of many lilacs and full of the melody of birds, while clouds drift lazily across the blue sky or cluster around the encircling snow peaks. Meadows are starred with buttercups and daisies, and flocks of sheep wander thither and hither over the grass. The river sends up a soft lap, lap and gurgle, as it glides along. Most of our men are asleep, a few draw us slowly, while the cook boat is in tow of one small boy. Truly this is the land of the lotus.

We meet several houseboats in which the occupants seem to be doing just—nothing.

It would seem that donkeys would come in very well to tow these clumsy houseboats, but human

labour is probably cheaper. At all events there are none of the useful little animals in Kashmir. Yesterday we moved from daylight up to nine P.M., towed by sixteen men who, changing off, eight at a time, kept a steady pace. Of course with animals of any description relays would be necessary and a certain time lost in stoppages for changing them, whereas with men, one half rest and eat on top of our boat while the others are at work, so no time is lost and no stables necessary, and these people live on very much less stuff than an animal would require.

As the shadows lengthen we draw near to Shadipur, where the Sindh joins the Jhelum. All day we have been as it were marching up a grand avenue, twenty-five miles wide, formed by a wall of snow-capped mountains on either side. To the north and south and west the way seems absolutely barred, and only to the eastward is there any opening. The glory of earth and sky increases until the going of the sun, when all the snows, rose-hued against an amethyst sky, are reflected in the wide and placid river, with the green meadow separating the two. "He leadeth me by still waters; he restoreth my soul,"—and indeed these are "still waters." We seem stationary on the yellow river, while, like the woods in *Parsifal*, the panorama moves slowly around us. The fort of Hari Parbat, built by Akbar, crowns a mountain ahead of us.

We approach Srinagar about noon, and as the

picturesque houses close in on either side of the river the navigation becomes more difficult, and more men must be employed. The river is deep and poling impossible, save on the side next the bank. The small boat carries the tow line ahead and now and then fastens it to trees and houses. The side current sweeps the boat up-stream with force enough to knock the stones from a heavy wall. Our passage of the first bridge causes much excitement and great shouting. If we strike the rickety old structure fairly we will surely bring it down on our heads.

The view is most picturesque just then as the fort of Akbar towers just behind the bridge, with the snow range beyond. With the fantastic houses on either side, and the river with its strange craft, the whole looks like a scene from a theatre. Our progress is attended by the deafening clatter of tongues and waving of arms. Such a row as this now going on occurs with every houseboat which comes in, and there are many; it is somewhat greater now, as this is the biggest boat in the valley, and these old rogues are making as much noise as possible, with the view to backsheesh. There is one little red-haired and bearded—vermilion, not red—old man who for noise and gestures surpasses any I have ever seen and I know Suez. Look out there! A fat boatman asleep on a barge got prodded and almost impaled by one of our poles.

Really the city is very majestic. Kashmir houses are stately structures from the exterior,

resembling in outline Florentine palaces. The lower story and often the second are of stone, with plaster over the second. The third and fourth are of red brick laid flat and sections of the bricks enclosed in wooden framing, to afford security against earthquakes, of which Srinagar has many. There are projecting grills, with much fretwork, and the flat, projecting roof is generally covered with grass as thick and green as can be found in England; a little later masses of flowers will blossom there, and the effect of the whole is beautiful, but the interiors do not look as though they had ever been finished. One can see in many of the windows, and the appearance of the rooms is just that. Yonder is a house which has one room finished and decorated, in the usual gaudy arabesques, in red, white, and blue, so dear to the Oriental. From the group of turbaned faces at the window it is evidently a café or club house. Still with all its tumble-down condition the panorama of the city is a very stately one as our boat moves through her canals. The powerful current at all times renders navigation very difficult, especially in the passing of the bridges, of which there are many.

Beyond one of the bridges we reach the palace of the Maharajah, an ugly, comfortable red brick and marble structure, and then we find we have not been in Srinagar's grand canal at all as yet, but enter it here. It is formed by the Jhelum River. Here one realises that Srinagar is far

more of a city than one had anticipated. Of course I knew it held some one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants, but that means little from our standpoint. I have known that number crowded often into a comparatively small-looking and most uninteresting town, but now, as we emerge from the small canal, the wide river stretches away for miles on either side, the city crowding both banks, with a fantastic jumble of mosques, palaces, and mansions with many flights of stately steps to the water. The palace, ugly as it is, is an imposing structure of great extent and huge gardens. The river forms a highway wider than the grand canal of Venice, and has its rialtos and smaller bridges crowded with people. From the very start the itinerant merchants flock around us until we can endure it no longer, and Mokim, taking a club, makes the round of the boat now and then and drives them off. They would not hesitate to climb in the windows and on top if he did not do so. They drop away, however, and with much pushing and poling and shoving, we come to anchor, about sunset, in the English cantonment, a mile above the native city. One might think one's self in Switzerland; charming chalets stand all around, long avenues of Lombardy poplars stretch away to the westward, snow mountains peer down upon us from all points, and the moon gravely regards our advent to the realm of the blest. So our first night closes down upon us in the capital of the Vale of Kashmir,

and I go to sleep with the satisfaction of having overcome my "hoodoo" as regards this valley. Let it take wings to itself and seek some other victim.

Mrs. Shoemaker

English Cantonment, Srinagar

The Tackt-i-Suliman on the hill

CHAPTER XIX

SRINAGAR

Tackt-e-Suliman, the Throne of Solomon. Life in Srinagar. Standard Oil Shelters the Hindus. First Inspection of the City. Kashmir Merchants. Grand Scenery. Life on the Boat. The Juma Masjid. Graves of Kashmir's Kings. The Dal Lake. The Nishat Bagh. Shooting. Meeting Leopards and Bears. Thieves. The Gate of Heaven. Shah Hamadan. Mohammed Jau.

AS I came on deck this morning my attention was attracted to a curious structure on a hill just above us and was told that it is called the Throne of Solomon (Tackt-e-Suliman). What a traveller that old king must have been! He had a throne on a hill above Osh in Ferghihanna, Turkestan. When one is already at a high altitude, unless one be a mountain climber, the desire to ascend hills is not great. I know I shall not mount the one thousand feet necessary to reach yonder temple.

As you approach Srinagar and during all your stay in the valley, this "Tak-i-Suliman" will watch you from its perch high up yonder, and as you depart it will, with the fort of Hari Parbat, be the last landmark to vanish from your sight. "Taki"

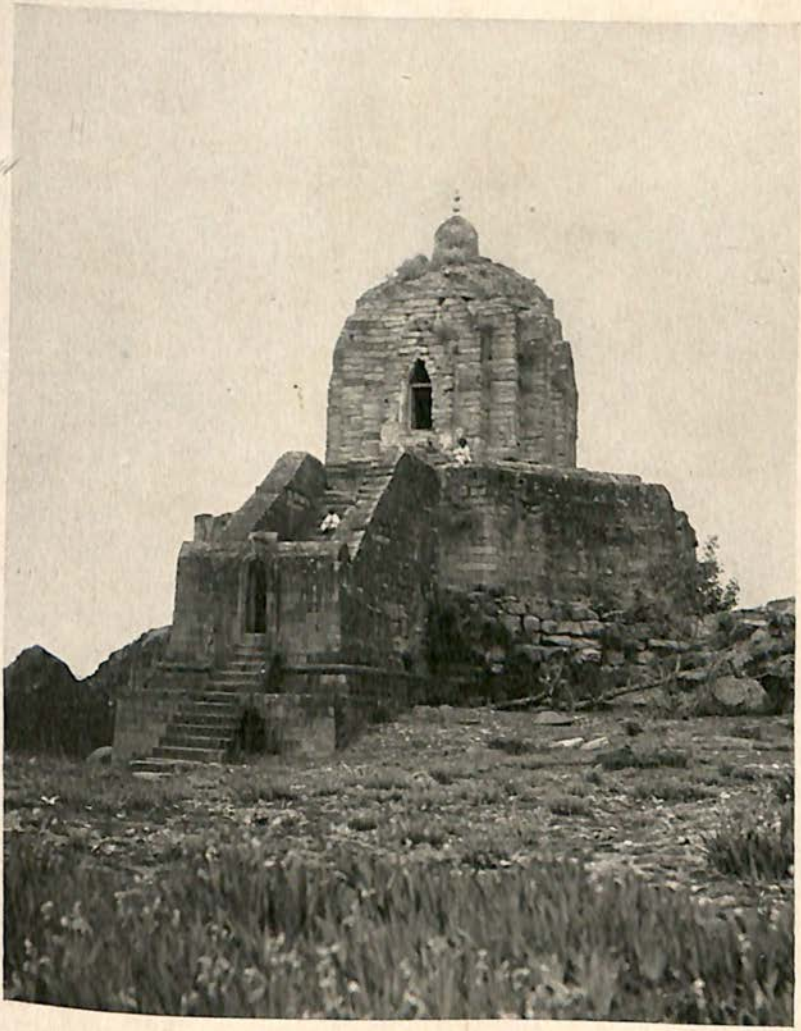
as one learns to call it upon long acquaintance, looks from below like a large modern heating apparatus. It is domed like an oven, and is supposed to have watched over the valley since 220 B.C., having been built by Jaloka, son of Asoka, when snake or dragon worship prevailed in these mountains. Some savants who have lived here think they have discovered in the snake worship a remembrance to the Fall. If so, does not the same hold with serpent worshippers the world over? But to return.

Our first morning is spent in finding a mooring. We locate at last along the side of an island, which we seem to have to ourselves, a bit of land with many stately chenar trees and grass, a spot where the birds are friendly and fly in and out of our windows, and we are free from inquisitive dogs. The little black hen from the kitchen boat at once moves her family on land, and, if clucking means content, has reached a mansion of bliss.

Srinagar is a jolly place in the season; two weeks hence will find everything in full motion, when you must dress as in London—almost.

The boat of the Resident has just passed down the river. With its white and scarlet hangings, and boatmen all in white with scarlet turbans, it presented a picturesque sight as it moved rapidly along propelled by a dozen long oars with their ends like aces of spades.

Every one here moves by boats, the river and the canals forming the highways; along either side



Mrs. Shoemaker

The Tackt-i-Suliman, Srinagar

(Throne of Solimon)

up and down as far as one can see, houseboats and their flotillas of smaller crafts are moored. The scenery from the window reminds me strongly of the panorama unrolled before one in south-western France, between Pau and Carcasonne—the same long avenues of Lombardy poplars, with glimpses of snow-clad mountains beyond. Lombardies are evidently the favourite tree of the Maharajah. There is an avenue forty miles long, between here and Baramula straight as the crow flies.

The enemies of Mr. Rockefeller and his company should come to India, especially to Kashmir, where they will discover that the Standard Oil Co. leads directly to cleanliness; also it is the protector of human life and of religion. Every drop of water for bathing, cooking, and drinking—one drinks plain water, but not the river water, in Srinagar—is carried in Standard Oil cans; the domes of the Hindu temples in the city are covered with sheets of tin from Standard Oil cans, as is the private temple of His Highness the Maharajah in the palace here. In New Zealand and Australia that company is the protector of the poor, inasmuch as its cans are used to form fences around their dwellings to keep out "brother rabbit." They are not a success there, as "brother rabbit" retires a few feet and burrows under them. All this goes to show that the great company is something other than a sink of iniquity and its chief not altogether a devil incarnate.

We all of us have inclinations towards Standard

Oil: some of us like stock, some to be protected religiously, *vide* those temple tops, some like her tins to carry water, some like dividends, and others start suits against the company because they have neither stocks nor dividends.

The shikara—small boat— is ready at ten of a beautiful morning for a row down the Grand Canal. It is made comfortable by an awning and green curtains, a green carpet and soft cushions. With five men at the long oars it speeds fast with the current. The snow range to-day rises as though cut from white paper, sharply brilliant against the blue void beyond. All the gardens are a glory of fruit trees bursting into life.

While not gorgeous as Venice, this ancient wooden city is far more picturesque. Its many fantastic bridges are of wood brown with age, as are all the houses, and add greatly to the picture. The roofs of the latter are nearly all of sod, brilliantly green, while yonder fantastic temple has a roof of green spangled with deep orange-coloured lilies. Every flight of steps holds its picturesque group of turbaned figures. Some of the women are very handsome. Yonder regular-featured, antelope-eyed dame, in white draperies, might personate Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra and the East. The famous queen was not one whit more stately. We spend the day upon the water, returning to the boat for tea. The river is the scene of all the excitement in the place. It is the highroad by which all the itinerant merchants attack one.

Mrs. Shoemaker

Srinagar and the Jhelum River

Just now a shadow darkens the window where I sit reading. I know what it is and do not look up, but that does not discourage the shadow one whit.

"Master." "Master." Master."

"Chellow!" (Go away.)

"But, Master, I came up here with great hopes."

"Chellow, chellow!"

"But, Master, my name is Abdullah Hassin."

That was too much, and I change from "Chellow" to that—by the natives well understood—most effective English oath "d—n," and jump for the window, whereupon the boat flees away over the smooth waters.

Ali Baba and his forty thieves were innocents abroad when compared to the merchants of Kashmir. If you purchase turquoise from them, be sure and scrape the stones. You will generally find they are of chalk painted blue. In the lower plateau of India one fourth of the price demanded is about the fair value; here it is one tenth.

As for the veracity of these Mohammedans, if you can find out which is your man's mosque and he will take his oath on the Koran there, you can then believe him—not otherwise. He will not tell you which is his mosque, and in any other he will swear with his hand on that Koran, swear to a lie and cheat you handsomely.

They are all gone now and the day has ended. It is charming as I sit at the window in the dark, dipping my hand in the wide, placid river which

flows murmuring past me. The snow hills have vanished with the day, leaving only the darker mountains. All the world is in shadow, but, even as I write, the full moon sails majestically upward from somewhere beyond Thibet, turning the lower world into silver, and then as the light increases all the snow range of the Panjab Mountains suddenly glitters into sight, like the horse-shoe of a vast opera-house, as indeed the vale is the grandest opera-house of the world, and Titania's swan-drawn boat should sail out of that luminous distance. Surely the souls of the blessed take their flight heavenwards from yonder mountains. One feels so lifted up above all the sorrows and suffering of the world, and Holy Week, with its triumphant redemption, seems doubly sacred here in this Vale of Kashmir.

Our cabin looks pretty to-night. Its wide windows are all open. A bright fire burns upon the hearth, while the warmth of the lamps has caused a great bowl of anemones to open wide their starry blossoms of white and pink and fill the air with their delicate perfume.

Life is not difficult to live in Kashmir. True we have no line of couriers to obtain a constant supply of fresh mangoes for our table, nor have we an elephant to run off and smash our china, nor do our cooks bother us by using the wine for sauces. However, we have our dark hours. Our Bhisti, who is also our dishwasher, has insurrected. Says he will Bhisti or dishwash,

but won't do both. All this results from having twice fallen into the river. I don't see why he should object to that, but he has; it certainly produced a state of cleanliness in the man to which he was most unaccustomed, probably made him feel cold and strange. In the end I got him a new suit. Mokim says that that is what he tumbled in for. However, at first we dismissed him. My wife complained, I dismissed, and R. paid him off. That is our arrangement. It does not always work, as the dismissed rarely leave us. In this case, said Bhisti salaamed deeply and, with a "Yes, Sahib," departed behind a bush, whence, changing the form of his dirty turban, he calmly came back and, applying for the empty place, got it. We could not tell him from any one of the multitude that is always around. It was not for several days that we discovered the brute, and then we were so convulsed with laughter that we let him stay, which he did until he dismissed us off and away into the outer world. He was the last thing we saw as we were whirled away, down on his knees, and, with uplifted hands, giving utterance to a mournful wail: "Mem Sahib, I wanted a lamp, I wanted a lamp,"—but that was weeks after his *first* dismissal. He was dismissed and paid off on an average of once a week.

It was amusing to watch the intrigue of our caretaker in his endeavour to oust our cook and his family from that cook boat and install his —the caretaker's—family, including his villain of

a father, in their place. These people are such children that their every effort is as plain to be read as to its real reason as that of a child. So it was just now. I shattered his hopes by apparently consenting and then, pointing out the father and wife, stating that they would not be allowed to come along. Loud was the outcry, to which I permitted full sway for a moment and then ordered stopped, telling our man that if he repeated a like move he would have to get out also. Peace reigned thereafter until they, our entire crew, thought they saw another chance to do us up, but, thanks to Mr. Avery's warning, they fail all round and do not appear to hold any bad feelings towards any one for their failure.

Of course this state of affairs is the result of the oppressions and persecutions to which these people were subjected and to which I referred earlier. They don't injure us now and do furnish us with much amusement. One learns to be always on guard to note where they will attack next. Certainly the traveller soon learns that he can never believe anything these people tell him. They will go out of their way to lie, when the truth would serve their purpose better; they simply "can't help it."

The Juma Masjid of Srinagar is quite a distance back from the river, and one must tramp through a maze of dirty streets and be crowded by filthy natives to reach it, and it is desolation and dilapidation intensified when one gets there. Near its

walls one finds the desecrated tombs of some of Kashmir's ancient kings. What their names were has long since passed from man's records. What sort of kings they were troubles none of the thousands who daily tramp their graves farther and farther into the dust. So let us leave them and enter a temple of a living religion. Like all other mosques it is in form a vast square, all a blank wall on the outside save for the three arched gateways, which lead to the inner courtyard. Across one side of this runs the open arcaded mosque; around the other three sides are arcades; in this instance very lofty arches formed by monoliths of gigantic deodar wood of fifty feet in height and black with age. In the centre of the court is the tank for ablutions before prayer, but mosque and court and fountains, arcades and decorated plaster are, as I have stated, in the advanced stages of dilapidation. Even the great chenar trees which shadow the whole are weary with age. Of course, the trembling of the earth has had much to do with the rickety state of the whole city, this mosque included. All Srinagar having been built, nature at once took a hand in the finishing of the picture from an artistic standpoint, and by the means of several earthquakes gave the necessary twist to bridge and mosque, tomb, fountains, palaces, and houses, so that nothing is straight,—all, most tumble down and picturesque. One feels thankful for the earthquake, else one would not have seen, for instance,

yonder temple courtyards all in ruins, great trees growing from its stones and archway, and its courts filled with rich grass, spangled with orange lilies.

Every angle and corner of native Srinagar forms a picture, yet there is not in the whole of it a spot where a European could exist for twenty-four hours in any sort of comfort. However one does not have to live there and can enjoy its picturesqueness to the full, knowing that there are quarters of comfort not far away.

In this great mosque it is the hour of prayer and this is Friday. There are many white-turbaned figures scattered around at their devotions under the gnarled old trees, but devotions are suspended while we are there. We had some difficulty in entering as visitors being not expected in this remote quarter, there are not enough covers for our shoes, without which we may not enter the sacred enclosure. There is but a pair and a half to be found. My wife is furnished out complete, but how R. and I are to enter with one foot between us is a question which greatly disturbs the potent, grave, and reverend Srinagars who gather around us. No doctors in philosophy in earth's greatest university ever gave evidence of deeper thought over the most abstruse problem than do these followers of the prophet over our feet. Certainly we cannot enter unless those feet be covered. I have the odd cover and offer to hop on one foot, but R. cannot fly. Finally with a comprehensive shake of his beard, coloured brick red by constant

applications of lime, one old saint gravely hands out his pocket-handkerchief—so called and the first I ever knew an Oriental to own—and borrowing two more as gravely proceeds to tie up our extremities amidst the admiring Ah's and Oh's of the lookers-on, envious for the annas which said brilliance on the part of the old man will bring forth from our pockets when we come out. We know too much of these Orientals to venture a smile at our absurd appearance and gravely stalk on into the sacred precincts. What a scene of ruin!

The place is a vast parallelogram, in the centre of which a wild riot of shrubs makes a tangle difficult to penetrate. The buildings of the mosque, like all others in Kashmir, are of cedar, black with grime and time. Many of these pillars in the arcade have fallen into ruin and the roof toppled down.

The holy of holies is in better state, and one is interested in its columns of deodar wood, each a single shaft of more than thirty feet in height.

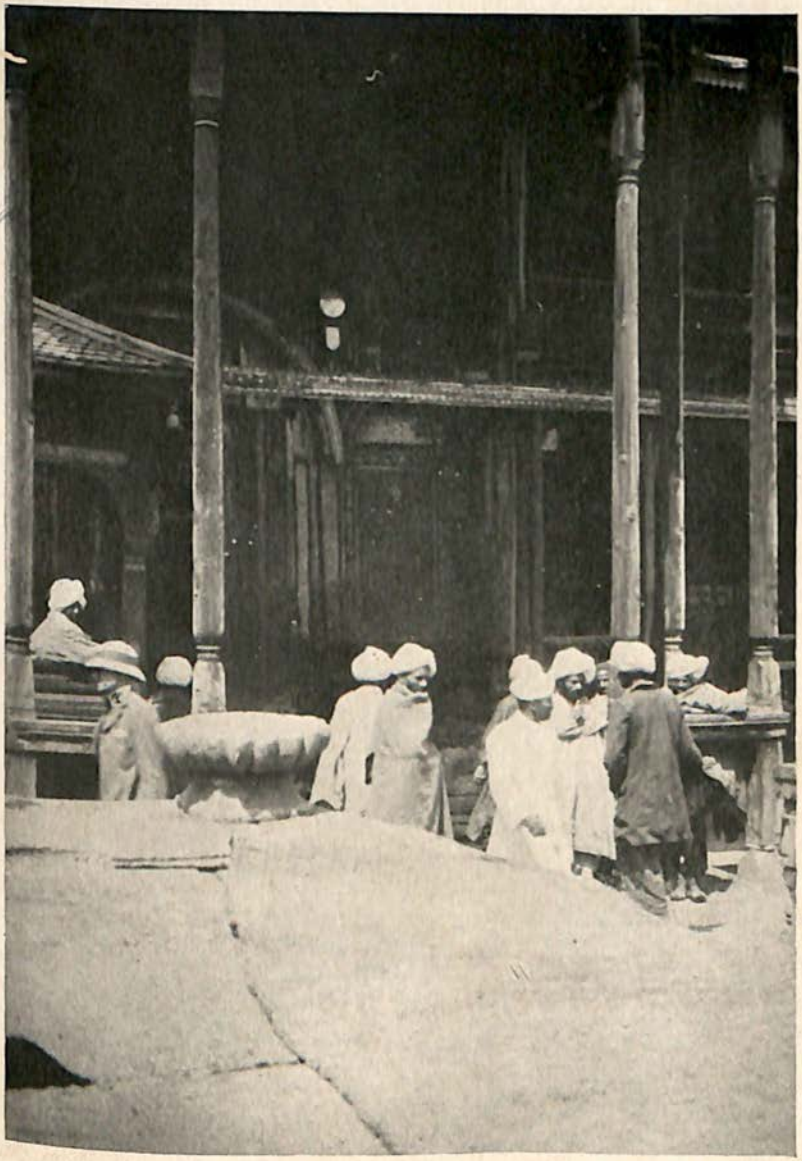
But the whole place is a riot of ruin and decay over which yellow lilies and purple and white irises have thrown a blanket of loveliness. A few lonely looking, white-turbaned devotees are making their prostrations, but one doubts whether in the vastness of the life eternal Allah has time to remember a lonely spot like this. Let us go.

When we come out and are divested of our shoe coverings, it is amusing to watch the faces, certainly forty of them, in a group, each one trying

to impress us with the idea that he should receive the coming backsheesh, but I had marked the old man and insisted that he get his dues. He got them but of course was not satisfied, no Oriental ever was known to be. However, as our native servant alone bestows largesse, they have to submit.

Yesterday Cockburn's Agency sent some twenty natives to move our boats up to the Sonawa Bagh. They were all Cockburn's men; we had nothing to do with them and of course paid them nothing. The rogues, thinking to work us, had a bazaar writer get up a letter stating that they were all men of large families and were in dire want, that they had received but twelve annas each, and of course Mem Sahib would not endure that in the name of simple humanity. However, she has had experience with such petitions, and promptly told them that they were Cockburn's men and if he had paid them twelve annas it was correct wages. They went off smiling, apparently perfectly satisfied, and doubtless will try it on us again shortly in some other fashion.

This particular transaction at the mosque being settled, settled so far as I could determine to the satisfaction of none, we depart, leaving the rickety old house of prayer to its worshippers, and the dead to their further progress into that oblivion which will swallow all of us as effectually as it has done those old kings of Kashmir, sleeping near its portal.



R. M. Parmelee

Deodar Pillars in Great Mosque, Srinagar

I cannot recommend walking in *native* Srinagar. Many Oriental towns are pleasant to stroll through, but this is not one of them. Its charm lies entirely along its waterways, and on our return we take a new one, entering, opposite the palace, the Kut-i-Kuhl Canal, which winds back of the English cantonment and joins the main river again by the entrance to the Dal Lake Canal, where the stream is so rapid we are forced to land and walk back to our boat hungry for our luncheon.

The English cantonment of Srinagar nestles apparently securely behind a long and very high dyke, which must have been constructed at considerable expense. The surface of the river is higher to-day than the flats beyond the dyke. I am told that in high floods it reaches the top of the dyke, when a break would swamp the entire English settlement, including all churches and the Residency.

At present there is a charming promenade along the top of this dyke, and there one sees some magnificent specimens of the famous chenar tree of Kashmir. All the English shops are along this promenade, and from here the prospect always reminds one of Southern France, as I have said before.

This must be an exceedingly late season hereabouts. Sir Francis Younghusband speaks of flowers in full bloom early in March. This is Easter Sunday, April 15th, and the blossoms are few and far between, while the long line of poplars

across the river are just showing a tinge of green and the trees on the Sonawa Bagh have not a leaf on them. Fires are comfortable at all hours of the day and heavy coverings are necessary at night.

It is generally conceded that the valley is not, so to speak, "open" before the 15th of April, and travellers should be warned of the risk of delays through storms and washouts and mountain slides if they come before that date. Our boat is just entering the centre of all the romance and legend of Kashmir, Dal Lake. It is the show place of the valley. At least the old Moghuls considered it the most attractive from their point of view, as on its shores they could build those places dearer than all others to their hearts, nearer their ideas of Heaven—gardens. One finds several of them there, beautiful even after centuries of ruin and destruction.

To-day, as guests of Mr. Avery, we visited the Nishat Bagh, a spot lovely even now with its fountains, tanks of water, many cascades, and grassy, flower-spangled slopes. In its upper and more secluded part is a stately grove of immense chenars ranged on either side of a basin from which dozens of fountains toss their sparkling waters high in the sunlight. The lake is so secluded in the embraces of the mountains that its climate is much warmer than on the river, with the result that here the chenar trees are almost in full leaf.

The garden is backed against the mountains and slopes gently to the water, towards which the

brooks dash and sing and sparkle enchantingly. The placid lake gives perfect reflection to the circle of snow-capped mountains, with the middle distance all ablaze with the yellow of the mustard flower or blushing rosy with many fruit blossoms.

It is truly, with its sense of peace and rest, a beautiful spot, a spot where one is tempted to linger long, dreaming the hours away and watching the white clouds drift far overhead.

But the shadows lengthen and it becomes cold as yet in these Himalayas as soon as the sun sets, so we embark and start homeward, trusting to come again. It is far from even cool now, and we lower the curtains of the boat to shut out the sun's rays, which are hottest as he rises and sets; certainly in the hour before sunset to-day the heat is intense, and, reflected from the still surface of the lake, rendered here at five-thirty both curtains and a sun umbrella necessary before we could be comfortable on the Ghari. Our oarsmen do not appear to mind it in the least and send us along at a smart pace. They do not sing, like the Arabs—in fact, I hear no music in Kashmir, except the monotonous chanting of some children, across the river from our boat, mingled with the piteous howling of a dog which seems to be beaten regularly at nine P.M.

By seven o'clock we are home once more and the fires are all lighted and needed. Social life is of the simplest form here as yet. We could not be more quiet and domestic in our house at home than in this boat. Every one is glad to see every one else

here, and often an informal caller drops in to chat an hour away. A sportsman tells me that shooting is no child's play in these mountains. It is but a few weeks since a hunter lost his life not far from here, and indeed in winter the bear and leopard come in very close. In the instance referred to above, the sportsman was not young and was near-sighted; his bearers were behind him as usual, when he came upon a leopard seated under a tree on a spot clear of snow. The man fired and missed, fired and missed again, and before he could raise his other gun the beast was upon him. Seizing him by the leg it tore that member in a dreadful fashion, finally breaking the bone; then as the poor chap raised his arms to protect his face, the beast seized one arm and fairly bit it off, also tearing the man's face terribly. When finally rescued he was past all help and died soon after. These leopards are very nasty things to encounter.

Mr. A. tells us that in the woods where the reservoir of the water works is situated there are always bears. One is not allowed there unless a sportsman and then a permit from the Maharajah is necessary. Not long since an Englishman and his party were shooting in that locality. His wife wandered a short way into the forest and was enjoying its beauty to the full, when one of the beaters cried to her to run. She turned to enquire the cause and was confronted by a huge brown bear reared on its hind legs and with its forepaws and terrible claws almost upon her. She jumped,

Mrs. Shoemaker

The Nishat Bagh, Dal Lake, Srinagar

and but for her thick pith helmet would have been killed as the descending claws reduced it to ribbons. Scared by her screams and the shouts of the beaters the brute made off and got away.

These mountains are full of such and it is not safe to take quiet strolls which may end in death at any moment.

About eleven at night, after we had settled for the night, I heard the soft patter of naked feet on the runway around the outside of the boat. They passed my window and then stopped in front of my wife's, followed by a soft fumbling at the window screen. My wife had also heard the sound and promptly flashed a little electric lamp towards the screen. The result was most satisfactory to her and disconcerting to the would-be thief, and quite as effectual as a pistol shot; at least the sound of fleeing feet followed instanter and we were disturbed no more. Which one of our devoted attendants it was is more than I can say. Certainly not the bearer Mokim or the caretaker, as I know their steps, heavy and solid. Those were the light steps of a boy or light-weighted person. However, I have told Mokim the tale and added that I have a revolver and shall promptly shoot any intruder.

We are off in the shikara betimes in the morning. As we move away a merchant boat draws alongside and its dusky occupant, saluting, murmurs:

"Mem Sahib, I am suffering Moses."

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thank you. I hope some day you come to my shop. I have very lovely things. I am suffering Moses."

He is evidently proud of the name.

As our boat drifts with the current of the river down past first, second, and third bridges, our eyes are attracted to the mosque, or tomb, of Shah Hamadan on the right bank. Somewhat stately in form, it rears its dark cedar walls to a lofty altitude where they meet the overhanging square roof, brilliantly green just now with a cover of deep grasses. There is an inscription here telling us that "If thou wouldst obtain thine object in this world and the next, go to the gate of Hamadan; by going to this gate thou shalt reach heaven, as this gate is the symbol of the heavenly throne."

Mounting the steps to the slight elevation where stands the mosque, we look for the gate of Heaven. There can be no mistake about it as there is but one, the arch which faces the main entrance of the mosque, but we are in doubt as to its being the portal to Eden. The usual arcade extends from the mosque, forming the other three sides of the square. All is of wood and brown with age and storms and as rickety and dirty and picturesque as only a building in Kashmir can be. On the pinnacle of the roof glitters, not the usual crescent, but a golden ball. One does not see the crescent in Kashmir. From the corners of the widely projecting roof hang ornamental bell flowers carved in wood. We do not enter. Evidently

this is cleaning day—most unheard of here—and clouds of dust are pouring from the interior. A desolate graveyard leans its stones against one side of the building or against each other while the "gate of heaven" gives out upon a filthy street. All streets in Srinagar are filthy and walking is well-nigh impossible, not only for that reason, but because of the beggars that infest them. Therefore, keep to your boat for they cannot get at you there.

Notwithstanding the inscription on yonder mosque that Shah Hamadan has control over all the affairs of the world and he who doubts it shall be blinded, we do doubt it, and depart across the river for the ruined mosque of "Patar," built by the beautiful Nurmahal or Light of the Harem of *Lalla Rookh*, Nurjahan Begam, she whose tomb we saw at Lahore. It is a massive stone structure, the only one of stone in the city, and far more stately than any other, but because it was built by a woman, it is desecrated in every possible way and now used as a storehouse. Near it is another flower-decked, neglected graveyard, full of ancient, gnarled trees and many toppling stones, over which one might write the word "forgotten." All through the Vale one comes upon these picturesque resting-places of the dead.

Then we again crossed the river to the mosque of Zain-ul-Abidin, the eighth and most renowned of the Mohammedan kings of Kashmir. It was in his reign in the earlier part of the fifteenth century that shawl weavers were brought here from

Turkestan, and that great industry established which the whims of passing fashion have almost destroyed since 1870.

His is a stately, domed mosque of brick, all in ruins, but it is passed by and the traveller enters an enclosure crowded with graves, where, under a modest slab, sleeps this greatest of Kashmir's kings. Passing from royalty to commerce we move on to the shop of Guber Khan, being informed by an old resident here that he is one of the most honest and reasonable of the merchants. Just how honest and reasonable may be judged by the fact that he tried to charge my wife ninety rupees for a nest of papier-mâché boxes, the duplicate of a set she had purchased for twenty-four rupees the day before. The latter were genuine papier-mâché (and not wooden), for we had them tested. Naturally we never went back to the "honest man's" shop.

Amongst others, we visited the carpet shop of Mohammed Jau, one of the finest houses in the city. It is on the water of course, and has a spacious courtyard. The rooms are large and lined with handsome woodwork, even up into the lofty dome. He is "Hadji," having been twice to Mecca. He met us in the portal, deeply bowing, his kindly old face beaming with the hope of great sales. But we have been to Peshawur and exhausted our pockets. The carpets and Bokhara curtains and embroideries were beautiful and I should judge his prices were fair.

It is a relief after the shop to sail up the river, or rather loll back in our comfortable boat and be rowed up. The oarsmen do not appear to mind the work, though the swift current makes it no light task, but we have eight men to do it. It has been misty for a day or so, but as the sun sets the clouds lift, showing all the snow range in glittering array. The broad valley has put on a shade of deeper green, the skies are opalescent, and all the broad river is dotted with pleasure boats. There is little evidence in the Vale of all the grimness of the vast mountains to the north.

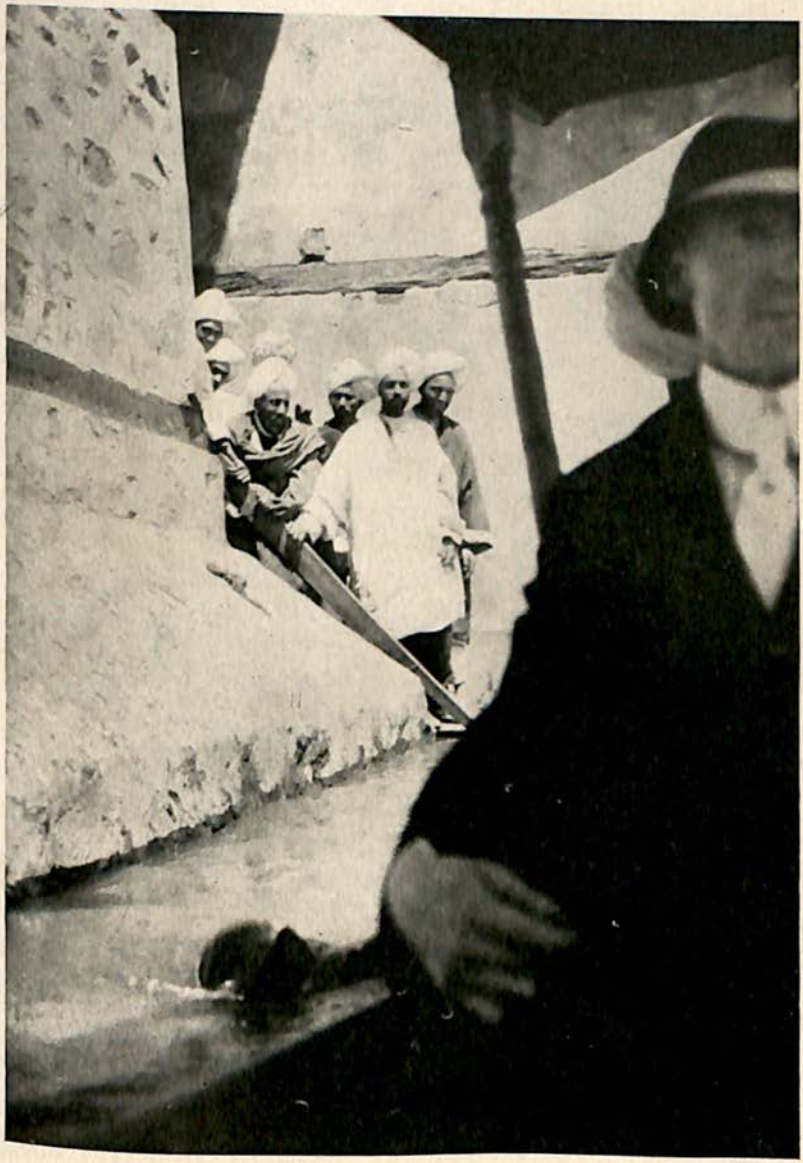
CHAPTER XX

MERCHANTS OF KASHMIR

English Residents. Gossip of the Mountains. Papier-Mâché and its Purchase. Silk Factories. Shawl Works. Women of the Town. The Native City.

I REALLY think the people, white and brown, high and low, imagine we are here to buy every old and new thing in this happy valley. This morning came two pictures of English scenes, which have evidently been taken off the wall. The owner certainly knew that no one could desire them, but the fact that she wanted money remained. So she tried them on us. Poor woman. She has had several financial ventures which have resulted disastrously. She now makes cake which her friends are kind enough to buy. But that is only for the morning. In the afternoon she plays bridge, and doubtless finds it more lucrative than cakes or pictures, but really that picture episode was sheer impertinence. To have shown them to us when in her place would have been all right, but to actually send them to one's boat was "sheer impertinence."

The gossip of these merchants' boats must be



Mrs. Shoemaker

A Group of Merchants, Srinagar

worse than that of the mountains, if that can be. I am not aware that we have mentioned that attempt of Guber Khan to overcharge on those papier-mâché boxes, yet just now Abdul Aziz sailed up and with many salaams announced that he deeply regretted the incident, and if we would come to his shop he would show us a fine assortment of the work without overcharges. I may state, *par parenthèse*, that he is the man who sold us the boxes for twenty-four rupees. As my wife wanted some more of that stuff and the whole thing promised to be amusing, we went. An air of great secrecy hung over all—"a sense of mystery the spirit daunted." To further the effect, at his request, we order our shikari men back to the boat. The doors are closed, barring the cracks through which a cat could pass, and then we promise secrecy, for Guber Khan has already sworn vengeance upon Abdul Aziz because he had sold those boxes for "proper price" when he, Guber Khan, had an opportunity to get "globe-trotter price." The stuff really is beautiful and we buy quite a lot. Rob wants another desk set and it is brought in from outside securely hidden somewhere in the clothes of one of the partners. The prices are reasonable, yet we are perfectly aware the wares are not sold at a loss. Aziz says the profit to the workman is from one to three rupees on each article, and that all the rest in Guber Khan's shop goes into his own pocket. If we had paid him that ninety rupees

for that box, we should have had to pay our customs duty on his profit as a thief. As we are about to leave, the room suddenly grows much lighter, as the cracks all around become disembarrassed of their human observers. Old Aziz requests again that we will be "discreet and silent," as he has "so many enemies." He does not "sell papier-mâché and has brought this here to oblige us." Of course, the regular merchants of that ware "know nothing of this and would be most indignant at an intrusion on their trade, might burn him out in revenge." Naturally we agree to be "discreet and silent," and pass out and down to our boat, when, lo and behold, there are three boats loaded with merchants and—papier-mâché—awaiting us. There was not a shopkeeper or boatman or merchant on that side of the river who had not known what was going on. Guber Khan, if his eye was not glued to one of those cracks above, certainly knew all about it, and probably sent the stuff in by his own men. Did those wretches really think that they deceived us? The whole thing was too funny for words, so both sides are satisfied. They sold their stuff and we got what we wanted and with much enjoyment. Profit there certainly is, and should be, but those who pay Guber Khan's prices are fools. Every piece was marked in bright white chalk with "proper price" and all doubtless by Guber Khan. I might add that the Englishwoman who steered us into his shop never forgave our not buying a lot, as on

every article purchased she would have received a commission.

Even as I write this, miles up the river from the shops, a man leans over the bank above our boat and asks if I don't want to buy some papier-mâché, hence it is evident how secret the whole transaction must have been. The work is really very artistic and beautiful. The flowers are exquisitely painted and the whole flashes like glass. From a utilitarian point of view the ware stands well to the front, as it is made into trays and boxes and writing portfolios.

We are the only Americans in Kashmir and the despair of these merchants—the few who have not fleeced us—is comical. The air becomes bluer and bluer with their prayers and professions of undying faithfulness and "strict honour" as the time for our departure up country draws near.

We have found the silverware here very artistic and reasonable. The shapes used are unusual and that after the begging bowl very graceful. As we drifted over the placid waters of Dal Lake this morning, one of the silver boats with its white-turbaned oarsmen moved alongside, and shortly the entire place was brilliant with the silverware. The merchant placed his stock on our shikara until it looked like an altar in some church.

All round the still waters reflected the banks ablossom with spring flowers and deep down the mountains seemed to be of another world from those gleaming afar against the blue of heaven.

It is all so enchanting that one's money is easily parted with, and we feel as though the beggar's bowl should be our coat of arms hereafter.

Then we seek shelter in the cool and quiet of our own boat, where the bulbuls and swallows twitter at the very windows and the doves send their soft message out over the flowing waters of the river. Their notes are as melodious as those of the nightingale, which some writer has said "saw our Lord in the garden that night and His love and sorrow got into its song for ever."

Kashmir's flowers are becoming more and more beautiful. Just now a small brown boy clothed in rags and free air appears with his arms laden with magnificent purple irises while yonder is a diminutive maiden bearing hands full of flaming tulips. As I lean far out from my window over the flowing river, that sweet strain from the "Classic Sabbath" in *Mephistophelie* continually sounds in my ears. Ah, Kashmir, how you will cling to our memories when the winter of life keeps us far from your Vale! Surely the glades of Paradise hold nothing more enchanting, and to one who has dwelt much of his life amidst majestic mountains, or knows the vast stretches of plain and ocean, or vale like this, pity for mortals condemned forever to live within the confines of brick and mortar is intense.

Kashmir has one great silk factory, a state monopoly. It is here in Srinagar and we have spent some time this morning in company with

Mr. Douglas, its manager, in going over it. The buildings are extensive and well adapted for that work in this climate. The eggs are received from France and Italy and are given away to the inhabitants of this state. The government pays the natives for the care and hatching of the cocoon, expending some forty thousand pounds sterling yearly on this work. The natives bring the cocoons to the factory and are not allowed to dispose of them to any outsider. The employees are mostly boys, though there are men, but we saw no girls or women. The boys are paid 4½ annas per day. The wage was four annas, but the boys were often absent. Mr. Douglas raised it one half anna per day, and told them if they were absent they would be docked accordingly. The result was happy. They attend, five thousand of them, very regularly. When the silk is tested, if it breaks too often they are also "docked," or *cuffed;* the latter while not severe is effective. Corporeal punishment seems to appeal to these people as the proper thing. We had a fight the other day between two of our boatmen, both of whom were at least fifty years of age. I sent out word that if it occurred again I would take a stick to both. Peace has reigned ever since.

But to return to the silk factory. One of its buildings is being run by electricity from the great plant at Baramula, and that is absolutely the only use to which that plant is being put save to run the dredges on the river. Mr. Douglas complained

of some of the machinery—it is from the General Electric of our own land—says it 's not entirely satisfactory. However, doubtless these defects will be remedied, though certainly as matters stand now electricity will never be as cheap here as human labour.

This silk is spun out into white and two colours, a soft salmon and a glorious yellow, a sort of orange yellow, which holds all the concentrated colour of India in its folds. It is truly beautiful, and one would not be surprised if it turned into a flock of canaries and fluttered singing off into the sunshine.

At one period sixty thousand people were employed in the shawl trade, which brought into the country thirty lakhs, nearly $1,000,000, a year. Srinagar was prosperous, her people affluent. To-day the people are in the most abject poverty. Its shawls were made in the remotest antiquity. When Krishna went to the Court of Kurns the presents made him included ten thousand shawls. They are mentioned in Ezekiel and Judges iv., 30. There was a large trade in Akbar's day. In 1739 Nardis Shali sent an ambassador to Constantinople with fifteen elephant loads of presents to the Sultan amongst which were many shawls.

Loom shawls, first made in the reign of Zain-ul-Abidin were actually invented by Nakad Bey, a weaver, who while weaving a plain shawl cut his finger and the drops of blood falling on the threads produced a red and white pattern, which suggested

the use of dyes. From that modest beginning sprang the great industry which the decrees of fashion have almost destroyed. In 1846 it amounted to seven lakhs of rupees per annum. French agents came here to buy in 1850. In Maharajah Golab Singh's time thirty-eight thousand persons were engaged in that industry and the value of exports amounted to twenty-eight lakhs per annum.

The Franco-German war of 1870 almost killed this trade, and the famine of 1878–79 completed the work. The industry has never recovered. Sir George Birchwood says that the trade has been destroyed by the quickness with which the cast weavers have adopted "the improved shawl pattern" which the French agents have set before them. In 1852 the industry was placed under the department called "Dag Shawl" or shawl marking department, and so remained for many years. That department supervised all dyes, wools, and materials, and finally put the state seal on every completed article worthy thereof. Some of the best shawls were produced between 1865 and 1872. The wool comes from the down of the Thibetan goat, growing under their outer hair coats in winter. This is called "Pusm" and the best comes from Surfan, probably from the goats of the Tian-Shan mountains, and comes in by Yak caravans over the Kashgar, Yarkand, and Leh routes. Pushimina is the term used for all fabrics made from Pusm-wool; the best and most expensive, white,

now costs twenty rupees a yard. In 1817 the import amounted to sixty thousand maunds, a maund being eighty pounds.

The loom, not the embroidered shawls, are the valuable garments. The work is generally done by boys. The wool is first cleaned and then treated with rice paste—soap is never used. It is turned into yarn by the spinning wheel. In olden days sixty-four tints were used in dying. The yarn is then adjusted for warp and weft, the former double, the latter single. The warp is fixed in the loom. The coloured yarn is wound around small sticks, which may amount to fifteen hundred in number. The weaver has no idea of the pattern he is to produce, but works entirely by the dictation of the over-man,—"lift two and use red," or "lift one and use green." Thus he is a mere automaton, but an expert one, and in prosperous times was paid by counting the sticks, for every one thousand sticks three pies—one half of a cent (there being twelve pies in an anna and an anna equals two cents).

The cost of making a shawl was as follows:

Weaver's wages	R.	300
Commission, ¼ per cent.	"	75
Dyeing	"	75
Tax	"	75
Master's wages	"	75
Miscellaneous expenses, designing, etc.	"	25
	R.	625

his shawl was sold in Paris for two thousand rupees, leaving a clear profit of thirteen hundred and seventy-five rupees.

The shawls are not woven all at once upon a loom but by bits from an inch to a foot square. These are cut out and given to a tailor who sews them together, the whole resembling the manufacture of fine lace.

A weaving room resembles a schoolroom, all the boys sitting at small looms like our boys at their desks, and each loom has from one to three boys at work, and the "teacher," another boy, reads from a strip of paper, "two red," "two orange," "five magenta," as the paper indicates. The workers have trays at their elbows filled with bobbins of all the colours mentioned in the pattern. The patterns are then worked up to each other and then cut out. As the pattern is finished it is rolled up horizontally with the pattern side underneath, as the threads have to be cut on the upper side. It takes one man three years to complete a full-sized shawl. When finished it is beaten on stones and washed out in a clear brook. The government stamp is then affixed, and it again goes to the tailor, after which it is handed over for sale. All this wonderful industry is almost a dead letter and will never revive, driven out by cheap work. Many weavers have left Kashmir, many more are employed in carpet weaving.

Markets are still found to a certain extent in Persia, Afghanistan, and Hyderabad, but Europe

and America have closed their doors to the Kashmir shawls. Cheap dyes from France and cheap yarns from Germany threaten to destroy what is left of the industry.

A shawl of the old wools and dyes would last generations, one of those European stuffs goes in two or three years. It is hoped that the awakening of the artistic instinct in the world may cause an appreciation of this wonderful work of these mountains, and so revive the industry. Never again as it was,—*shawls* are dead—but in some form more adapted to modern taste.

Have not our outdoor sports, golf and tennis, had something to do with all this? The graceful, elegant, slender woman of the past generation, upon whom shawls seemed to drape themselves without effort of the wearer, has almost disappeared in the mannish woman who swings the clubs and rackets, and I have seen it stated that the female form divine is fast passing away, and that but a short time will elapse before men and women will be formed alike. God forbid!

Taking advantage of our outing on wheels we returned through the streets of the city. One cannot walk with any comfort or pleasure. One must be elevated above the dirt and as far from the smells and people as possible. I have strolled with pleasure through many an oriental city, but native Srinagar is impossible. Still, it is certainly one of the most picturesque towns I have known. All of wood, old and brown by the passing of time

and storms; its houses rickety and its bridges crazy-looking structures; its mosque roofs ablaze with brilliant blossoms, it is certainly most picturesque. In one small square well back from the river and where Europeans rarely penetrate, the houses were more so than usual and one brown mosque held aloft a roof fairly blazing with scarlet poppies in deep green grasses. Through the carved casement of a window near by leaned a black-haired, dark-eyed woman, garbed in brilliant green with heavy gold ornaments covering neck and arms. From another, one in white and silver was silhouetted against the dark background (women of the town both, as one knew by the unveiled faces). Through the open space wandered the stately white-turbaned figures of the native men, inspecting these wares as they do all others. The whole was one of those bits of the orient, that the traveller runs across at unexpected times and places and which make up the most of his recollections when sea and land separate him from it all.

CHAPTER XXI

RIVER LIFE

Departure from Srinagar. Our Men Strike. Provisions and Fruit. Summer Visitors. Pleasure of the Sail. Temple of Pandrathan. The "Ninety-nine Names of God." Pastoral Picture. Sunset. Birds on the Boat. Trees of Kashmir. The Chenar Trees. Fields of Iris. The Ubiquitous Crow. The Nile versus the Jhelum. Bij Behara. Arrival at Islamabad.

BY the tremendous noise all about our boat I know that we are about to start for Islamabad. Not that a move in that direction means any more noise than one in any other, but that no move of any sort is accomplished here without almost as much commotion as our Civil War caused. Certainly the departure of the greatest ocean liner is effected in silence by comparison. The war this morning is because the men who will haul these huge, clumsy contraptions demand an increase of two annas (four cents) per day. The Agency here flatly refused to be coerced, but time is precious with us and we promptly conceded, at least, that is what I gather from the explanations offered by Mokim, but his English is so involved that he may have been reciting a stanza

from a Rig-Veda. However, that the result will mean greater payment on our part for something is sure. "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute," won't hold in the orient—better concede the "cent." You have to in the end, or at least the amount demanded appears so small that it's not worth bothering over, and one has no principles in the orient.

It 's amusing to hear our German boy use his English on these men. He is most earnest and generally ends each sentence with "Herein," which the crew doubtless thinks is something to eat, as they look most pleased, to Otto's utter confusion. It 's perfectly safe here to tell people to their faces just what one thinks of them; certainly it 's not worth while to talk behind their backs. You know also that they retaliate by abusing your collateral ancestry to the very gates of Eden. All of this forms part of life which in the orient would be dull without it.

Aside from the one day on Dal Lake, the weather for a week back has not been good. We have had fires all the time and at no moment would it have been pleasant to sit on deck. One wears one's winter underwear and clothes, and that on May 1st and in India. Even in the mountains this seems unusual. Yesterday it blew a gale and not a mountain was in view. We cut loose from Sonawa Bagh about ten and move off up the winding river.

I am forced to confess that, either through mis-

management or location, Kashmir in the matter of fruits and vegetables is a sore disappointment, and I am told it is never much better. We read that "all the known fruits and vegetables are here in profusion," and yet we cannot purchase either lemons or limes; all that come up (of course none are grown in this altitude) are used in a factory —the stores never keep them. As for vegetables, you find potatoes, and beans, and cauliflower, and some exceedingly poor asparagus. One is actually in this paradise forced to live on canned goods, and as for fruits, *blessed* be California. There are plenty of ducks in season, but beef is not allowed even to enter the valley. To have it on your premises means imprisonment, to kill a cow would probably mean death. Hence it is mutton and eggs, of which there is a plenty. The Vale is celebrated for its rhubarb and after a month of it one wishes such were not the case.

Kashmir is a hotbed of cholera in summer and the traveller is warned against the use of strawberries. As for lettuce, he never touches it. After all is said, a residence here would be intolerable, and we thank God that our lines are cast in a land where His gifts can be used with impunity, where there are few snakes to be dreaded, where men live, and where man is not so vile that he must at all times be shunned and dreaded. But why dwell upon the unpleasant when there is so much of the beautiful around? We are en route. Already Srinagar has dropped away behind us.

The mountains rear up gloriously beautiful as we move up the river. The late storms have washed the skies and seem to have lifted the hills some thousands of feet higher than last week, and their vast snow-fields are all a-glitter.

The Valley is filling up with its summer visitors; tents are dotting the meadows in all directions and the river is lined with houseboats.

What a joy it is to get away from the town and off into the reaches of the river amidst the silence of the mountains! The Jhelum winds as snake-like as the Tennessee below Mount Lookout, and gives the pattern to the silversmiths and shawl-makers. All day long the mountains march with it. Our cabins are bowers of lilacs and flaming tulips this morning. The air comes in the windows warm and sweet, while the gurgle of the waters commingles with the murmuring music of the bulbul and the indignant chatter of the hoopoe. Having built her nest in the eaves of this boat and being a Srinagar lady she is most enraged at the moving and comes to each of us with noisy complaint and protest. No use, madam, you have to come along.

Some two miles above Srinagar by road and two and one half hours by the crooked river is Pandrathan, the ancient capital of Kashmir—the original Srinagar. It was a city centuries before our era, just such a mud city as we find it to-day, I imagine, mud and wood. It contains the famous shrine founded by Asoka, which held a

tooth of Buddha, carried off in 630 A.D., by the King of Kanouj. One temple alone escaped, being under the protection of "Nagas." We found it in comparatively perfect condition. It is a stone structure, one of the most interesting in Kashmir, small, square, with pyramidal roof, all of stone. The ceiling, also stone, and of especial beauty, is heavily carved in garlands held by ancient Buddhist nymphs and the only perfect example in Kashmir. No lover of archæological carvings should miss inspecting it. We spent some time in it, though it required courage to do so. The only boat around was half filled with water, and had to be emptied before we could attempt the passage to the isle on which the temple stands. A plunge in those dirty waters would not have been agreeable. However, we managed to get over and were well repaid for our trouble, though I confess I rather dreaded a collapse of the heavy stone roof. The next earthquake will surely tumble it into the lake. The spot, embowered in willows, would be a pretty one by moonlight. It is romantic by day.

Younghusband says that this temple is not Buddhist but Hindu, having been built in the tenth century, and dedicated to Vishnu.

We are poled along by our boatmen, shouting out the names of Allah as they work. Gafarra, our sweeper, lost or had stolen, or said such was the case, his coat. Being a good and willing workman we gave him a new one. Since then every

Mrs. Shoemaker

Temple of Pandrathan, Kashmir

identical man on the boats has suffered a like loss, but without effect.

Truly this has been a day to be remembered. How delightful to lie back in a long chair in the cool shade of the saloon with the large windows all wide open, and as the waters lull one's senses, watch the shifting panorama of the mountains seen through the green of stately chenar trees. Now an ark-like boat drifts past us, then a quaint village comes in view, while high up against a brown mountain an eagle floats motionlessly.

As the sun goes down the scene becomes more enchanting. The river, broad and placid, winds away before us, bordered on either hand by groves of chenar and willow trees. In the nearer middle distance the green valley, dotted with many sheep, rises, roll on roll, until it melts into the grand barrier cliffs, while white clouds, so near like the snow mountains that they seem verily to be part of them, are tossed from the summits and up into the blue of heaven. Songbirds fill the air with melody and the cooing of many doves comes to us over the meadows. The pastoral life of the Bible is all around us and peace is everywhere.

How beautiful the day dies. All the green valley has passed into shadow while the brown mountains have turned to the deepest indigo and the circle of snows throbs with the rose glow against a fair green sky, slowly deepening towards its dying.

Some bulbuls had built their nests in the roof

of our boat while it lay in Srinagar, and were, like the hoopoe, greatly distressed when it moved, but they have accepted the state of change and movement and twitter and hop about in the happiest manner, not minding us at all, and with a little encouragement would come into the boat. The hoopoe is not quite certain as yet and still sulks a bit. No man's hand is against the birds here and they have little dread of us humans in consequence. That is one benefit at least of these religions, which those of our faith might well emulate. That terror at home, "the small boy," is not known in the east. Yet it is a marvel that this cruelty—for it is just that and nothing less—is not inculcated in the youths of Kashmir, when they see the ducks slaughtered by the thousands by the English sportsmen—three hundred in one day by one man. Think of that, and most of them thrown away! There should certainly be a law against it, even in the open season. There is no possible excuse for such barbarity.

Kashmir's crown is, to my thinking, in her trees. Other sections have higher mountains, other lands as beautiful flowers, but no other land presents so many groups of splendid trees as this, in her magnificent chenars. They are everywhere, and, standing singly or in groups, rival in majesty anything I know of, except the red cedars of California or the blue gums of Australia. They are even more impressive than those for they are so plentiful. In California and Australia one finds

great trees here and there, and their grandeur taken singly passes all others, but here, wherever you turn, your eye is gladdened by these superb chenars. They are of the plane tree species, as are our sycamores, but a different variety, but our sycamores always appear dilapidated like the untidy eucalyptus, doubtless because of the shedding of the bark. The leaves of the chenar turn scarlet in the autumn while those of our sycamore are a dingy yellow. It is stated here that they must be transplanted to flourish.

As the boatmen have tied the boat up while they breakfast, we seize the chance for a run and mount the dyke. All the fields are covered with wild iris, white and mauve, and around a ruined tomb are masses of the large purple iris. One of our men passes with his arms glorious with the blossoms. Masses of lilacs grow here and there, and as one looks down the ground is closely spangled with delicate orange and blue flowers in form like the gentian. Flocks of sheep and goats wander hither and thither over the grass, and every now and then some brown-skinned boy salaams. One brings "Mem Sahib" a bundle of blooms, well knowing it means an anna or two, which is a fortune to him.

One sees some splendid specimens of physical development in this State. Many a bronzed Apollo greets the eye on the boats which pass by day and night, and evidently it is real strength as one of them will throw the tow-line over his

shoulder and trot off at a rapid walk, drawing a sizable houseboat against a rapid current.

Kashmir must be the breeding-spot for the crows: those ubiquitous friends of ours are here mating by the tens of thousands. Crows are decidedly a marked feature of Indian life. One is greeted by them upon landing and no matter where one is or what doing they are always on hand. You leave them just outside your window when retiring and find them peering in with the earliest dawn. Their impudence passes belief. They will jeer at you as you depart and they will be the last bit of life you will see as your ship bears you away. I have lately seen some cinematographs of an elephant procession in Calcutta, in which not a crow was to be discovered. Therefore I believe the pictures were fakes as no crow would miss a show like that.

Our life on the Jhelum River recalls that on the Nile years ago,—the same existence on the boat, the same tramps along the banks. There are no sails used on these houses,—for they are not boats,—hence one misses the delightful silent gliding along under the tall lateen sails of the dahabeahs. There, there were yellow mountains and great historic interest. Here, the mountains are snow-clad and the historic interest is almost nil. I don't think the field flowers of the Nile Valley are as lovely and plentiful as those of Kashmir, certainly the birds of Kashmir are far more plentiful and musical than those of Egypt; from the peaceful home note

of the doves to the gurgle of the hoopoe this valley is all atune with melody. The dulcet tones of the donkey furnish the melody in Pharaoh's land.

As a whole the people of Egypt are more fully clothed than those of the Vale. Yonder is a bronze Adonis with not one single rag upon him save a brilliant green skull-cap, and beyond is another clothed in fresh air.

Egypt has its weird fascination, Kashmir its exquisite beauty. The latter so far has one charm which Egypt lost long since, *i. e.*, it is not overrun with tourists. One will always associate Egypt with the weird call of the vultures, one will always remember Kashmir in the sounds of doves.

We tie up for the night at Pampoor, only eight miles from Srinagar by road, but fifteen by the crooked river. It has taken all day to cover the distance.

The morning breaks brilliantly. I have ordered the boat gotten under way at an early hour so as to have the afternoon for the ruins of Martand. The town of Bij Behara and the river banks above it are amongst the most picturesque we have seen. These shaky old wooden houses lend themselves to the picturesque as much as the stone ones of old Italian towns. Here there is one of those fantastic wooden bridges, and yonder is a terrace of most magnificent chenar trees, quite the largest we have seen. The river here is not very wide and the circle of mountains is closing in upon us. To-day they appear especially majestic as their

summits are lifted above a filmy streaking of clouds, which adds greatly to their majesty. All below is darkest blue, all above purest, glistening white, against the fairest of blue skies. How heavenly, how peaceful the world is here! Are the portals of heaven up by these mountains I wonder; must souls pass this way?

We reach Islamabad at sunset. This is the end of navigation for large boats. The waters which form the Jhelum assemble here, coming down from the snows and up from the earth in many streams and bubbling springs.

CHAPTER XXII

TEMPLE OF MARTAND

En Route to Martand. The "Abode of Islam." Marvellous Prospect. The Whole Vale of Kashmir. The Temple of Martand. Its Splendid Site. Its History. Return through Bewan. Leaving Islamabad. Bij Behara. · Property in Kashmir. The Maharajah's Friend, Colonel S. Tricks of our Boatmen. The Dogs of Kashmir. Our Letters Come in the Window. Back at Srinagar. English in the Vale. Entrance of the Maharajah. A Railway or not.

ONE moves at an early hour even in Kashmir, as the sun by ten o'clock is of force sufficient to drive one to cover. It is just six as we mount the bank above the boat where some patient little horses and a dandy (a litter) await us. My wife being stowed away in the latter, together with the kodak, we are off for Martand, six and one-half miles. These dandies have no cover and are borne along at a rapid trot by four men, and these men are certainly of great muscular power, as they never paused until the six and one-half miles were accomplished, and my wife deposited in the temple enclosure. She is not a light weight, but the bearers did not appear to mind it in the least. To walk that smart pace for that

distance carrying nothing would have been too much for most men, as it included a long and steep climb. My horse trotted to keep up with these men. With a wait of half an hour at the temple they continued one and half miles to Bewan where ensued another wait of one-half an hour, followed by the return trip of five miles, making thirteen miles in all, and in less than four hours. There were two extra men who exchanged with them occasionally, but it was all done without stopping. The ride this morning was very delightful. The god of clouds had intervened in our behalf throwing a veil over the sun, which was not wholly lifted until we were almost home. As it did not descend to the upper mountains the panorama was not at all interfered with.

Outward our road lay through the simple graveyards of these people, and I must remark that for the first time in my long travels amidst the Islamite races I note anything like a reverence or care for their dead. There are many superb mausoleums of Sultans and statesmen, but, as a general thing nothing could be more neglected and forlorn than a Mohammedan graveyard with its dilapidated and broken-down tombstones. The dead appear to be absolutely forgotten as soon as they are gone, but here all the lowly tombs are embowered in masses of splendid purple and white irises and the beautiful narcissus, rendering the resting places of the dead very beautiful, especially when they surround one of the grand chenar trees.

Temple of Martand, Kashmir

To-day we pause by many of these acres of God as we move down the avenue leading to Islamabad.

Islamabad, the "abode of Islam," has been long abandoned by the mighty of this earth, for only the lowly dwell there now. It was once a prosperous city but has shrunken to a few thousands of inhabitants dwelling in a handful of rickety picturesque houses. Their open loggia and projecting roofs are very Italian. From the loggia of that yonder a group of white robed and white turbaned men regard us pleasantly. One meets with no lowering glances in Kashmir.

The winds have thrown the seeds of grass and irises and daisies upon the roof, which is in consequence a glory of green, deep purple, and white, a more artistic garden than Shahjahan ever made for Nurmahal. Leaving the town we ascend rapidly until we reach the level of one of those wide table-lands peculiar to these mountains. A sort of stadium erected in the middle of the vast amphitheatre of mountains, it stretches before us green and level for five miles and more. Over it are journeying, singly and by groups, the white robed people.

As we ride on the day has come far overhead and the snows sparkle and dance in the increasing light. Finally, backed against the farther hills and sheltered by some stately deodars, we make out the great temple of Martand, but in the panorama spread around forget entirely the work of man, for this temple of man to his God is as nothing to the

footstool which He has made for Himself. What a marvellous prospect! For the first time the entire Vale of Kashmir lies spread out before us. For a hundred miles to the westward it stretches away, with the river wandering serpentlike across it. Long avenues of Lombardy poplars outline the highway to Srinagar. Forests of mulberry trees make the yellow plains deeply green, and there are acres of purple irises and scarlet poppies, while orchards of blossoming apple and quince throw blankets of white and pink broadcast. The bright green of spring grasses and the golden mustard fields are not wanting, and then the floor rises into the lower yellow hills, backed by deep blue mountains, while far above and completely encircling the whole sparkles the wonderful range of eternal snows against the blue of heaven.

Whatever may be your opinion of the temple, you can hold but one of this glory of God spread out before you. Drink your fill of the enchanting picture, for you will scarcely find its equal until your soul passes into the valley of heaven itself. It is like, and yet how very different, from the Vale of Mexico as seen from the hill of Chapultepec. The mountains are very grand there, but these are grander, and the snows here form a complete circle. I have seen most of the great vales of the world, but I give the palm over all to this Vale of Kashmir as seen from the old temple of Martand. This is our farthest point and Nature has reserved her best for the last.

Turning to the temple we spend an interesting half-hour. It is very ruinous—the earth trembles too much around here for stone structures and nearly all the temples of Kashmir have been shaken to their downfall or robbed of their stones. Martand cannot be called one of the great ruins of the world. It consists of colonnades forming a square of some hundreds of feet which encloses a shrine, majestic it is true, but only when taken by itself, and when Karnak, Balbec, and Athens are for a time forgotten. However, those ancients knew that in selecting this site half the battle was won, for taking temples and site together—and one cannot separate them—Martand is unique.

This was certainly a Hindu temple, as it was built about A.D. 400, when that religion flourished in this valley. Its niches still hold Hindu statues. Here is the Hindu triad which is emblematic of the sun, who was Brahma, the Creator, at morn, Vishnu, the Preserver, at noon, and Siva, the Destroyer, at night.

Professor P. V. N. Myers, who visited this valley in 1872, thinks that

it would be hard to tell how much of different systems of worship is condensed and vaguely symbolised in that "mystic orb triform" of Hindu mythology. Some have thought to find in it a reflection of the Christian Trinity, and certain it is that it embodies, however modified and obscured, the central idea of the Sabian worship. That the Martand temple was dedicated to the Sun is also according to the Raja

Zarangini, which contains a passage wherein the edifice is declared sacred to the "famous all pervading sun."

Cunningham advances several theories which he considers prove this. Professor Myers considers that the most interesting fact respecting the Kashmir temples is the traces which they exhibit of Greek art,—a large number of their most important architectural features being Greek, not Hindu. The centre, or inmost temple, is Greek, as is the roof, changed only enough to suit these severe winters with their heavy falls of snow.

The influence of Greece was felt "subsequent to the Macedonian Conquest in Asia. In the year 200 B.C., the Kabul Valley and Western India, or parts of it, were held by the Greeks."

The first Mohammedan king in Kashmir seized the throne in A.D. 1341, and following him came "Sikandar the iconoclast" who destroyed many of these temples. We owe their preservation to-day to the English, and with the best of taste they have simply preserved and not attempted to restore.

While the traveller to-day has a fine idea of what such a temple was, he may in the one down the valley from Baramula and past which his route in and out lies, see a perfect specimen, and there you will realise that these temples were elegant, not grand.

Our way back led through Bewan, where there are some clear water tanks full of carp, and some

fine chenar trees. From thence to Islamabad we pass over a finely made and absolutely straight avenue for five miles. It is bordered by Lombardy poplars its entire length.

It is five-forty in the morning of April 3d as we cut loose from our moorings at Islamabad, and start on our return journey, which God willing will end at Marseilles on June 12th. It was impossible to go up amongst the greater mountains unless we remained all summer and we cannot do that, so Islamabad is our farthest point. The passage down with the current in our favour should be made in two days. The evening lights are beautiful as we drop down the river but even at 6 P.M., it is too hot to go on deck. So we sit inside with the wide windows open.

One feels detached, so to speak, up here, and does not realise that were one to climb yonder peak one could look fifteen thousand feet down and then out over the limitless expanses of India. When you enter at Baramula, it is much like coming into a great castle whose drawbridge is raised after you, shutting off the outer world most effectively. You are high up in the a r and you realise it.

We tie up for the night above Bij Behara by a splendid grove of chenars and where there has at one time been one of those lovely gardens of which Kashmir has so many. One may yet trace the waterways and fountain basins, but all has long since gone to ruin and is deeply covered

by rich grasses and many wild flowers. These groves extend for at least six hundred yards on either side of the river. In that on the left bank there has gathered a multitude of people to receive the eggs of the silkworm presented them gratis by the government of the Maharajah (not England).

It appears that no one can ever buy land in Kashmir. The whole belongs to the Maharajah absolutely. You may lease for ten years only, and if you spend any sum improving your lease he will most certainly take over the property. This he did at Gulmarg not long since, where he was shown over the property of an Englishman. He admired it so much that he shortly announced that he would take it. Colonel S. very foolishly fought him in the matter, and of course lost. Had he offered the place the Maharajah would doubtless have paid him well, but, fighting, he lost all. The house was torn down and a palace built upon it. The case was especially a hard one as Colonel S. was a friend of the Maharajah whom he invited to Gulmarg to see his home of which he felt very proud. The above was the result. Cardinal Wolsey found it wise to present Hampton Court to Henry VIII., and it was dangerous for a subject to be too splendid in the days of Louis XIV.

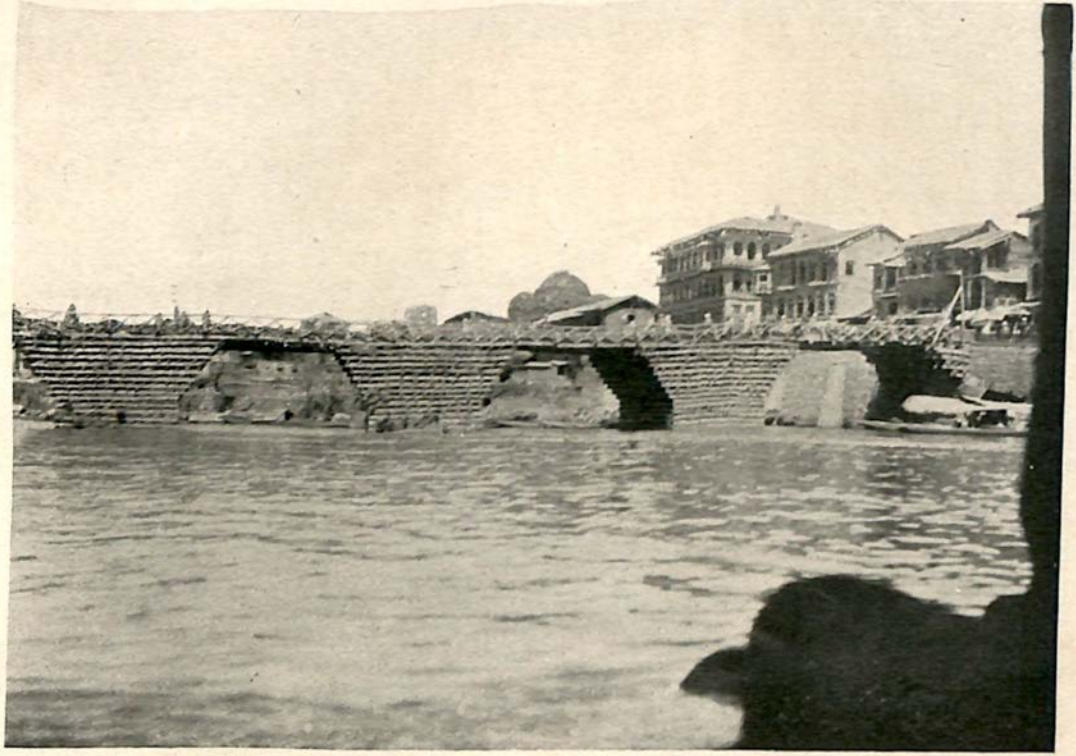
Before we left Islamabad our old boatman sent in word that it would take three days to return to Srinagar. Another trick, of course, so I ordered

him to have us back in twenty-four hours, and twenty-eight will see us there with no extra effort, save a mention on my part now and then of one or two of the ninety-nine names of God. While I am not given to and very greatly condemn profanity in our language, for some reason it does not effect one in the same degree in Kashmiri. Probably as one is never sure one has the right word and hence may not be profane at all, but the result on these boatmen is satisfactory, and I think a recitation of the list of prepositions or conjunctions would serve as well.

The Jhelum is blessed with very beautiful trees its entire length. In addition to the grand chenar there are the stately Lombardy poplars and forests of fine mulberry trees, and now all the banks beneath them are masses of blooming iris. Japan can show nothing in any degree to be compared to this. Indeed in both flower and fruit blossoms Kashmir far exceeds the Japanese islands, as I think does our own middle belt through Virginia, Ohio, and Illinois. However, while there is so much of beauty, there are things in Kashmir which are not agreeable,—the dogs are one of them, and have driven us off down the river to where we can hope to find quiet and rest at night. This beautiful spot seems just what we desire, and there is such deep peace, such dreamful ease over it all, the night is full of silence, and tired out with our long ride to Martand, we have gone early to bed and are lost to earth when brought back with a

jerk by the maddest chorus of the loudest dog barks I have ever listened to. Have you ever heard the bark of an oriental dog? American-canines have not and let us hope never will learn that art. There is something very akin to the wolf in these pariah dogs. They rove about at night in packs like wildest wolves. This lot had collected just above our boat and sat themselves down on their haunches for a night of undisturbed barking and howling. A return chorus came from the opposite shore, and the peaceful Vale was promptly turned into an inferno, dreamful ease and silence departing shudderingly. I go to the window and swear and shout, but dreamful ease and silence will not come back. The dogs remain and howl the louder. In desperation I fling open the rear door and shout to Mokim in the kitchen boat. Everybody there is sound asleep, they do not and never would have minded the wildest chorus of dogs, but my voice brings them promptly to the fore, and shortly the grove of stately chenar trees witnesses a combined assault of white figures upon yellow dogs. The carnival of oriental oaths—names of prophets, in which I distinguish some of the ninety-nine names of God,—howls, and shrieks of dogs is terrible, and the rest is—silence, deep and undisturbed, which lasts until we awake at seven to find our houses drifting quietly down the stream.

We have letters awaiting us at Srinagar, and one is always anxious for home news, so noticing that our progress was slower than the current of



Mrs. Shoemaker

The Second Bridge, Srinagar

the river, I went out to inquire. There were eight men on the square bow of our boat, and from the sudden change of the paddles they were holding, I am quite sure that the blades had been turned broad side to the current, thereby delaying our progress, and prolonging the job of the men. A moderate use on my part of a few prepositions changed all that and we now move rapidly. All that is necessary thereafter, if the pace slacks, is for me to show my face at a window, when the adoration of the almighty is at once resumed and the speed of the boat increased. These Kashmiri are children and only that; one has always to threaten as one would a bad boy, they do not understand anything else.

These servants prove Kipling's statement: "On the other side of Suez where the best are like the worst." If you make the fatal mistake of praising them at all you promptly make the best like the worst.

They are fatalists. "If Allah wills it." So, after walking through the vile dirt of one of these villages, they wash their feet in the river and promptly drink that same water. Little wonder that when cholera comes they die by thousands.

Our letters have just been shoved in at the window from somewhere in the outer void. A coolie walked the forty-five miles to Islamabad to bring them, and finding us gone, followed the boat almost back to Srinagar before he caught it. We were told to pay him twelve annas, and gave

him a rupee, sixteen, and were considered to have "paid him too much." It was certainly a forty-mile walk.

We move to our mooring at Srinagar about nine A.M., and are again quiet at our island once more. News reaches us here that the Maharajah will start up from Pindi on the 16th; we are booked to leave Baramula on the 17th, and he may interfere, but perhaps not. It may be interesting to meet his Royal Highness. His harem comes by an entirely different route, which is never open to the rest of the world. It would be more interesting to meet them, but my suggestion is frowned upon. Is the route referred to the old royal route of the Moghuls, via Abbotabad? I should judge not as I am told that this, starting from Lahore, enters the eastern end of the Vale. At a spot on one of them in the lower mountains Jahângir died, murmuring as he turned his face to the wall: "Only Kashmir! Only Kashmir!"

One hears on all sides the hope that for the sake of the people who live here and come here the British Government will take over this mountain state once and for all. It would make a grand sanatorium for her army, though I suppose in the length of this chain of mountains extending as it does along the entire northern frontier she has plenty of such places without it, though surely no such valley. These hills are full of English people, and it is a pity they should be forced to live under rule quite as incompetent and distasteful

as that of Turkey in the days lately passed. One would judge from the tales related everywhere that the old régime of suspicion, treachery, etc., reigns here as it has generally done in most Mohammedan courts. The Maharajah is a man of no decision, and of little if any character. His only child, a youth of tender years, died some time ago. The only *man* of the lot was a Rajah, brother of the present ruler, who is now dead. It is stated that this ruler has endeavoured to limit the entrance of Europeans to two or three hundred and has even written to London to that effect.

One sees nothing of the Maharajah; all the picturesque scene of his arrival by boat up the river, as described by Sir Francis Younghusband, has passed away. Now he comes by tonga from Rawalpindi, and has his especial rest houses en route. We shall meet him as we go out. His women come on ponies over the mountain pass already referred to. Once inside the walls of yonder palace, none of them is ever seen again. The palace and gardens cover several acres and have an extensive water front where numerous elaborate house-boats are moored but rarely used, I am told.

CHAPTER XXIII

MAGNIFICENT SHALIMAR

Flowers and Birds of the Vale. The Bulbul and Hoopoe. In the Confidence of the River. Merchants and our Servants. What Is a Christian? A Deserted Palace and its Youthful Owner. His Future. The Dal Lake Once More. Ruined Gardens. The Lotus Blossoms. Early Travellers. The Footsteps of Lalla Rookh. "Magnificent Shalimar." Its Pavilions and Fountains. Movements of the Maharajah.

WHEN I entered our saloon this morning, the blossoms of the anemone all around in bowls were tightly closed, looking much like dainty spring radishes. I placed them near the open fire and they immediately began to open their starry eyes and peer at me in questioning fashion. They remind me of the cowslips which grew at home years ago. Flowers are not plentiful in Srinagar yet. Still they are to be had though scarcely in a manner altogether to our satisfaction. To-day our breakfast table is golden with the blossoms of the jonquil. Where did they come from? Here are no public gardens where one might buy such.

The ways and means of getting flowers in this land of roses where as yet no roses are, is, to say

the least, unusual. Just now I heard my wife's maid telling the caretaker to go and steal some flowers from the same place he stole the last lot and she will give him eight annas.

Departing, he returned in due course with these bunches of jonquils. As he could not purchase he evidently stole them, perhaps from the altars of the most high God, as this is Easter Sunday. To remonstrate would be useless, the boy would not understand, and would write us down as fools to be fleeced and that promptly. The next time he would steal them, and then to ease our souls and consciences would sell them to us. The other day he caught some as the maid threw them out of the window and bringing them around to the door sold them to her over again. In a day or two the place will be a bower of flowers and one can have what one desires.

The law of "a community of goods" certainly maintains amongst all eastern servants. Not many years ago a friend of mine stationed in Zanzibar was giving a dinner to Lady H., a relative of the present viceroy of India, when one set of plates appearing, she exclaimed, "Why, where did you get these? I thought mine were the only ones, quite unique, in fact!"

"Blessed if I know, I never saw them before. Here, boy, where did you get these plates?"

"Friend of mine work for Missy, got um there," pointing to Lady H.

Her servants had loaned her treasures, and here

they were. There was nothing to do but laugh, but I warrant you those plates were inspected for nicks, scratches, and cracks when they came home, and were safely locked up thereafter.

Through the wide open windows and doors this morning comes a perfect feast of song. The little bulbul is everywhere, a small greyish-black bird with tufted crest. Then, the minas are here by the thousands, and the hoopoe gurgles out his note by our windows at all hours of the day. One perched just above us this morning as we started for church. He is about the size of our jay and has head and shoulders of a Bismarck colour, with a tufted crest of the same hue, while all the rest of his body is striped black and white, regular stripes running around the body. He is a beauty and he knows it. I should like to take a pair home, but it would be a pity to carry any away from their paradise, to have the wild freedom of these mountains exchanged for captivity. All these birds have sweet voices and if you require the necessary jar, there is always a crow about.

Even in a dahabeah on the Nile one does not live quite so much in the confidence of the river, as in a house-boat on the Jhelum. Its windows are very wide and just outside runs a wooden ledge upon which one may lean and be not more than eighteen inches above the flood which every moment drifts something within one's line of vision. Now a newly arrived house-boat, seeking a mooring of which there are not too many along

this, the favourite Bagh; then a boarded doonga, which is but a house-boat of smaller pretensions; then a great barge, like the hull of the Ark itself, and often steered by a mite of a girl or boy who handles the big paddle in a manner you and I could not do. Our view is constantly blocked by the merchants' boats, and they resort to every possible device to attract attention even by personal letters written in the Bazaars and sealed and addressed to one in full. At first I opened them, but now I hand them back unopened which most greatly puzzles the white turbaned group sitting in their boats surrounded by bales of goods. At the present moment there are fifteen of their boats forming a horseshoe of which my window is the opening. Vultures on the Towers of Silence are scarcely more plentiful than they and our fate would be as the corpses of those famous towers if we allowed them entrance. The two hours necessary for those birds to do their work would be reduced to a few moments here, I believe.

Yesterday, while we were away on the Dal Lake one of them approached our European servants, intimating that if they would get us in their shops they would do something for them, but both declined and told them to go to our native bearer Mokim. "Oh, we have done so, but he demands ten rupees before he brings them at all and one anna of every rupee which they may buy. We wanted him to return the ten rupees unless they bought one hundred rupees worth, but not at all,

that must be paid down and we can't afford it and won't give it." Here is the explanation of that letter of Mokim's in Peshawur. Knowing that these merchants would not grant his commission he thought he would bind us down by an agreement to deal only through him. He enjoys it highly when I drive men away.

Sounds carry wonderfully over the surface of this river. I can distinctly hear talking on the other side and on the farther end of the boat hear Mokim taxing my German boy with not eating any meat because he "has on his new clothes." The maid tries to explain to the Mohammedan the beliefs of the Church of Rome, of which Otto is a member. "Oh, yes, I know," says Mokim, "we both believe in God and Otto believes in something more." After all, that is not a bad definition of the two faiths. Otto is indeed proud of that suit of clothes. They cost fifteen rupees ($5.00), are of good Kashmir wool, well made, and fit him.

We were somewhat astounded and amused when Mokim called my wife "mother." Evidently he meant to be most respectful and what to do we did not exactly know. A day or two after he told me he hoped I would be his father and his king. He prayed God it might be so. So, that was it. All India called Queen Victoria "Mother" and "Sovereign," and I suppose this boy's ideas ran along the same channel. However, as it was not agreeable, I told him to call my wife, "Mem Sahib" which he does not fail to do.

Our last days in this quaint old city are proving amongst the most delightful of our stay. To-day, tempted by the soft May sunshine, we start off in the shikara and move swiftly down the Jhelum, past palace and villa, under one fantastic bridge after another, and on through the wide highway of the river with its border of rickety old houses and half-ruined mosques decked out with roofs of lilies and flaming tulips. Ignoring the many merchant boats and salaams from white robed and turbaned figures in the shops, we glide on until, past the sixth bridge, we find an old garden that I had marked weeks ago "to be returned to." Apparently it is deserted, just a wild wilderness of bloom and green with the roofs of a palace and many pagodas, all in ruins, peering at us through the trees. No servants in livery or any man at arms await us at the arched outer gate, the broad flight of steps echoes only to our footsteps and the murmur of the passing river. No worshippers bow at the palace temple, or in its courtyards. No one is around at first, save one old man evidently surprised at the unusual event of visitors, for I fancy not one in a hundred who come to Srinagar ever thinks of this spot and yet it proves enchanting. We wander through a broken gateway into a wild tangle of blooming fruit trees and blossoming lilacs, with a bed of deep purple irises hidden away by grassy troughs where water used to run and fountains have long since forgotten to throw their silver jets up into the sun-

light. Ruined pagodas overhang the river and one hesitates to enter, fearing a plunge downward. Beyond the garden rises a vast ruin of a palace. One can see from here arcade and loggias with carved cedar cones and painted walls. The place is as vast as a Roman villa and evidently has been long since "forgotten," but no—even as we wonder whether it is not enchanted, some grave faced, turbaned men appear under the bending lilacs and bow courteously before us. Then we discover that the palace is not deserted, but that the present owner "is a mere boy, the last of his race," and of a house to which the government is deeply in debt. When I ask how long the palace and garden have been ruins, one attendant replies with some pride, "it 's not a ruin," and then, gazing at it, his eyes fill with tears, and bowing his head he murmurs "true, it is indeed a ruin," and then seeing we had spoken but through ignorance and were really interested in the old place, his face lights up and he commences the story. "The place is royal, sir, and was long the abode of a maharajah,—the late one lost much to the government, and now there is little money for the boy who alone remains of all his family." Does he live here? "Oh, yes, and is here now."

Then when we would retire, he asks us into the house and seeing that it would offend if we refuse, we consent and he moves off and we follow.

The palace stands between two large gardens and is a maze of pavilions, courtyards, saloons,

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The Mansion of the Minister of Shawls, Srinagar

and loggias, seemingly without end. At the door of one, we meet and are presented to the mild-eyed boy, of fifteen years I should say, who is master here now. He appears glad to see us and does the honours of all this ruin, as though it were Windsor, conducting us through many rooms and loggias with faded ceilings in shawl pattern and fantastic designs, and finally bringing forth his treasures of books and pictures for our inspection. He could make a pretty sum if he sold those old and beautifully illuminated works. The drawings and colouring are exquisite and some of them are twelve hundred years old and have always "been in my family." Think of that, centuries before the Normans landed in England. Another is six hundred years old, and when I pick up an illuminated painting of exquisite work he says, "Fine work but not old, done by the best artist of Shahjahan's court," three hundred years old, two hundred before our Independence but "not old."

What children these Orientals are! As I pick up one of these beautiful pictures my hand rests on a cheap album for photos and on the table are two mechanical toys, a motor and a hansom cab, which wind up, and yonder is a graphophone resting on an exquisite bit of old carving. Funny prints of the late Emperor and the dowager Empress are on the walls, and the whole is dusty and on the very verge of collapse. If the boy wins his suit with the government he says he

will restore his house, but it will take a fortune to do it. On our departure he conducts us to the main portal and there requesting permission to retire and bowing with the grace of a Chesterfield over my wife's hand, while expressing the wish that we may meet again, he leaves us and we are escorted by his attendants down a flight of ruined steps to where our boat rests on the murmuring river. I suggest to one of the men that the boy might make a large amount by disposing of some of his pictures,—that was as near as I dared come to asking if they could be bought, but the suggestion was waved aside and we were bowed into our boat, which soon bore us away leaving the ruined palace and its gardens to its dull repose. Our last glimpse shows its flower-decked roofs backed against the snow mountains which the setting sun has turned to gold.

The shikara came gliding up to our front door about nine this morning, looking too attractive to be ignored, and we promptly stowed ourselves on board. Armed with kodaks and tiffin basket, we set sail down the river with never a canvas spread; just the current of the stream with the touch of a paddle guided the boat to the entrance of the Dal Canal, where the swift current seized it and shot it onward between high banks and past house-boats, doongas, cargo boats, and shikaras. Out upon the placid waters of the lake with eight men to paddle us on we make rapid progress.

The Dal Lake is a vast morass for the greater part of it and through this many canals find their wandering way, under willow forests, past pagodas on whose steps the people gather to watch us pass. The quaint wooden villages are a blaze of colour from the blossoms nodding above them. There, is a temple roof all aglow with golden lilies, yonder a house decked out in purple irises, while the wall beyond is topped by a hedge of lilacs in full bloom. Under its bending boughs stand some women with great jars of glistening brass on their heads. Dirty little children and many ducks paddle in the water all along our route, which soon leads us past the Nisim Bagh, where the great chenar trees stand round in groups like Druids. Far down at the end of the lake and through long water avenues of bending willows rise the walls of one of those enchanting gardens where Akbar delighted to dwell. This one is deserted and gone to waste. We enter through a ruined gateway into a wilderness of terrace on terrace of apple and peach, plum and pear trees, all a mass of blossoms, the epitome of spring. The ancient waterways and fountains are buried deep in grass, the place is forgotten, yet how lovely. From its steps stretch the placid waters of the Lake, perfectly reflecting the dark mountains on the farther side. Of human life, save a little brown boy who brings us a bunch of lilacs, we see nothing, and having the place all to ourselves, linger long and depart with regret.

But go we must as the famous Shah-il-imarat,

now called "Shalimar Bagh"—awaits us on the farther side of the lake where Lalla Rookh held her feast of roses. So let us go.

The "Gardens of Gladness" or, as some state—having been built by Jahângir,—the "gardens for the indulgence in the pleasure of drinking to intoxication," are about an hour's row across the lake, some of the way through reeds and rushes and part over open water. Come here in August and there will be no open lake at all. To-day, if you look over the side of your boat and down into the water you will see a floor of waving, beckoning green, into whose embrace it would not be well to sink as you would never appear again. Slowly it is mounting to this world above and finally all the surface of the lake will appear a shifting green meadow, which will soon lift itself above the water, and then above that millions of green bulbs will rise, and finally bursting into bloom will change all Dal Lake into a vast bed of pale lavender and pink lotus blossoms. But with this feast of beauty comes such a cloud of mosquitoes that mortal man avoids not only Dal Lake but all the level of Kashmir and flies to the heights of Gulmarg until the frost renders it possible to return. There are none here to-day and the voyage is one of delight. We pass in the midst of the lake a small islet upon which three sturdy chenars grow. It once held a shrine and in the shrine a tablet which showed what a far-off country Kashmir then was. Three travellers who met here in 1835 caused the tablet to

be inscribed and erected to the memory of those who had preceded them, seven in all, commencing with Bernier in 1683 and ending with Wolff 1832, and of the seven but three lived to return home.

I had two cousins, Henry and Peter Myers, who visited the Vale forty years ago, and one—Henry—never reached home, but was buried in Ceylon. The other lived and is now living and writing books which are of great importance to-day and will be remembered in future years. The brothers were great travellers, having been sent out by Williams College to Central and South America in the days when those were difficult and dangerous journeys. Dangers evidently appreciated by the one who sleeps in Ceylon, as he wrote before starting from home, on this eastern journey: "What if we fall by the way; will it not be preparing ourselves for better work? And it will be well."

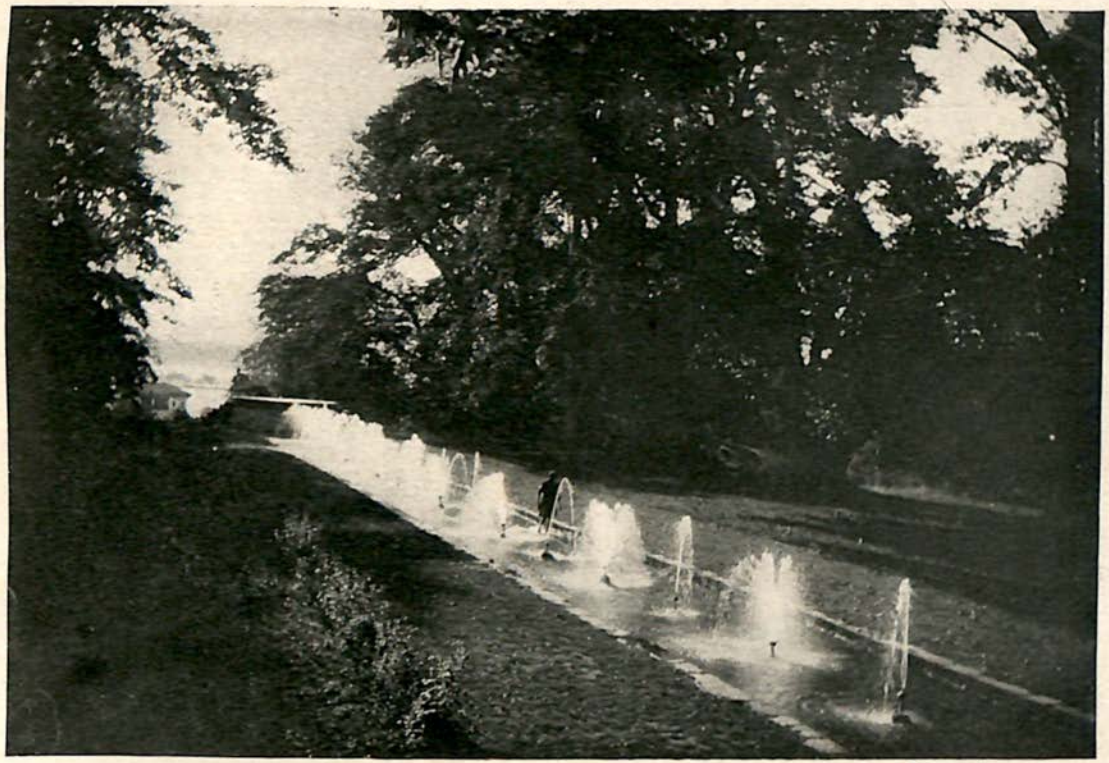
Surely, my own attempts were numerous before I reached here. Yet, now it is not difficult of access. Perhaps this Vale and its lake are a realm of enchantment not meant for common mortals, who, if they enter, do so at their peril. In our passage across it we follow the footsteps of Lalla Rookh. When the tales were all told, and she had reached Kashmir, saddened over the belief that she loved another than the prince she was to wed, she stopped the night at the Nisim Bagh, yonder where the chenars seem to have grown more magnificently than usual, in memory perhaps of the beautiful maiden. Her procession across

the lake was doubtless witnessed by these trees on the little isle, and doubtless her barge was much more sumptuous than our humble shikara. Then, there was a long water avenue which led, and still leads, to "Magnificent Shalimar," the place of her wedding. In her day it was lined with beautiful gardens, and fountains played up the centre of the entire length. To-day it is a long, green canal rendered shadowy and dark by bending trees. Strange ark-like crafts which have nothing to do with our world are moored to the banks or drift silently past us each with an elf-like brown boy as steersman, and so for a mile and more until we come to the portals of the Emperor's garden where

> (Trusting that his soul
> Might be from haunting love released
> By mirth, by music, and the bowl)
> Th' imperial Selim held a feast
> In his magnificent Shalimar.

But there is no feast to-night, not even the tinkle of "sweet bells, round the waist of some fair dancer ringing," just a garden, empty and sad in its ruins, through whose centre runs a canal of black marble. There are four terraces and four pavilions of the same stone whose columns are elegantly carved and fluted.

The upper and main pavilion, also of polished black marble, stands in the centre of an immense square reservoir where there are one hundred and



Mrs. Shoemaker

Fountains in the Shalimar Bagh

fifty fountains. There are marble bridges leading to it and one notices under the water slides many niches where coloured lights were placed on fête nights, to render more fairy the illuminations. But, alas, there is no water in Shalimar to-day. With its fountains and rushing streams, in full flow, its trees and flowers all abloom, it must at one time have formed a retreat worthy of the beloved of an emperor. It is beautiful to-day, almost too sad to linger in. But we do linger. The air is full of the melody of song birds, and the great trees furnish a tempting shade for lunching and much dreaming afterwards. Just to lie here and watch the drifting clouds is pleasure enough for one day.

Those old Moghuls evidently delighted to get out into the water, therefore, all these garden waterways have marble pavilions, well out in the centre of a lake or tank or just over a cascade, where the king could sit and smoke and sleep. The cascades were arranged to fall over coloured lights, placed in rows of stone niches, and reflected in the basin below. The whole was spectacular, as the East always is. Shalimar is our last garden. It doubtless is the most royal of all. It is the most secluded and its canal was once guarded at its entrance by stately gateways long since vanished into the still waters of the lake. Vigne, the traveller, saw the ruins in 1835, but there is not a vestige there now.

The weather in May has been this year at all times uncertain. Yesterday was glorious, to-day

all clouds and rain. We slept with the windows wide open last night but this morning they are closed and the fires burn brightly. This is the middle of May and we are still wearing our winter underwear and would not be comfortable without it. That seems strange as this is India, even though we are in the mountains. However, we shall have but a few more days before we drop down into the inferno which lies below yonder snows and which will feel all the more intolerable by contrast. We shall certainly look back with regret to these snows and sparkling waters.

The dates for the movements of the Maharajah conflict with ours. He is to start up about the day we must leave Baramula. I have been fearful that we would be delayed, which we could not afford, as we must be in Bombay by a certain date, but the tonga company wires that they will arrange it all, if we will only draw up when our drivers tell us to do so. So we shall meet his Royal Highness. We leave his dominions as he enters them.

He is a most bigoted Hindu and when he goes to England carries all the water which he drinks from the sacred Ganges, and all the earth in which his food is cooked from India—English earth would profane it. It 's a wonder, with Hindu rules, that he goes at all.

CHAPTER XXIV

LAST DAYS IN THE VALE

Departure from Srinagar. The Scind River. Pastoral Scenes. Wonderful Sunset. Shadipur. Gunderbal. Coming of the House-Boats. The Naroo Canal. Life of the People. Manas Ball Lake and its Beauties. Tea in the Hills. Kunais. Dangers of Lake Walar. Rebellious Boatmen. Last Sail. The Vale as a Storehouse for Water. Its Worth to England. Nanga-Parbat Vanishes. Good-by to the Vale of Kashmir.

IT is a glorious day furnished for our departure from Srinagar, clear and snapping, with light clouds drifting just below the snows and adding vastly to their height and majesty. All the peddlers in the town are out in boats, hoping to catch as we depart a rupee or two. The town, rain washed and clean, marches past us in stately procession, looking more picturesque than ever. The current of the river is swift and as this Chinese house approaches the first bridge the pandemonium amongst our boatmen becomes terrific and is not lessened by our friends the crows, who are busy robbing our kindling wood to make nests. They appear indignant at our daring to depart. We are off in good season, the "Bed of Roses" and her

attendant fleet sweeping majestically down the broad river. A white-robed figure on the bank, almost prostrated in the dust, turns out to be our man Ahmed, dismissed at Lahore.

All the merchants are out on the balconies of their shops to watch our passing. Those whom we have patronised greet us with deepest salaams. Those we have not regard us with reproachful sadness, watching the while for any block in our progress which would enable them to board the boats and try once more. That old wretch Guber towers grandly in white with enormous turban, and for once at least and in plain English hears what an American thinks of him. Doubtless he will take it out on the next comer. Our passage of every bridge is watched by hundreds of men on the bridges and in the houses, who proffer advice in anything but soft-toned voices. Houses and temples and palaces glide by us until at last all are gone and we drift outward into the silence of the country, with only the mountains watching us. The river becomes broad and placid, reflecting the drifting clouds, and a long avenue of poplars, which runs unbroken for miles, bisects the floor of the valley, which is golden with mustard bloom, white with daisies, and purple with miles of iris. This is our last week in the Vale and the gods have started out to make it so beautiful that all our after years shall be filled with longing and regret.

For two days the storms have raged and rains

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"His Magnificent Shalimar," Kashmir

fallen, so that to-day under the brilliant sun the lower mountains are velvety with a covering of golden bronze velvet. Throwing all the big windows wide open we sit before an open fire and listen to the meadow-larks. The air is balmy and warm, yet with a touch of snow in it. Flocks of sheep guarded by picturesque brown-robed shepherds, dot the landscape. In the trees the doves are cooing their loves to each other and from the blue vault above falls the melody of the sky-lark. Stretched on a lounge by the open window, I am ashamed to say that I go sound asleep. It is the doves and the murmuring river and the balmy air which are to blame for it.

At tea-time we turn up the Scind River, where it meanders peacefully through green meadows. Surely David must have written his psalms here, for these are the greenest meadows and stillest waters I have ever seen. The "sheep" are asleep amongst the lilies and the "goats" do not appear at all disturbed as to their future. If there is any place of gnashing of teeth they are not looking for it. Truly this is the land where it is always afternoon. As the shadows lengthen and evening comes on the frogs and crickets sing out just as they do at home.

How wondrously beautiful are the transformations of the passing hours! All the Vale is at rest. As the shadows grow longer and longer, the mountains seem to detach themselves from earth and to be ready to float off to some other land. Will

they be there in the morning, one wonders? The placid river reflects the sleeping cattle and sheep on its brink and the clouds float motionless far up against a turquoise sky. Slowly the lights change from white to gold and rose and all the world is fairyland.

Then the mountains fade away and disappear, and it would seem that the day is done, but now the nearer hills begin to glow with a dull, royal purple, which deepens and brightens, rises and rises, until the great rampart above throbs with the intense light, which quivers and quivers, slowly dying away until all is ended, and the moon shines down upon a world of snow.

Shadipur, where the Scind joins the Jhelum, was at one period in its history possessed of many temples of which one finds the remains all round the plateau. The chenar trees grow too regularly to have been the planting of nature. Men placed them as they stand, probably the same that built these temples, and their builders are gone and forgotten, but the trees are a glory to God and form a more beautiful temple than any ever built by man.

This is the happy season. All the crows are "sitting familiar," as Pat would say. The other birds are having a generally good time, but the crows have come up for business, and that business is matrimony. They will all go to Calcutta and Bombay later on. You will find them there when next you visit those cities, though doubtless those

of social position will migrate to Delhi. How does a crow propose, I wonder, and are there any old maids and bachelors amongst them?

The spring in Kashmir recalls the Saturdays of long ago, those days when, no school to bother a boy, he was impatient for his face to be washed and breakfast finished, and held an added grudge towards "Bridget" because she would "polish him." When keenly listening for the agreed whistle of other boys, he could scarcely wait for Mother's kiss and her last touch to her boy's clothes and hair, to be off and away. Now, as then, the air is full of the smell of new earth and growing plants and laden with the perfume of many wild flowers. All the world was before the boy, most of it is behind the man, yet there is enough of that boy in every man to enjoy a day in spring, above all, such a day in Kashmir, probably more so here than elsewhere, because you know what a hell you must shortly enter when you descend into the lowlands.

To-day we go in the shikara to Gunderbal in towards the mountains. We are rowed and pulled for some four hours through the maze of shallow channels which cover this valley like a net. Much of the time the water is very shallow and we ground frequently, we also ascend several small rapids, and come finally into the main channel of the Scind just where it issues from the gorge of the mountains and beyond which navigation is impossible. It would be interesting to progress

on towards the heart of these hills but we have no time for that. No one ever sees it all and very few more than the outskirts. There are, in fact, but few passes over the vastness of yonder mountains and save by some wandering natives they are little known to man. Follow the Scind valley on north-east and one would finally approach the Karakorum Pass. Take yonder road to the north-west and it would lead you to Gilgit. Both of these names you will associate with the heart of the Himalayas, the former as the great pass to Thibet, and where one would find the second mountain of the world, "K 2," the latter as being the route to the roof of the world, the Pamir, that high cold valley, the abode of the gods. We must content ourselves with the footstool of all this, the floor of the Vale, and to-day spend some hours under two splendid trees and near a ruined bridge, beyond which is the entrance to the pass.

The home-going proved delightful, and we became entangled and lost several times in the network of waterways, but all ways lead to the Jhelum River in Kashmir, hence any way answered and in time we reached the boat where it lies moored at the wedding of the waters.

On the plateau just above the junction of the Jhelum and Scind rivers is, to my thinking, the most beautiful site for a house that I have ever seen. The view embraces the entire Vale of Kashmir, with all which that means.

House-boats are gathering in all the favourite

nooks of the valley now. Three more came here to Shadipur to-day, and an acquaintance called out of one of them and stopped for dinner, which was pleasant for us and we hope for him. The people one meets in this part of the world seem interested in the great things of the world and have little small talk, which is a blessing.

Next morning we are moving shortly after breakfast, bidding a regretful adieu to Shadipur and its meadows and quiet waters. The house-boats cross the Jhelum and enter the Naroo Canal, and we in the shikara glide off down the main river under a romantic old wooden bridge and by a picturesque town which a painter would delight in. The river is wide and deep and flows with swirls and whirlpools. Some miles down we enter a narrow outlet full of house-boats and natives' arks. In the latter women are spinning and on the banks grinding the grain in huge mortars by the use of wooden beams as pestles. The water becomes clearer and lily pads float round us, and finally we glide into Manas Ball Lake past an old ruined garden of Jahângir rising, terrace on terrace, with their tumbling walls and towers, from the translucent water, and the whole topped by stately Lombardy poplars and many chenar trees. The lake fills a bowl in the mountains and must be very deep. All over its clear waters float gardens of pink and white water lilies nestling amidst their green pads. All are water lilies here, the lake is too deep for the lotus. This is a lake of the tem-

perate zone, while cross yonder hill and in a few miles you may enter Dal Lake, all tropical with its lotus glowing pinkish purple in the warm waters.

Manas Ball Lake is a bit of Switzerland set down in these far-off mountains, and from where we sit, high up on a ruined terrace, all the prospect is encircled with a sparkling crown of snow. The scene, with its warm meadows and still waters, its gurgling stream and grand trees under which flocks of sheep, guarded by brown-robed shepherds, are sleeping, is most dreamful, and when one listens long to the liquid music of the many songbirds, one's eyes are apt to become drowsy and one's desire to sleep almost more than can be resisted, and why resist it here in Kashmir? One did not come to do otherwise than just nothing, and life is too short to allow any of the dreamful ease of this Vale to be missed—but Mokim comes up and salaams the news that luncheon is ready. Attention to the inner man renders possible a proper appreciation of the works of nature, so let us obey the summons.

A mossy terrace forms our table and drops away from where we sit to the waters of the lake. From over the hills come countless sheep to stare at us and finally to settle on the grass all around while the little brown boy who drives them evidently desires our acquaintance. So passes the day.

The sail down from Manas Ball Lake to the town of Naid Khai on the Naroo Canal is very beauti-

R. M. Parmelee

Lotus of the Dal Lake, Srinagar

ful, the space between it and the river being a vast lagoon full of floating lilies and reflecting the quaint villages and encircling mountains like a mirror.

It is 3.30 before we find the house-boats, which the old caretaker has moored most securely to a bank near a village. Evidently the arrangements for making a night of it are perfect, but they reckon without their host. We know that such a spot means a night of barking dogs, and I promptly give the order to move on. The war of words is terrific, until I put in an appearance, when it ceases, peace reigns, and we start at once.

The men had arranged for a magnificent time. The boats were moored as though for a year. A huge fire blazed on the bank and a pot was steaming delightfully over it. Around squatted a dozen or more coolies, all with the tail of their eye on me. Could they do it, would I stand it? They had done nothing for two days at Shadipur and meant to keep it up. Would it succeed? It took about five minutes to upset that fire and get the boats in motion. Now the men are pushing them along at a merry rate, singing in the happiest mood and bearing no hard feelings. If they could have remained where we were all night, we could not have reached Kunais at all and they would have had two days more, doing nothing. Now, we shall moor at Ningal, and if it suits us cross to Kunais. These rogues are getting desperate; they know that our days in the Vale are

but few now and their chances to rob us diminishing hourly. The old boatman threatened storms and all sorts of horrible things if we moved and intimated that the boat might capsize, but these waters are so shallow that it would be only necessary to place the furniture on the ceiling and go on all the same. Walar Lake really is dangerous in storms, and these boats have been known to capsize there in sudden squalls. As that lake is very deep, we do not court the experience.

The question of a passage over it is under debate as we sit on top the boat enjoying the panorama, when a deputation of three men approaches, the old boatman and one other, with Mokim as interpreter. I am informed that to take this big boat over the ten miles of deep water is an impossibility, that it would break in two if it became unmanageable, which would certainly occur if a squall came up; that we will have to pay three thousand rupees if it is lost. Our own lives are not brought into the discussion and do not appear to be of the slightest value. A delightful nearby bank is pointed out where we can moor and to-morrow go to Kunais in the shikara if we desire. If I did not know that the lake can be very dangerous I would not give in, but naturally not wishing to risk our lives, I do so. If I were to tell them I would pay three thousand rupees if the boat were wrecked, wrecked it certainly would be between here and Baramula, if it had to go to the bottom on dry land. The old wretch had me and he knew it.

Doubtless, however, he has some right on his side; still I think he wanted us to go on that he might lose the boat and claim those three thousand rupees. He could easily accomplish that as these boats are all flat bottomed, and a fresh breeze might work havoc with the big superstructure.

The late Maharajah Golah Singh was overtaken on the lake when in a house-boat. He escaped after desperate efforts, but his attendants in three hundred other boats were wrecked; whether any lives were lost is not stated. Very probably there were, as no attempt to save them would be made by those with them. These people are all fatalists. What is to be will be. If you tumble into the lake, Allah will save you if he desires that that be done; to interfere with his designs would be impious. Therefore, bring along the faith which Peter lacked if you fall into Walar Lake. If you must cross with your large boats, have them lashed together, then they cannot capsize.

As I look out now the lake surface is covered as far as I can see with water plants so that it appears more like a garden than a sheet of water. If the depth is one hundred and fifty feet as is claimed, those water plants have rather long stems. We are crossing now one end of the lake to Ningal, and at no time is it impossible for the poles to reach the bottom.

As the men run up and down the outer ledge of the boat one of them shouts and the others seem to form sort of a chorus. The boat trembles

with their rush and while the air resounds with texts from the Koran it is also laden with anything but an agreeable odour from the worshippers of the Prophet. These boatmen not only call aloud on God, but smell aloud to heaven, and the one appears quite as effective as the other.

We know that it is infernally hot down in India but all the torrid blasts from her broiling plains cannot as yet pass over yonder ice barrier. Later on in July and August even this valley becomes too torrid to live in and the white people mount to the higher valleys, the Gulmarg, the Scind and Liddar. The great passes towards Gilgit and Leh can only be crossed in the midsummer months. This Vale is fading slowly from our vision. Day by day some portion vanishes. Each hour holds its record of some gem of nature retired from our sight. To-day is our last sail on the lake, to-morrow our final glimpse of the valley, but when all has gone and we are, God willing, home again, the memory of it will become greener and more brilliant as the years go on. Dreams of its lakes and mountains, its snows and flowers and birds, its sunsets and rose glows, its moonlit nights, its peace withal, will return to us like a benediction. Whether we are or are not content with this present, nothing can rob us of that in the future save death, and death is but a dream, is it not? and if a dream, then why not of Kashmir?

We are over at Kunais, on Walar Lake, having

Mrs. Shoemaker

Mokim Khan and a Chinar Tree, Kashmir

rowed for an hour and forty minutes across one end of the lake and acquired thereby a much more wholesome respect for it as a body of water than before we started. It is a very respectable sheet. Some day when India is in dire distress for want of water, a great engineer will appear into whose brain will penetrate the plan of using this Vale as a vast storehouse of water, one hundred miles long and twenty-five wide. The greater part of the valley is either lake or river or marsh. This Walar Lake, some twelve miles long by nine wide, is a large reservoir, as it is fully one hundred and fifty feet deep in places. A barrage built across the exit to the valley thirty feet high would transform all the Vale into one great body of fine water, placed by nature five thousand feet above the plains. Think of what that might do for India. Would not the benefit to that land so far overtop the loss of property in the Vale that the latter would not be considered for an instant? The cost of the barrages in Egypt would do the work and the country to be benefited is infinitely larger than the land of the vulture. The more one sees of Kashmir and understands its possibilities from every point, the more one's indignation is aroused that such a spot should not be under the absolute control of a people who could vitalise it for the benefit, in this case, of millions. The English, of course, would be the parties in this case. I have just been told that the idea of making a vast lake of Kashmir has been mooted, in fact that the plans

exist for building a barrage to raise the waters ten feet, using them simply for irrigation. But the Punjab would not pay anything and Kashmir very justly refused to expend the money and spoil its valley unless there was some recompense. It is claimed that it would pay better to drain the valley and so reclaim thousands of acres of what is now marshlands. As a sanatorium alone this Vale is worth all the money England could expend here. Why she does not put a price on it and take it from the incompetent hands it now rests in, passes comprehension. If she gave ten times what she sold it for it would be cheap at the price. It would benefit her people vastly, which is more than the twenty millions we put into the Philippines will ever do for ours. In the hands of its present holders Kashmir is worth nothing to the world and never will be. In the hands of the English it would be to India a blessing past anything that land has ever received. It would be, of course, a pretty political question and England is avoiding all such questions hereabouts now. The native princes might murmur at the suppression, fearing their turn would come next, but that would cease when they appreciated the benefit to India which would of course include their own native states.

To turn this valley into a great lake would from a picturesque point be a crime; but from a utilitarian standpoint a blessing.

On our return we had a two and one half hours'

row to reach the boats, which had moved into the river near Sopor. It rained all night, and the next day was a day of rain, but every vestige of clouds had vanished by night and the full moon came up in a manner satisfactory to every one, quite the best moon we have had, and spent the entire night admiring herself in the absolutely still waters, so still that there was no "river of light" across them, just another moon looking up from their depths.

The night was the coldest we have had in the Vale, and we slept under double blankets. We shall comfort ourselves with that memory about next Saturday, when roasting in Pindi. But why anticipate? Enjoy the good the gods send you and look around on the glorious day this morning. The cold has laid another blanket of snow on the range and the entire circle glitters and sparkles.

This is our last day on the water. The ever-changing panorama as the boat glides down the current is charming. The greater mountains shift slowly and now from behind a dark blue monster, gigantic Nanga-Parbat slowly moves into view, looking down from his twenty-two thousand feet above us, serene and far off as though he were not of this world. He greeted our entrance and watches our departure, a custodian as it were of the Vale.

As we drift on down the river the other mountains drop away and down, leaving this grand

monarch reigning alone and supreme in his kingdom. Then the river takes a serpentine turn, a long, low yellow hill slides in as though moved by stage hands, the snows are hidden from view, and the Vale of Kashmir vanishes from our sight.

CHAPTER XXV

DEPARTURE FROM THE VALE

Return to Baramula. Manœuvres of our Boatmen for Buckshish. Silver Merchants. Subhanna and Habib Joo and their Work. The Man who Vanished. Departure. Farewell to the "Bed of Roses" and her Crew. Tongas are off. Garhi again. Awaiting the Maharajah. His Arrival. His Appearance and Suite. His Successor. Ride to Kohali. Muree. Colouring in the Gorges. Farewell to the Jhelum. History. Alexander and Porus. Alexander's Majestic Withdrawal. Death of his Horse.

OUR arrival at Baramula is attended, as the Irishman would say, with the "wildest konfusion." The entire desirable front is lined with houseboats and dungas, most of them empty and waiting for coming owners. The Maharajah arriving this week, his boats crowd the space in front of his rest house, while the grounds are full of tenters. It looks hopeless to effect a mooring, but Mokim seems quite up to the occasion and promptly orders some empty boats to move, which they finally do, as such is the law, but not without a roar of words, the sound of which must echo all the way to Srinagar. It 's done at last, and no hard feelings result.

Baramula does not appear at all to us as it did when we entered. It was a rainy, desolate spot, one to be promptly gotten out of as soon as possible. To-day it is all sunshine, sparkling waters, and beautiful glimpses of snow mountains. The air is like wine and calls to one's mind spring days in the Green Mountains at home.

Soon after the boat moors we are en route to the tonga office to pay for our transportation to Pindi. It has been all arranged for a long time, but the coming of the Maharajah will force some change as no one is allowed on the road when he is moving. We are to leave here Wednesday morning at eight and sleep at Garhi, where we shall meet his Highness. There we must stay until noon the next day as he will not get off before eleven and we have to wait his departure.

It is amusing, as the end of our stay approaches, to watch the several persons in our employ. All told we have thirty natives in our retinue, and every man, woman, and child expects an especial tip "from the Sahib's hand." It loses its value in *every* way, I fancy, if it is allowed to pass through the hands of a middleman, for, as with the bearer Ahmed, whom we dismissed in Lahore, it would probably never reach the hands for which it is intended. These people have no consideration for each other—the one who can rob the others is a big man. So, every separate individual, from Mokim, our bearer, down to the baby in the cook boat tries to do something in these last days to

Mrs. Shoemaker

Jahângir's Garden, Lake Gunderbal

attract our attention. Yesterday when I started for a walk I noticed a wild commotion amongst the coolies who haul the boats. They were busily engaged in removing—what? When I approached I found it to be rocks and rubbish which might clog my "honourable footsteps" on my return. The whole of the lot, fourteen in number, stood, a row of white-robed and turbaned figures, gravely salaaming as I passed. Even the little chap, from the kitchen boat, some four years of age, was there, having removed two stones from my path of quite the size of a doorknob. I was so impressed with my own magnificence that I scarcely spoke to the family on returning to the boat, but when I stated to my wife that I had concluded that the Mohammedans are right, and that hereafter, being a man, I shall eat my meals in solitary state, my self-importance wilted as she seemed greatly relieved.

This morning, our caretaker for this the larger houseboat waylaid my footsteps and in great secrecy handed me a letter, bazaar written, of course. Here it is:

SIR:

I most humbly beg to bring to your kind honour that when you will grant me some *Bakhsish* Please grant us by yourself. You know how I watched you with heart. I have loan of Rs. 3000 of Bank therefor I solicit to your favour for the gracious love of Jesus Christ grant me same by your hand. You are renawened in all Kashmir so I gave boat to you. And

you have bought some furniture in boat we hope you will keep them in our boat as kind persons do.

I hope it will give you satisfication.

Yours ffully

MOHAMDAS CHAOKEDA

Gulchaman Boat.

Mark my "renown." I knew it of course, but it 's pleasant to be told things in life and not to have them withheld for one's tombstone, one lives longer in consequence. Perhaps that 's the reason that our friends so rarely tell them to us. That "gracious love of Jesus Christ" also comes well from a man who rated our bearer last night because he "was not a good Mohammedan." It reminds me of my guide in Central Asia who changed his religion "for business purposes."

These people may be fatalists as regards ourselves—I doubt if they would raise a hand to save me from drowning unless I owed them money—but they certainly move quickly as regards themselves. There was the wildest commotion just now when a small boy tumbled in the river. His mother grabbed him as he came up but until then the commotion and noise was great indeed.

Mokim, our bearer, has been most melancholy all the time, as these Kashmirians won't give him anything. In the afternoon Subhanna, the silver merchant, comes down from Srinagar with our order in silver. He does very beautiful work. His designs are original and very finely done. The shawl and daisies platters are especially

beautiful and the bowls in the beggar shape especially graceful. He squats for several hours in the boat and finally everything is tied up in birch-bark covers by the long grass from Dal Lake. It all seems very satisfactory, the articles are well done up, packed, and nailed in a wood case for transportation. Then comes the bill. At first it appears all right until a more careful inspection is given it. Then you discover that a cake dish which was to have cost forty-five or about that, is seventy-five rupees, gold lining has been placed in every bowl and even in the mouths of the vases, and that four silver boxes have all been gold lined. All together the total amounted to over three hundred rupees more than we expected.

As I have stated, none of this was discovered until the cases were nailed up, otherwise the boxes at least would have been thrown on his hands, as one does not line cigarette-boxes intended as presents for college boys with gold. But the cases were sealed up for America, so we paid the bill. Do not misunderstand. We had not been *swindled*. We had gotten the full weight of silver and fine work, but wherever he could the old rascal ran in the gold and an extra weight of silver. We have got it all, but we did not and would not have ordered it. As to the weight of gold used, we have no means of deciding. We may have been cheated in that, probably were. The old man must have made a good thing out of it or he would not have made us a present of two handsome boxes of wal-

nut beautifully carved, his "poor salaam" as he called them. There is another and, thank God, a last man coming along to-morrow. I am curious to see what he will attempt. However, we are ready for him; not that that will save us, as he will doubtless have his way in the end.

It is always the unexpected which happens. Habib Joo came along after dinner. He was a little more expensive than Subhanna, but his ware is to my thinking far superior in workmanship and finish. As a usual thing this Indian silver looks thin and poor when compared to that of England or America, but Habib Joo's does not. He did not attempt to run the prices up on us in any way, either by lining boxes with gold or replacing wooden stands, which we were told would "cost nothing," by others which mounted to one hundred rupees in value. Neither was there any charge for goldsmith's work. For the silversmith's work he charged four annas as against Subhanna's three, but his work is more than worth the difference. The result of our dealings with the two houses is that we would not hesitate to send orders to Habib Joo from America, knowing that the wares would be in all ways satisfactory, but we should never again deal with Subhanna, who took extra pains to explain that his family were connected with the Tasseldar of Baramula, and were "in all ways to be approved of." He also assured us that he had "put his heart's blood" into the work. He certainly took the heart's

T. H. Paar

Nauga-Parbat

blood out of our pocketbooks—but while his work may not be quite so good as the other man's, it is good work, far better than one buys in the bazaars of Lucknow, and when prices are compared to ours, his, duty and all considered, are far more reasonable.

Subhanna asks whether the world in America knows anything of a man named E. B. Rendon, who, having ordered and partly paid for a piece of silver-ware, was never again heard from.

This day of our departure from the valley opens brilliantly and cool after the rain of last night, not severe enough I trust to break up the highway, but certainly cooling in its effect. All yesterday was spent in clearing up house-boat matters, and considering our entourage that was no light matter, especially as these men cry if they don't get what they want, which is always what you have no intention of giving them. It 's rather an odd sight to see a bearded man of forty crying over the fact that he has not been able to impose on you, yet he has no hard feelings and is smiling the next moment. They were paid off last night, but the fees won't be given until the last moment.

At seven o'clock the long sweet notes of a tonga's horn warn us that our stay in the Vale is ended and we must depart. The four quaint vehicles are lined up just over the bank from our boats and half an hour is consumed in packing them with the luggage. It 's not an easy task, but is finally

accomplished. One is always surprised at the amount of luggage a tonga will stow away.

All being ready, R. turns to bestow the fees, and finds that not a man of the thirty but has some claim to advance for more. If you listen to one you are lost. So the long petition, gotten up by some bazaar writer, which the eighteen coolies present is promptly returned unread. Then a claim for one hundred and seventy-five rupees for that extra boat of which I made mention when we started out. We had not ordered and knew nothing about it, neither had we used it, but it had come along notwithstanding, the crew living in elegance thereon. Of course we repudiate that claim. Finally the villain of our house-boat presents a claim for seventy-two rupees for all sorts of damage, none of which is just, and none allowed. To cut it short, I give the notice to start, and with a sound of the horns and jangling of many tonga bars, we are off, leaving the assembly on the bank staring in blank chagrin. The last we hear of them is the uplifted voice of Gafarra, the sweeper, who, down on his knees in the mud and with clasped hands, wails forth in saddest tones, "Mem-sahib, I wanted a lamp, I wanted a lamp." I had written Mr. Avery that if he had any trouble with our old villain and considered that we really owed him anything to let me know. Here is his reply:

Trouble with the owner of the "Bed of Roses"? NEVER. He came in loaded for bear and told me such

awful stories about the little buckshish you had given to them that I simply kicked him out and he has n't returned. (I have heard, on the quiet, that you practically bought the "Bed of Roses" with buckshish.) I took ten rupees of it, as he made off with one of my chairs.

Here ended our connection with the merchants and servants of India. I fear they have occupied more than their share of these pages. However, perhaps I may be pardoned in the case of the former, because of all the amusement they afforded us, and in that of the latter for the reason that I think our experience will prove of value to those who come after us. But our tongas are rolling through the mountain gorges, the air is glorious, flowers are abundant, and the sound of rushing waters makes music everywhere. It was winter when we came up two months ago, but now spring in all its glory clothes the hills in beauty. The ride is most enjoyable, and few people are on the route, probably on account of the coming of his Highness. Natives are sweeping the roads for his passage, but as he is steeped in opium all the time he will see none of it. We lunch at Ouri, a cool nook in the hills with a good bungalow, embowered in masses of pink roses and surrounded by hedges of the blackberry, white with blossom. Trees of crimson pomegranate and climbing coral-coloured honeysuckle bloom all round with curtains of maidenhair fern nestling beneath them. It grows hotter as we descend, and it is hot for an

hour before we reach Garhi. What a different arrival from ours when we came up. All is rose-coloured sky and blooming roses now, where all was rain and cold then. Now we find rooms ready where then we had none. Everything is very comfortable.

Evidently his Highness, who will sleep in his rest house here, has not arrived, as all the town has a waiting air.

At one end of this veranda are some dozens of his subjects dressed in their best and bearing baskets of flowers and platters of fruits and vegetables to be offered him. He is the strictest kind of a Hindu, therefore we must not approach near to these offerings or they would be polluted.

The passing multitudes to-day have been very picturesque. Dirty Kashmiri, brilliantly turbaned Hindus, caravans of camels, with their wild-looking Afghan drivers, in from the deserts and bound for the higher mountains for the hot weather coming on so fast and now well on down where they live, rickety ekkas with their tumbled together loads of men and boxes, oxen carts, and rushing tongas all go to make up a pageant peculiar to Kashmir. Here in Garhi the people are all in their best, and it 's a funny best. The adaptation of European clothes to eastern use is curious to say the least. Yonder is a handsome Hindu wearing a gigantic pink turban above his regular features and big black eyes. He wears a brown sack coat of tweed over a pink shirt with no collar and the

tails outside his voluminous white breeches; to wear them inside "would be an insult," though I cannot determine why. His bare feet are thrust into brown slippers with long turned-up points on the toes, points which would have done justice to a shoe of mediæval France. Our waistcoat worn unbuttoned appears to hold the place of honour in an oriental costume. It 's like the tall silk hat to an African chief; often nothing else is necessary, but usually it adorns a white, loose trousered and coated national costume, and produces very much the same effect as it would if we donned it over a baggy white pajama suit. Added a gorgeous and immense turban and a Kashmiri is dressed to his taste. They are rarely, in fact I have never seen them clothed in an entire European suit. Even with uniforms they object, though the sword and gold braid carry the day in the end.

Just now, though his Highness may come at any moment, his officers and police have trusted to the darkness to hide the fact that they are one and all in their loose fitting, comfortable white clothes.

It is quite eleven o'clock before the lamps of the royal tonga glitter far down the road. The scene is very picturesque. The long gorge of the Jhelum is streaked with fire up and down the hills where the people are illuminating and the highway is lined on either side where they are bearing flaming torches of light wood. Through this avenue one can see the brilliant lights of the tonga, three of

them, one on the arch of the cover and one on either side, all using acetylene gas. His Highness quickly adopts any European invention and having seen the acetylene lamp on Mr. Stubbs's motorcycle (Mr. Stubbs is the inspector of roads), promptly commanded three on his tonga, so yonder they come shining brilliantly.

He does not stop to respond to the deep salaams of his subjects but vanishes within the walls of his rest house, where no outsiders may follow. All is over, the torches go out, and Garhi retires to rest. Then the moon moves majestically up into the heavens and looks down upon its reflection in the rushing river, save for whose murmur there is silence.

After all we do not get off until after his Highness but it 's amusing to watch the royal departure. When we come out for the day, there is much commotion on the high-road. Processions of little brown boys, togged out as ours would be for 4th of July, march into the royal enclosure and squat there. These Orientals can squat for a day without getting stiff but it 's a thing which can only be learned when young. We could not do it for twenty minutes. I have never seen an Oriental sitting on a chair. All Garhi is full of squatting figures, as, in fact, is all the East. The chief of police has not as yet donned his uniform and I don't believe he will,—I would not. Once a man has worn loose garments, our clothing is a torture ever after.

Some of the royal suite stopped in this hotel—slept here only—and my wife's maid pronounces them "nothing but a lot of setting hens, they cackled so all night." His Highness does not get over the effects of his opium early and a late start is imperative.

We are all at the gateway as the royal tonga rolls out at 11.30 A.M. On the back seat sits a short, squat, fat figure, clothed or rather swathed in white cotton. A huge white turban, roll on roll, surmounts a brown face bearing over the eyes a big pair of blue glasses. What his expression may be we have little chance of judging. What we do see would indicate sullen stupidity. As the tonga stopped a moment he stared at us like a wooden idol and to our salutations made no sort of response. I am told that if you are presented, he will feel the texture of your clothes, in fact, he summoned a man from Baramula to Srinagar, thirty miles, and when, tired out, the poor chap presented himself in regulation black coat, etc., his Highness, after staring at him stupidly for a moment, asked, "Is that the latest from London?" and then dismissed the weary and indignant mortal.

Every one speaks in the highest terms of the brother of his, "a splendid man in every respect," who died. It is his son who will inherit. We saw the boy the other day coming up in an automobile. He is well thought of. He has been educated at the College of Ajmere, and under the protection of the crown, which did not make the

mistake of sending him to England, to his utter ruin if he is to live in India.

When the boy prince comes to the throne there are many of the present high and mighty who will find it for their country's good to leave it. If the young man turns out to be the character he now gives promise of he will remember, and, remembering, act.

Still, once in power he would doubtless if necessary revert to the customs of his ancestors if any one stood in his way, or against any one towards whom he had a passing grievance or distaste. You cannot change a man's blood or its characteristics, *vide* that native of Australia who was educated as fully as Oxford—or was it Cambridge—University could do it, who left its gates a Greek and Latin scholar, yet who, upon his return to Australia and his native wilds, promptly took off his clothes and disappeared in the bush, and there he has remained if he yet lives. He was alive in 1896, surprising travellers now and then by such knowledge on the part of their guide as was scarcely to be expected. But the royal departure is about to take place. With a flourish of horns the tonga vanishes in a cloud of dust, and we turn our steps and thoughts the other way. Her Highness the Maharani is at Muree to-night and passes this way to-morrow. So some of the high officials attempt to stop our progress until she has gone her way, but that we will in no way permit. We offered to start two days before we did to avoid this, but

Mrs. Shoemaker

H. H. the Maharajah of Kashmir

Dhanjeboys assured us it would make no difference. As we must make our train in Pindi in order to be on time for our ship we decline very positively to be detained, offering at the same time to regulate our movements as best we can to suit their convenience. So we start at 1 P.M., and take tea at Kohali, thirty-five miles farther on. The drive is not a hot one and we have the road to ourselves.

At Kohali the royal rest house is surrounded by high screens of red and white canvas, that no one may look upon her Highness, but she is not there yet as she sleeps at Muree, thirty miles farther on and over a mile higher up. The exposure in the morning being eastwardly would make the ride a very hot one, but it is 6 P.M. when we leave Kohali and 11.30 when we reach Muree, still it is hot in the town of Kohali. To reach Rawalpindi we must cross the range, and sleep at Muree.

It is interesting to watch the change of the flowers as we advance. At the start, all the sensuous, slumberous richness of the tropics. Clusters of crimson pomegranate fill the gorges and banana trees wave their broad leaves above many a dusky Paul and Virginia. All down through the ravines, seething and glittering with heat, the wild oleander grows riotously, miles and miles of it offering in its lovely masses of pink and white bloom a strange contrast to the cliff around burned almost black by the passing sun. Down in yonder scorched gully is a native with a flaming scarlet turban, while in the brazen sky a black vulture floats motionless.

As we leave the level of the river and wind upwards, pink wild roses cluster around our way and higher up the whole mountains are white with blossoming blackberry vines, while the air, laden with their delicate perfume, is freshened with the balsam of the pine trees and the murmur of falling waters. We hear the doves all around us in the darkness and the notes of the cuckoo are soft in the woods, while far below sounds the roar of the Jhelum which at a turn in our road deserts us for the first time in all our stay and makes off to its marriage with the Chenab, both to be absorbed in the Indus and all to vanish in the sea at Karachi. From Baramula to the plains, a distance of something like one hundred and twenty-five miles, the Jhelum must fall thirty-two hundred feet, and being in a narrow gorge the entire distance the current is at all times like that of Niagara below the falls. Unfortunately its waters are muddy. If they were clear like the American torrent, it would be one of the most beautiful streams in the world.

The temperature at Muree is cool and delightful. It is past eleven at night when we reach the hotel, and it is useless to state that it is not long before we are all sound asleep. When we went up two months ago, Muree was banked in snow, now it is midsummer here. We have only an afternoon's ride to Rawalpindi and in the thirty-seven miles shall drop down a mile or more, passing from this delightfully fresh climate to the fierce

heat of the Punjab. What a blessing to the people on those seething plains, to have such a spot so near at hand; yet they do not appear to have availed themselves of it as the town is not half full.

The prospect from the balconies of Chambers's Hotel is magnificent. One looks south-west. In the immediate foreground the hill drops away ridge after ridge until you can see the Jhelum River like a wide ribbon far below and then the mountains again, but still you can look over and beyond them until in the far hazy distance you discern the plains of India stretching off shimmering in the sunlight, until lost on the horizon,—limitless, vast, mysterious. Over that plain in sight passed all the conquerors and their armies which have made history for India,—the serpent kings, the Emperor Alexander, the Great Moghuls, and the marching English. In fact the turn in the tide of Alexander's campaign took place at a spot down under our eyes now. The reign of the Sesu kings had ended suddenly three hundred and fifty years before Christ and their capital city, Paltaliputra, meaning trumpet flower, had passed slowly away. Still when Alexander came in 326 B.C., he learned that one of the succeeding line of kings, a Nauda, was living in the city of the snake monarchs. Base born, being the son of a barber, his wickedness made him odious to his people. Yet he forced them to serve in his army of two hundred thousand men. But in March, 326 B.C., Alexander

crossed the Indus and then began that conquest which ended in failure. How much history has to relate of that epoch, yet it lasted but four years. The theatre of most of it was down in yonder plains.

From here one may see the point where the Jhelum, freed from the grip of the hills, spreads itself over the lowlands and enters a more placid state than any it has known since leaving the Vale.

Just there the first great battle between Alexander and Porus, with his army of fifty thousand men and a huge troop of elephants, took place. The Greek, leading eleven thousand of his picked troops, crossed the river in July, a month when nature in India is on a warpath of its own, a time when fiercest storms follow each other in constant and rapid succession. So great was the noise of the tempest that the clamour of battle was unheard and the armies moved phantom-like through the mists. The Greeks had, as they thought, succeeded in crossing the river, only to find that they had but reached an island and must conquer another stream as broad and fierce as the one behind them. With no ford but a swimming one, the army accomplished the passage and reached a position on yonder plain before any attempt to stop them could be, or was, made. Then followed the great battle of the Hydaspes, when, outnumbered five to one, the West was triumphant over the East. If you had been just here at Muree on that day you could have seen with a

strong glass the splendid actions of the Macedonian cavalry, and the wild stampede of the thousands of frightened elephants, and then the meeting between the triumphant Alexander and the conquered Porus. Dismounting from his elephant, the Indian King, towering six feet six inches, advanced to meet the great Emperor.

"Treat me, O Alexander, in a kingly way."

"For my own sake, O Porus, I do that, but for thine, do thou demand what is pleasing unto thee," and so made a friend and ally.

It was just down there near the present town of Jhelum that Alexander's horse, "Bucephalus," died, full of years and honour, refusing at all times to bear any one save the great conqueror.

What man could not accomplish was done by nature in the shape of the climate of India in September. If you have passed through the awful heat of a summer in the Punjab you will understand and sympathise with the feeling of the exhausted soldiers of the West when they forced a retreat from the river Beâs, knowing that beyond it dwelt a much stronger and more warlike race, more civilised and better equipped than any yet encountered. Feeling that nothing save defeat and death awaited them, they were deaf even to Alexander.

Then commenced that stately return, one can scarcely call it a retreat. Having constructed his barges and embarked his army, Alexander passed majestically away down the Hydaspes in late

October. One can imagine his stately figure in the prow of his galley, pouring out from a golden goblet a libation to the gods and then tossing far out the vessel into the yellow flood, to the sound of trumpets, moving off and away down the Jhelum, into the Chenab, and so into the Indus, until a year later the ocean was reached near where Kurachi stands, and Alexander passed on to his death at Babylon after eighteen months, leaving an impress upon India of which there are traces to this day. There must have been great good in him, for he is not forgotten; the good which he did "lives after him."

To-night as I read it all over, so near the theatre of its action, the moon has risen full and gloriously from behind the mountains and cast long rivers of light down and across the plains, and the mists are rising, twisting, and falling as though the ghosts of many battles were abroad on those limitless stretches below there.

But it has grown cold, and as we descend into the heat to-morrow, it is well to gather as much sleep to our credit as may be, as sleep in the heat is sometimes impossible, so let us to bed leaving the moon to watch the ghostly armies down yonder.

If you would enter more fully into history than is possible in a book of travels, turn as I have done to Miss Steel's *India Through the Ages*. It reads like a romance from start to finish and like the most of us you will find you are quoting that authority a great many times.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE HOT LAND

Descent to Rawalpindi. Great Heat. The Finished Journey. Start Southward. Railway Carriage. Cause of the Great Heat. The North-Western Railway. Its Poor Cars. High Temperature. How to Keep Well. Agra and the Taj in the Heat. The Western Ghats. Arrival at Bombay. That City in Summer. Comfortable Hotel. Gorgeous Flowers and Trees. The Natives in Summer.

WE leave the cool air of Muree at 3 P.M., and move forward on our last tonga ride. It becomes intensely hot very quickly and as we descend the heat and glare increase though it is nearly five o'clock. This is the south-western exposure of the mountain and the foliage and flowers save such as thrive by heat are all withered, casting, as it were, a ghostly, smoky cloud over the face of the hills.

No one should attempt this ride at this season without a pair of glasses. The Indian oculists have spent their time experimenting until they have evolved a combination of green and blue glass which they claim absorbs all the dangerous rays of the sun. At all events we move around in

the blazing heat and light with perfect impunity and I do not think could have endured the ride to-day without them. Except what is made by the moving tongas there is absolutely no air, and we welcome the disappearance of the sun as one would a vanishing foe.

It is eight o'clock when the tongas roll into the compound of Fleshman's Hotel and deposit a very tired, dirty lot of people, then, with an extra flourish of the horns long drawn out and sad, they vanish into the night and the journey to Kashmir is over and done with.

From start to finish the tour has been one of great pleasure and profit. It could, in the time at our disposal, include only the Vale. It was not the season nor had we the time for the farther mountains. That would have necessitated a stay of all summer, which we did not desire. While all great mountains are interesting to approach those of this section of the Himalayas require weeks of camp life and a large outfit, and at no point does one find such a panorama as that from Tiger Hill at Darjiling, where nature seems to have arranged her rocks and valleys especially so that man for once may see her greatest works and fully appreciate how small his own are by comparison.

In Kashmir, Nanga-Parbat, the fourth mountain of the globe, lies over one hundred miles north from the Vale, while K 2, which should be called Mount Karakorum, the second peak in height,

—Mount Everest being the first,—is more than one hundred miles to the north-east.

The enchantment of Kashmir lies in the Vale itself and is made doubly so by the realisation that just below and scarce a hundred miles away spreads the—in summer—seething plains of India with their "cities of dreadful night." Even here in the far north of the Punjab, at Rawalpindi, the air is deadly still and full of a heat that suffocates and is intolerable. The punkas go all night over one's bed, otherwise there would be no sleep, and it is not until towards four A.M. that the earth, seeming as it were, to rebel at the power of the sun, emits a cool damp air. Ah, how grateful to the tired mortal who has tossed all night, unable to sleep! What will the heat be in Bombay? However, we are sure there of the great cool structure of the hotel and we can keep quiet save for an hour in the early morning and after the sun goes down.

Our man, Mokim, came in just now and I was struck with the curious effect of the sun upon his complexion. Generally of an even dark brown colour, it had become a dusky red and one looked to see if the drops of sweat were not of blood.

Rawalpindi, the greatest military depot in India, is deserted by all but those who are forced to stay here. We are the only guests in the hotel except some officers. Dinner is served out under the stars and not until ten o'clock. Not a breath of air stirs the trees, not a murmur of coming

coolness. At home it would portend a tempest, here it is the normal state of the weather and lasts for months and months. The present temperature shows 103° at midnight, but a month later it will mount to 117°. Come then and you will fully appreciate what is meant by "the fierce heat of the Punjab." We do not venture out until we go to the station. The Bombay mail leaves Pindi about 1 P.M. Our car is made as comfortable as possible by means of tatties and shades and we consume much lime juice and soda, still it is hot, and made hotter by the long line of snow-capped mountains marching on our left. On their other side lies the paradise which was our home so lately. On this side we are speeding on through a vast blistering plain, where rain seems never to have fallen. Running, as it does, from north-west to south-east, that range presents its long line to the sun all day, and becoming hotter and hotter, finally acts like a huge furnace and throws constant blasts of hot air out over the Punjab. The temperature would be lower if the mountains were not there. All the way down we noticed that it became much hotter whenever we approached a hill.

Having spent a month making arrangements with the traffic superintendent of this N. W. Railway at Lahore, and having been promised the "best of accommodations," carriages with electric lights and fans, etc., I don't think I am unreasonable in being somewhat put out when

I find that we have been furnished with an old dilapidated car whose windows won't close or tatties work, and which, being lit by gas, is intensely hot, and one gas jet won't turn off, so it has to burn all night. The afternoon was one of great heat and but for the little coolness from one water-soaked tatty (straw curtain) we should have found it difficult to bear.

On reaching Lahore at 10 P.M., I entered a complaint to the station master and he produced his instructions which said nothing whatever about fans or electricity. "There are plenty of properly fitted cars, sir, but we were not, as you see, instructed to furnish one. You might wire Delhi and have one on in the morning." This I do and at Delhi, on the other road, get a proper car.

The night is cool and towards morning I draw up a rug. To-day far outdoes yesterday in heat, but the motion of the train makes it tolerable. Weather reports from Allahabad state that in the shade the glass shows 117° and in the sun 169°. One must be in India at a season like this, to appreciate what the English who must remain here endure, especially the women without occupation—children or otherwise—who have nothing to do all day but try and breathe. Their husbands are occupied but they, I should think, would scarcely endure a second summer. As a general thing they do not, and hence Kipling found much "copy" in life in Simla and other hill stations.

As for the land we move through, every here

and there is a bit of deep green showing the existence of water, while all the rest, mile after mile, hour after hour, stretches away a dead level grey, ghostly and dust buried, calling to mind the reply a Florida man made when I said I wanted to get out in the real wilderness: "All right, just climb the back fence and you will be just as much in the wilderness as though you had gone a hundred miles."

I have been under the equator in July several times, but never before experienced such heat as this, however.

So long as one keeps well nothing else matters, but if where you cannot obtain medical assistance you are attacked with the slightest form of bowel trouble, do not trifle with it, take at once the surest and strongest of remedies. Yesterday I had a slight attack, but I promptly took one fourth grain of opium, and have had no symptoms since then. All the other mixtures are but makeshifts and all are opium in one form or the other. Our old friend and family physician, Dr. John A. Murphy of Cincinnati, told me years ago that opium was a direct cure for inflammation and I have saved my life once or twice by means of that bit of knowledge. The good man has long since gone to his rest, but the good he did lives after him and there are many who do not forget.

Last night was dreadful; several times I was awakened from a very troubled sleep by the heat. We were passing through a desolate, rocky section,

to which a waning moonlight gave but added desolation. Evidently the sun's rays are so strong that no cooling off is possible at night. We felt as though some devil were blowing live fire at us through a blow-gun. What was the next day to be like? We were moving south and it should naturally grow hotter!

Why in the name of common-sense has a glorious country like Canada been comparatively neglected, while India receives the best and noblest of England?

I asked a station policeman last night if it were ever hotter. "Why, sir, we don't call this *hot*. If you come two months later, yes, but not now." I am *not* coming, that is certain. India, in the lowlands, has a delightful climate in winter, but from April 1st to November 1st, its best friend cannot claim such for it. We have no spot from Key West to Vancouver, and Pasadena to Portland, which can show such temperature as this, except, in summer, that small valley where the Colorado River enters the Gulf of California, and in Arizona. Here, leave the higher mountains and anywhere in India you will be favoured with full attention from the sun, no matter where you go. The record (on this 22d of May, 1911) shows in the shade at Trichinopoly in the far south, 108°, at Rawalpindi in the far north-west, 106°, at Lahore, 114°, Bombay and Calcutta show about the same, 90°, while Jacobabad holds the highest, 119°. In each the glass will show far greater heat later on.

In the great Sahara it records at times 135°, in the shade, which is the highest known. While the mercury often mounts in the United States above 100° it does not remain there long, but in India from March to November the glass always shows a high degree, and during the rains the steamy heat is more unbearable than that in the dry months. But after that for six months, as I have stated, she possesses a most superb and healthy climate, far, to my mind, excelling that of Egypt.

We pass Agra about noon, Agra, the spot of all others which stands forth in the memory as of surpassing beauty. A fleeting glimpse of the walls of the fort and streets of the city is afforded us, but where are the multitudes which thronged the streets four months ago? The place appears deserted. A hot haze quivers over all.

Far off down a deserted avenue looms what one would at first take to be a reddish balloon of great dimensions just leaving the earth for the brazen sky, but which is really the dome of the Taj, as the four minarets which guard it offer testimony. One wonders if it can be that exquisite structure and wonders also what its beautiful gardens can look like in this withering heat.

The whole vanishes in a swirling cloud of dust, and we turn our attention to our books resolved to remember Agra as she was last winter, not as she appears to be now, in her death struggles, with the fire of the judgment day come down upon her.

About three in the afternoon we roll past the stately fortress of Gwalior, with no desire to penetrate its blistering walls. In January we were barred out by the plague which raged there. I really think the heat would be a greater danger to us than the pest.

Nature during the latter hours of the second night and the first six of the following day appeared to have reversed the usual order. A wind-storm arose towards four A.M., which swept off the heat and we rested in comfort—comparative—until noon. From that on, especially descending the Western Ghats, where the sun holds high carnival all day, if you had put your head out of the carriage window you would have thought he had turned a burning-glass upon it.

All things have an ending. The winds of the Indian Ocean come to our relief about five P.M. of our second day, and at six we descend at Bombay, a very tired, bedraggled lot of people. Fifty-two hours and fifteen hundred miles in hot carriages on an Indian railway in May is something you will not forget and never repeat even for the Vale of Kashmir. Matters might be greatly improved by the adoption of a double roof over the carriages such as is used in the Sudan. That would certainly reduce the temperature a great deal. The Indian Government should insist upon the change in the name of humanity. It is an outrage for the Great Indian Railways to expose their passengers to India's heat in single-roofed vehicles.

Aside from that the carriages are very comfortable, wide, and pleasant, but "that" is the whole case. It is a matter which India's board of health should take in hand. *Useless* torture is a crime and most of the torture we endured was *useless.*

It is a delicious sensation to enter the great cool Taj Mahal Hotel, and—a big bath-tub.

Bombay looks very attractive and I cannot but think, with the winds of the Indian Ocean sweeping over her, she must have a far better climate than Calcutta. They say that that city gets it colder in winter, but I venture to think that the records will show far greater heat and when one adds to that the dirty coal smoke it is bound to be hotter. At least Bombay is swept clear of the smoke, and as for hotels, Calcutta should be ashamed of herself when her people come here. Socially, of course, Calcutta is to be preferred, but with the move of the capital to Delhi, she loses that advantage.

We have been in Bombay four days and this big hotel, the Taj Mahal, has been like "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land " to us, all the more appreciated when one recalls "Watson's." It is built with a very large lofty rotunda, extending upwards into a stately dome. Its corridors and rooms are very wide and spacious so that the wind from the Indian Ocean sweeps in and through the whole in a most grateful manner to the dwellers here. It is certainly very hot in the sun in Bombay now, but these walls are thick and one keeps

out of the sun and in the mornings and evenings it is very pleasant. The steady sweep of sea breezes makes life very endurable in this hotel.

Strange to relate, there are and have been no flies or mosquitoes in Bombay. I don't mean "just a few" but absolutely *none*. The crows, usually so plentiful, have mostly left town, except a few old gentlemen who evidently decline to desert their "club." The place seems lonely without those audacious imps of blackness.

One sees wonderful patches of colour all over the city. Yonder is a garden surrounded by a hedge of blooming convolvulus of every colour, scarlet hibiscuses gleam in the green, masses of pink crêpe myrtle and purple bougainvillea climb around, and over all fall the drooping branches of a stately poinciana, with a perfect glory of flame-coloured blossoms cascading over its delicate fern-like leaves.

One does not see the Indians at their best unless here in hot weather. The cold causes them to shrivel up and look most wretched, but under the blistering rays of a May sun they fairly glow with virulency. Look at the two women yonder, naked save for the drapery around hips and limbs, brilliant orange with one, deep purple and crimson on the other. The first carries her baby across one hip and the arm which encircles it is covered from wrist to elbow with heavy gold bracelets. Each ankle and her neck and ears and forehead are also laden with masses of gold ornaments and

there is a golden flower in her nose. The other, standing erect, bears on her head a big brown water-jar, and save for her robe, which is purple, is decked like her companion. Their black skins glisten and shine like burnished metal. Their teeth and eyes flash in their shining faces. Over them glows the gorgeous scarlet blossom of the flame tree—*Poinciana regia*—waving its delicate leaves against the indigo sky, the whole forming a wonderful bit of eastern colouring which you must come at the hot season to enjoy. I really think it is worth bearing the heat for.

CHAPTER XXVII

LIFE ON THE "MOOLTAN"

Departure. Bombay Drops Astern. The Monsoon. A Muggy Voyage. The *Mooltan* at Aden. The Passengers on Board. "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." Sir Pertab Singh and his Nephew. The Malay Princes. The Abyssinians. Is Menelek Dead? A Real Hunter of Lions from Rhodesia. Excitement on Board Ship. Sharks in the Sea. Arrival at Marseilles.

OUR hour for departure approaches. We have paid off Mokim Khan and his honest, cheerful face will shortly vanish. He has served us well in these past months, and under some trying circumstances. I sincerely hope he will not fall into the hands of travellers who, not understanding how to manage Indian servants, will ruin him utterly. He decks us with wreaths of flowers, as we are about to start, such as the Hawaiians hang round one's neck when one leaves Honolulu, but time 's up. With a crack of whips and shouting of drivers, we are off for our last ride in India.

Truly, Bombay is in festive attire so far as nature is concerned. Every avenue is aflame with the fire trees and royal bougainvilleas. A strong

wind goes with us and even with the delay in the dock, caused by medical inspection, we are not uncomfortable, though it is 2 P.M.

The inspection is a mere form, so far as Europeans are concerned. A touch of the wrist, with a "How are you?" ends it and we are soon aboard the *Salsette* with Bombay glittering in the sun, and as we gaze it moves like a panorama, dropping farther and farther astern, until it is but a long yellow line which quivers and sparkles and is gone, and India is a thing of the past, for us at least.

The monsoon broke at Colombo on the 24th and as it generally takes ten days to reach Bombay, we should just escape it, if we do escape. Evidently the news of its coming has been communicated to the waters, as the usually placid, in winter, Indian Ocean is heaving and sighing as though distressed over something. Off to the south the heavens have lost their clear deep blue and are green tinged and disquieted. At home it would portend a cyclone and soon, but here the clouds will gather and gather, swirling hither and thither as though flayed by the powers of the air, until with a wild burst of wind and sobbing of rain the monsoon will descend upon yonder parched land and for three months hold possession. We travellers do not court it, though India could not exist, as a dwelling-place for men, without it. So the faster this ship moves westward the better we shall be pleased. The storm is evidently com-

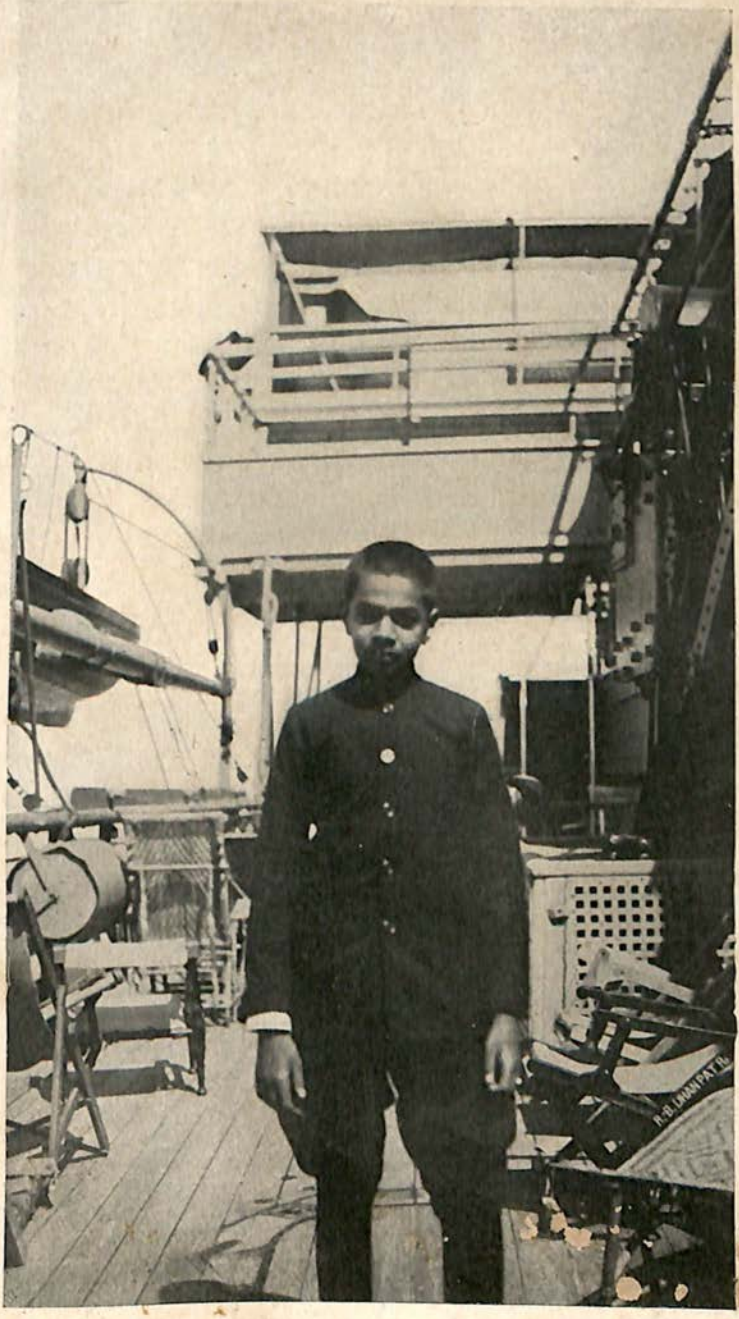
ing earlier this year than usual, and, we learn later, nothing but the speed of this ship saves us from a cyclone. All Monday night, we skirted it, not reaching placid seas until the island of Socotra to the south projected its masses between us and the tempest.

We do not see Socotra but hug closely the forbidding coast of Arabia. Jagged and torn by the passing of ancient seas or glaciers, it looks like masses of stone teeth in a mouth snarling for our destruction. [We have some political cartoons in home papers just now of which I am reminded.] God help the ship wrecked there. If the sharks spared you, the people would murder you, and if you escaped the latter, the land is full of lions and other beasts awaiting you, and if perchance you escaped all that, the sun would grill you to a cinder in prompt order in the forenoon of that terrible to-morrow. So if it 's your misfortune to be wrecked on the coast of Arabia, go to your cabin, lock the door, and when your spirit returns to the God who gave it, disintegrate in a quiet and refined manner. There are no lights on all that land and it is claimed no way of maintaining them. As we plunge along in the night at twenty knots an hour, we can only hold on and hope. However, over the savage cliffs to the north shines the "Great Bear," while the "Southern Cross" glitters to our left and high above the tossing clouds of the advancing monsoon. Hence our pilot has but to steer an even course between the two and we are safe.

Still, it 's with a feeling of relief that we watch the coming of day.

Hot! certainly, and with a steamy heat that at home you will feel only in the vapour room of a Turkish bath. The deck steward, as he passes in white duck, looks as though he had been dropped overboard, and we simply sit and let the perspiration run off us in streams, as it 's no use to try to wipe it away. I think the height of temperature—and I never dare ask what it is—is reached at Aden, but just a cable's length away swings the *Mooltan* that will carry us off north in an hour's time. That knowledge banishes all thought save the desire to get on board lest she leave us behind, and shortly we are there, moving off to other days and other skies, God willing.

Our passengers are a most cosmopolitan lot. Most of the colonial and Indian English have already gone homeward for the coronation, but the native princes are here from all quarters. Here is the young Maharajah of Jodhpur, yonder is his uncle, the well-known Sir Pertab Singh, who has temporarily resigned his Maharajahship of Idar to act as regent for his young nephew. Near Sir Pertab stands his brother, the Maharajah of Idar *pro tem.*, and around them a dozen or more of picturesque figures in gorgeous turbans. That family, I am told, are of the very best of Indian princes, simple, honest, upright gentlemen, with none of the eastern or western vices. His High-



R. M. Parmelee

H. H. the Maharajah of Jodhpur

ness Sir Pertab Singh is one of the wisest and best known rulers in India.

It is related that he had some difficulty in getting his nephew away from the boy's mother. There are two boys, brothers, and her Highness flatly refused to allow one to come without the other. So the uncle had recourse to strategy. The two left home together and came to Bombay, but on the pier as they were about to embark, Sir Pertab said to the younger, "Now bid your brother good-by." Tears were of no avail, good-by it was. The younger returned to some college while the elder is sitting on the end of my chair calling me all sorts of names in Hindu because I tell him that I understand he has two bucketfulls of pearls on board in cold storage and I would like a quart for my own use. His big black eyes gaze at me in amazement, until they catch somewhere in mine the glint which tells him I am jesting. Then with a dig at me he rushes off whooping. Boys are much the same in all races.

On board are also the delegations from the Malay Peninsula, the men in white duck, English-cut clothes, but the women in oriental dress. One queen has a blue and green and gold brocaded gown. Heavy gold anklets thickly jewelled are on her ankles. Her bare feet are slipped into gold slippers and a pink gauze veil floats from dark hair. Many ornaments and rings glitter in the sunlight. All around her squat her court of women, each holding something she may use.

Two of the princesses near her have a pair of long white kid gloves and seem in doubt as to whether they had better try them on arms or legs. Gazing down at them, stands an Abyssinian prince in white with a black and green satin toga. His features are those of a negro and his suite of half a dozen certainly are of that race, though I do not think the Abyssinians would thank me for that, as Menelek traces his line back to Solomon, does he not?

Doubtless yonder prince could settle a question now heard here on all sides—Is Emperor Menelek alive or dead?—a question concerning which all the great powers of Europe are completely in the dark, and not even their cleverest diplomatic agents sent to Abyssinia for the purpose have been able to enlighten them on the subject.

Lord Cranworth, who has just returned from Abyssinia, brings the latest news about the matter. He states that the principal physician of the Abyssinian Court, a native of European medical training, who spoke English perfectly, practically confessed that he did not know whether the old Emperor was alive or dead. He declared that every three months he was summoned to the imperial palace at Addis-Abeba, and a huge figure was brought in to him there in a darkened room. This figure was swathed in bandages from head to foot and a great mask in which two holes were cut for the eyes was fitted over the face. He was always told that this was Menelek, and as the figure was a living being, he then officially certified that Menelek

was still alive. But whether the body was really that of the Emperor or not he could not say, owing to the features and form being completely hidden.

The bulk of the population is inclined to believe Menelek to be dead. But it is the uncertainty about the matter which keeps them from rising in rebellion against the crown and the various provinces of the empire from setting themselves up as independent states under their governors, refusing any longer to pay tribute to the imperial treasury at Addis-Adeba.

Meanwhile, the Crown Prince Lidj-Jeassu, Menelek's grandson, president of the Council of Ministers, is becoming more and more powerful, and is every day securing a tighter and more comprehensive grasp of the reins of government. He is in his sixteenth year, but already a great, strapping big fellow, has fifty thousand well armed troops, obedient to his behest, has already suppressed within the last few months a rebellion in the north, never leaves the capital unless surrounded by a picked bodyguard of several thousand men, and keeps a large harem.

It is his wish that his foreign visitors believe Emperor Menelek to be still alive. When the old king was last seen by foreign doctors, now more than eighteen months ago, they declared that, completely paralysed, afflicted with all sorts of incurable maladies, and his mental faculties entirely gone, he was, in their opinion, in the last stages of dissolution. It is probable that although the *Almanach de Gotha* for 1912 still records him among the living sovereigns, he is really long since dead, and that a few months hence, when the only heir-apparent to be known by the name of the Founder of Christianity feels that he is strong enough to suppress with all his grand-

father's savagery any coalition of rebellious provinces against him, he will officially proclaim Menelek's demise and his own succession to the throne.

It appears that the swarthy gentleman in the black satin toga is one of the king's sons and that the wife is on board. They have all come over from Jibutil in Africa and doubtless could solve the question of the old king's existence. However, dark deeds are done in these eastern lands that it were better not to talk about, hence we do so, whenever it is possible, until some new object of interest attracts our attention, as for instance his Highness the Sultan of Perak, one of the Malay states, strolling by, a quaint little wizened-up old man in cheap European clothes which he smooths complacently now and then. An English officer is in attendance upon each of these groups, and all are going to England as guests of the nation.

Officers of the ship move around in immaculate white, while the lascars in blue with red turbans polish the brass work, already glittering to the highest notch.

Yonder are two Japs, also in cheap European clothes and so laden with perfume and cosmetic that no one will sit anywhere near them. That people appear to have lost caste all over the world. They are detested in India and have flooded that country with all sorts of absolutely worthless wares, cheap, poorly made, bad all through. Their inherent dishonesty in matters of trade

have ruined them in the estimation of other nations.

Even with double awnings it is garish on deck and one descends to the cool salon with pleasure.

My neighbour at the table is a young man from Rhodesia, who thinks little of shooting the biggest game. Out for a jaunt one morning, he rode straight amongst five lions and killed two of them. The experience must have been one which would make those of the illustrious hunters of that beast appear child's play. With dozens of men to assist, the merit of a kill is not great, but imagine yourself mounted on a mule trotting peacefully through the bush, confronting suddenly five of the great beasts. Three of these ran away, he killed one and broke the spine of the other, which, half paralysed, almost got him. It is these quiet men in life who do the real deeds of valour, and one regrets that they do not write up their experiences. Then we should have the real flavour of Darkest Africa.

There was a piece of "Darkest Africa" running around this ship last night which for the moment attracted more attention than the question of the old king. I doubt if the attendants of the prince on board ever saw the sea until their arrival at Jibutil last week, much less ever boarded a ship. However they are quick to learn, especially as to table manners and customs. They wait, watch, and imitate, and make few mistakes. Still one of them did make a mistake last night and got into

the wrong room. It certainly was a mistake, as numbers mean nothing to them and location in the dark is uncertain, also a matter of no importance to one who has had the whole desert to sit down in. However, when he pushed the electric button, flooding the room with light, there was a shriek which drove him into outer darkness once more, drove him down passage after passage. Companionways were passed like a shot. Down ladders into the engine room, up ladders to the crow's-nest, where he was met by another shriek from the native on watch, quite convinced that the devil or a gorilla had come up to take charge and who swore when questioned that, whatever it was, it dropped clear from the crow's-nest into the forward hatch. "It" certainly vanished absolutely and completely from that out, and while the excitement on board was intense for a bit, it soon quieted down and sleep descended upon those in the good ship *Mooltan*, ploughing her way northward over placid seas, and placid they remain. Suez is passed. Port Said vanishes astern. Egypt sinks slowly below the horizon, waving her palm trees in a last farewell. The days are beautiful and one is ever on deck. Just now I hear some man insisting that there are no sharks in the Mediterranean and raising my hand I point to where, certainly not two hundred feet away, one of those huge monsters is slowly rolling over, showing his long yellow belly and cruel mouth in the glittering sunshine. Italy and

Sicily, Corsica and Sardinia are come and gone. The coast of France looms up before us. The Château d'If frowns at us, Notre Dame waves us a blessing, Marseilles opens her arms and receives us, and the journey is done.

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